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March 5, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

DALE CARNEGIE JEERS AT THE

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MRS J O MAJOR
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ARCH 5, 1938

YOU'RE LOOKING AT A THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF PUPPIES

A LOT OF MONEY for a basketful of puppies? Not for *these* puppies!

For these pups were born to win blue ribbons. Their ancestors, for many generations, have been *champions*—champions whose blue-ribbon qualities have been deliberately blended together in these brown-eyed youngsters.

Blue-ribbon qualities, deliberately blended together—there you have the secret of greatness in a dog. And there, too, you have the secret of greatness in a whiskey.

***For example,* take Four Roses.** It is *all* whiskey, to be sure—*fine whiskey, every drop.* But Four Roses is not just *one* straight whiskey. It is a superb combination of *several* fine straight whiskies, each selected for some particular blue-ribbon quality—aroma, or body, or smoothness, or flavor.

Brought together, with the skill of 72 years' experience guiding our hand, these separate whiskies unite *all* their noble virtues in *one* truly magnificent whiskey—*Four Roses!*

Need we urge you further to try it?

• • •

To obtain a free reproduction of the above natural color photograph suitable for framing, write to Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Dept. C, Louisville, Kentucky.

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, also make Paul Jones, Old Oscar Pepper brand, and Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies (90 proof).

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF

ALL WHISKEY—WHISKEY EVERY DROP

FOUR ROSES

We believe Four Roses is America's Finest Whiskey, regardless of age or price

Healthy handsome hair marks the well-groomed man!

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

LET HEALTHY, handsome hair speak well of you wherever you go. Let it win you encores of friendly approval on every social and business occasion. For well-groomed hair is a mark of a man who values his appearance, a man who knows the importance of "first impressions" and wants to make those "impressions" count!

And Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps keep your hair lustrous and handsome. Just apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the exhilarating tingle as circulation awakens—your scalp loses its tightness—it becomes "looser," more flexible—your hair takes on a rich, new lustre. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help the health of your scalp by supplementing the natural oils—overcoming dryness. Your hair responds to this healthful workout with a brighter, better look!

Now add the finishing touch by combing and brushing. Notice how easy your hair is to manage—how firmly and neatly it stays in place. And no trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look!

Give your hair a chance to be lustrous and handsome—to win you quick approval in your everyday life. Get a bottle of Vitalis. Start your "60-Second Workouts" today!

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop — genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes — sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

WILLIAM L. CHENERY **Editor**
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
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Editorial Director

Collier's

March 5, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
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KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
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KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art

DENVER LINDLEY	*Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient

OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

WE MAKE no attempt to explain it, being neither a mathematician nor a numerologist, but the fact is that Fate had her eye on "Table Seventeen." At the end of that memorable Friday night tangible proof remained with Georges, the headwaiter, in the form of tips that made his eyes goggle.

But the important and delightful consequences occurred outside the restaurant in a very wet London night. Margaret Sharp, author of "The Nutmeg Tree," shows you the extraordinary returns in human happiness achieved through the modest investment of ten shillings.

TO TAKE you smoothly from the subject of finance to that of industry we quote General Hugh S. Johnson: "There are less than a dozen men who have more influence in the guidance of industry than all others and all trade associations combined." Collier's persuaded the general to name these Titans and indicate the way in which they shape the future of America. He does so in "Twelve Against the Gods."

IT WASN'T Sheila Harding's intention to embarrass anyone, least of all that nice Mr. Chiltern who had hired her to pose for his class. How was she to know that "undraped" did not include brassière and step-ins? The class roared with laughter, and Mr. Chiltern could cheerfully have murdered Miss Harding. Let's admit at once it was a bad start. The unconventional circumstances that made of Miss Harding a "Model for Life" are faithfully set down by Constance Cassady.

BEGINNING an article called "Vinegar Bill the Ivory Scout," by Kyle Crichton, you might be prepared for a light, not to say playful, treatment of some trivial subject. What will be your surprise to discover that it deals with the gravest of national issues, baseball, in its soberest phase, scouting.

BUT skulduggery in the major leagues will seem child's play when Sidney Herschel Small takes you to meet the Chinese general into whose unscrupulous hands have fallen one very beautiful newspaper girl and one extraordinarily handsome and resourceful perfumer. "Yellow Jasmine" is the title.

ERNEST HAYCOX writes the Short Short Story. Jacland Marmur, Harris Dickson, J. P. Marquand, Katharine Roberts (herself), Lawrence G. Blochman, Freling Foster and others add their quota to the gaiety of nations. It's contagious.

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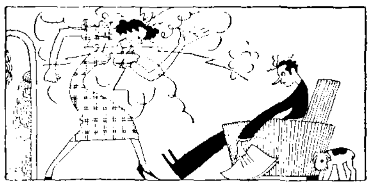
COVER SCOTT EVANS

Any Week

THIS is merely a report from Mr. George L. Biel of Spokane, Washington, not a complaint. The reason he writes is that rumor has reached him (and so accurately!) that this magazine is about to produce another in the long and celebrated line of Collier's Houses. "I followed your plans and specifications for the house you gave us last year. As a house no reasonable human being could ask for more. My trouble was in location and not selection. I had intended to build right next to a babbling brook but, my dear sir, I built it right next to a babbling woman. In spite of the charm your house has I live in it with all the peace and quiet of a Jap air raid. And you're not to blame."

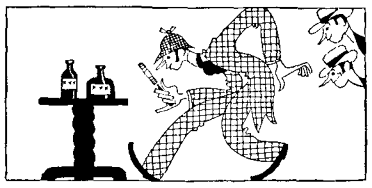


BESIDES Mr. Biel we have two other persons at our door claiming that life comes very near being not worth while. One is our brilliant associate, Mr. Kyle Crichton. The other is our extremely valuable contributor, Miss Katharine Roberts. And it all came about so innocently that we are left sighing and longing for those dear departed days when little things like this were merrily laughed off instead of being looked upon as sufficient reason for international shambles. You'll remember that we published a remarkable piece not long ago about the lovely Annabella of the movies. Miss Roberts wrote it. But from Annabella to Mr. Crichton came the following note: "I have just read the article about myself, by Katharine Roberts and have learned that you are Miss Roberts. I do want to thank you for it."

BEFORE leaving our typewriter to separate Mr. Crichton and Miss Roberts, who are about to indulge in reciprocal slaughter, we hasten to tell you that Miss Eugenia B. Lasse of Washington, D. C., overheard two Negroes discussing the scholarly filibuster staged in the United States Senate during the first weeks of that patriotic body's learned deliberations. One of the Negroes, says Miss Lasse, was, astonishingly enough, unaware of the significance of the oratorical flood. He had just asked the other how come. "Boy," said the more aware of the two, "that gentleman you heard was Honorable Reynolds of No'th Ca'lina. He was in there savin' us boys from ourselves fo' sumpthin'."

"I HAVE read 'Murder in the Tropics' in Collier's by Quentin Reynolds. From the information I have from Cuba and from my many Dominican friends, I am convinced that the author stated the truth about the massacre. I congratulate your magazine because I believe that to publish the truth about conditions in countries suffering the rule of dictators serves the best interests of the American people. Very sincerely, Carlos Hevia, Flushing, New York, former President of Cuba."

NOW to the rescue of Mr. A. C. Peek of Pekin, Illinois. Lack of haste on our part might mean the loss of Mr. Peek's job. Says Mr. Peek: "What is the idea of all your writers having their characters drink and serve foreign liquor? I work for a large distillery making good rye, bourbon and gin. In Jonathan Latimer's serial, 'A Queen's Ransom,' Detective Crane and his two companions drink ten dollars' worth of un-American liquor and solve nothing. Half that amount spent for good rye or bourbon—gin, too—and all their problems would have been solved—or anyhow forgotten. Ask any of the guys in the back room."



SOME time ago while we were in Mississippi the Honorable Julius T. Lefthatch of Gulfport warned us that we would hear from him. We have. "What is the use," asks Mr. Lefthatch, "or justice in limiting the blessings of a wage differential to the industrial workers of the South? Our representatives in Congress have been spending weeks glorifying the wage differential and being too darned unselfish about it. I protest. I, for one, insist that they have the benefits, too, and move that the pay of all our senators and representatives be thirty per cent less than we pay their Yankee colleagues. Or how about us having thirty per cent fewer Southern congressmen?"

"IF YOU have a home," writes Mr. Collman Derry of Wheeling, West Virginia, "and ever go there and if you have a baby in your home and the baby plays with a rattle" (all pause for breath), "how does your wife know whether it's the baby's rattle or your brain that's making the noise?"

SHE doesn't. W. D.

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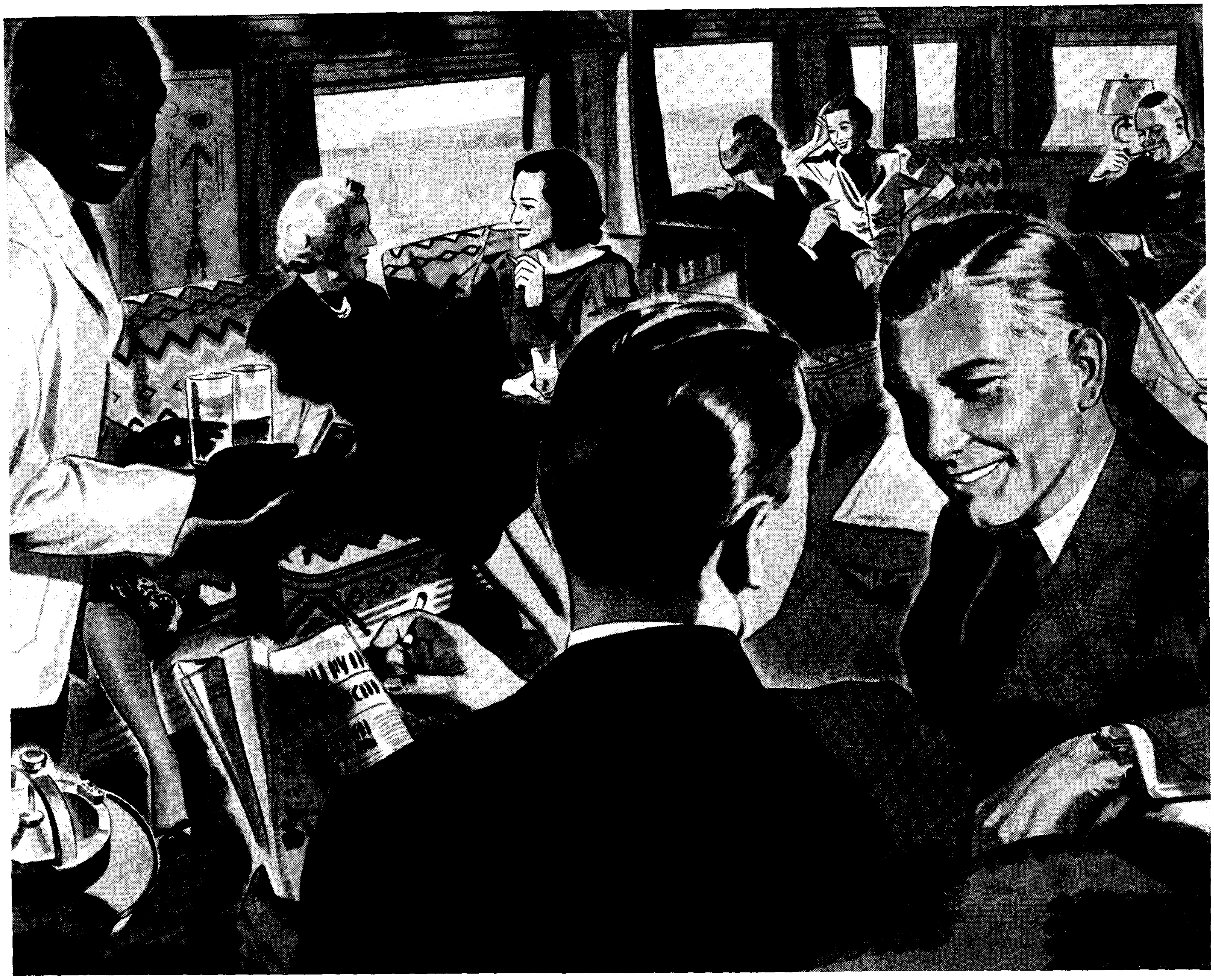


"BOY-WHAT A TRAIN!"

For generations, traveling men have dreamed about trains that would start and stop smoothly—glide over switch-points and around curves without jolting or swaying. Trains on which they could read, relax and plan, in solid comfort.

Three years ago they began to see their dream come true. Railroads were making improvements. The Budd Company was building trains of stainless steel—as strong and as safe as conventional equipment, with only half the weight. The first of these trains went into service in November, 1934. Today there are Budd-built trains and cars on railroads from Maine to the Pacific Coast.

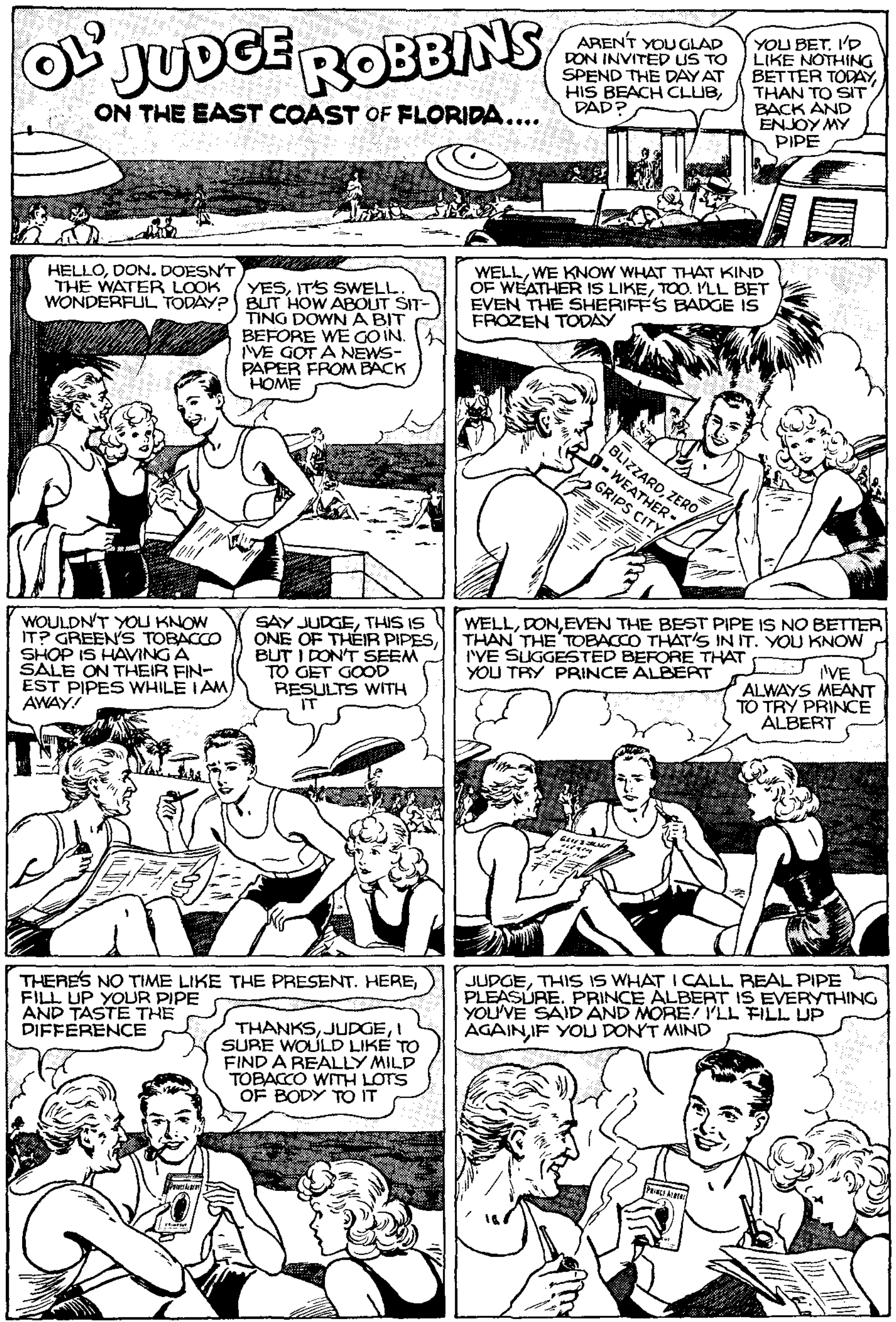
The light-weight train was expected first of all to reduce operating costs and increase speed with safety. But along with the accomplishment of these aims, Budd methods of construction brought other advantages. A Budd-built car, fabricated by the exclusive Shotweld process into a single unit, light and strong, moves over the rails with a smoothness that amazes veteran travelers. A low center of gravity, sidesway eliminators, improved springs, trucks and couplings—all these add to the ease of riding. A new type of insulation shuts out noise. Every Budd-built car is air-conditioned. And every detail of the interior appointments is planned for comfort.

Budd-built trains are running full. Drawn by steam, diesel or electric power, they have speeded up schedules, cut operating costs and increased passenger traffic in an unbroken record of successful service. They have helped restore railroad travel to its rightful popularity amongst those who know—the traveling public.

Originator of ALL STEEL bodies for automobiles, now used almost universally, the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Company has pioneered modern methods in the design and fabrication of steel products.

EDW. G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA AND DETROIT

BUDD METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT

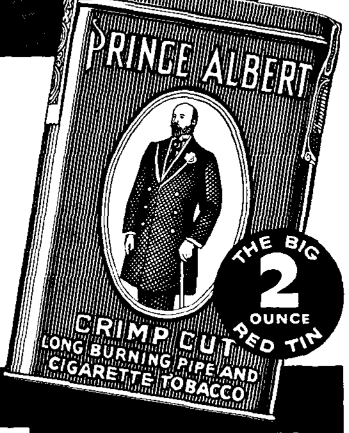

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
ON THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA....
AREN'T YOU GLAD DON INVITED US TO SPEND THE DAY AT HIS BEACH CLUB, DAD?
YOU BET. I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER TODAY, THAN TO SIT BACK AND ENJOY MY PIPE
HELLO, DON. DOESN'T THE WATER LOOK WONDERFUL TODAY?
YES, IT'S SWELL. BUT HOW ABOUT SITTING DOWN A BIT BEFORE WE GO IN. I'VE GOT A NEWSPAPER FROM BACK HOME
WELL, WE KNOW WHAT THAT KIND OF WEATHER IS LIKE, TOO. I'LL BET EVEN THE SHERIFF'S BADGE IS FROZEN TODAY
BLIZZARD, ZERO WEATHER - GRIPS CITY
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? GREEN'S TOBACCO SHOP IS HAVING A SALE ON THEIR FINEST PIPES WHILE I AM AWAY!
SAY JUDGE, THIS IS ONE OF THEIR PIPES, BUT I DON'T SEEM TO GET GOOD RESULTS WITH IT
WELL, DON, EVEN THE BEST PIPE IS NO BETTER THAN THE TOBACCO THAT'S IN IT. YOU KNOW I'VE SUGGESTED BEFORE THAT YOU TRY PRINCE ALBERT
I'VE ALWAYS MEANT TO TRY PRINCE ALBERT
THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT. HERE, FILL UP YOUR PIPE AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE
THANKS, JUDGE, I SURE WOULD LIKE TO FIND A REALLY MILD TOBACCO WITH LOTS OF BODY TO IT
JUDGE, THIS IS WHAT I CALL REAL PIPE PLEASURE. PRINCE ALBERT IS EVERYTHING YOU'VE SAID AND MORE! I'LL FILL UP AGAIN, IF YOU DON'T MIND

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

FOR THE REAL PLEASURE IN SMOKING

—JOIN THE PIPE-JOY CLUB!

I SMOKE FOR PLEASURE, AND THERE'S MORE PLEASURE IN PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S NO-BITE TREATED!
I GET MY MONEY'S WORTH OUT OF P.A.'S CRIMP CUT. IT PACKS AND DRAWS BETTER, SMOKES MELLOWER
I'VE SMOKED TOBACCOS AT ALL PRICES, BUT GIVE ME PRINCE ALBERT FOR RICH, TASTY, YET EXTRA-MILD SMOKING!
REPORTER
REPAIRMAN
EXECUTIVE


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

TO WIN NEW FRIENDS—MONEY-BACK OFFER!

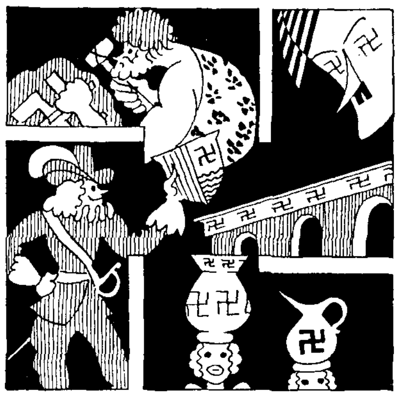
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GUARANTEED MILDER, TASTIER FOR "MAKIN'S" SMOKES TOO

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster



The swastika is one of the oldest and most universally used symbols. From the Bronze Age to the present day, it has not only been employed as a national emblem and a religious token but has also been used in decorative designs on jewelry, weapons, coins, pottery, textiles, statues, buildings, seals, paintings, coats of arms and trade-marks.

The most famous dogfight ever staged in the United States took place on a farm near Louisville on October 19, 1881. The match, held for a stake of $2,000, attracted a large number of "sportsmen" from many large cities and created much betting throughout the country. A railroad company even ran special excursion trains to the Kentucky metropolis and the incoming crowds were welcomed by the notables of the city.

When ten of America's distinguished Indian chiefs paid a visit to the White House in 1864, P. T. Barnum bribed their interpreter to bring them to his American Museum in New York for exhibition, on the pretext that they were to be given a public reception. After this "reception" had taken place hourly for more than a week, the chiefs discovered the deception and departed in a huff.

Like human beings, apples live by absorbing oxygen and expelling carbon dioxide and, therefore, die of suffocation and begin to decay when they are left too long in the hot, close air of a storeroom or a hold of a ship that is without ventilation.

Shortly after the modern bicycle was invented in England in 1884, many queer types were seen on the streets of London, one of which carried twelve passengers in single file. The contraption never became very popular, however, because few groups of riders were sufficiently expert to turn a corner.—*By Mary MacGilvray, Dorchester, Massachusetts.*

The most widely inscribed palindrome, or phrase spelled the same backward as forward, is a Greek motto of 25 letters which means "Wash my transgressions, not only my face" and which is carved on the fonts of many Christian churches throughout the world.

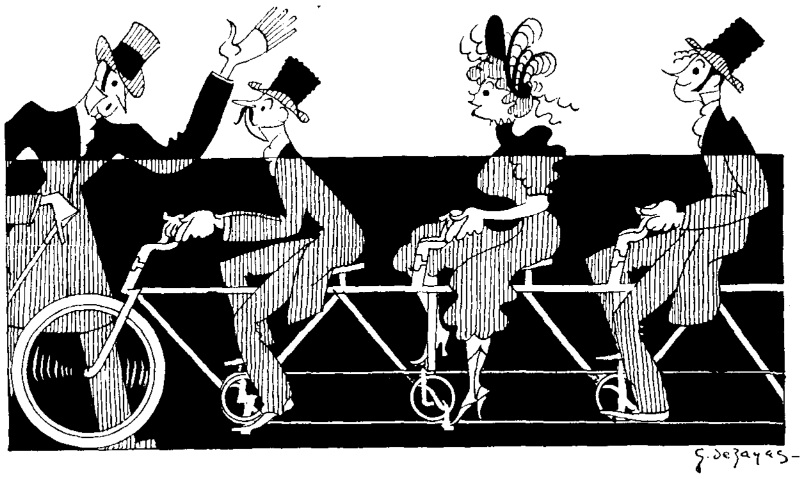
The word "left" has many adverse meanings. A left-handed toast is one drunk to the ill fortune of an enemy, a left-handed marriage is one contracted with an inferior, a left-handed compliment is not complimentary and a left-handed oath is not intended to be binding. Once omens seen over the left shoulder were considered unlucky, and actors, when playing villains, had to enter on the left or the sinister side of the stage.

More than a hundred cases of the complete extinction of species of animals are known to have taken place in the 19th century alone. —*By Irving Rothenberg, New York City.*

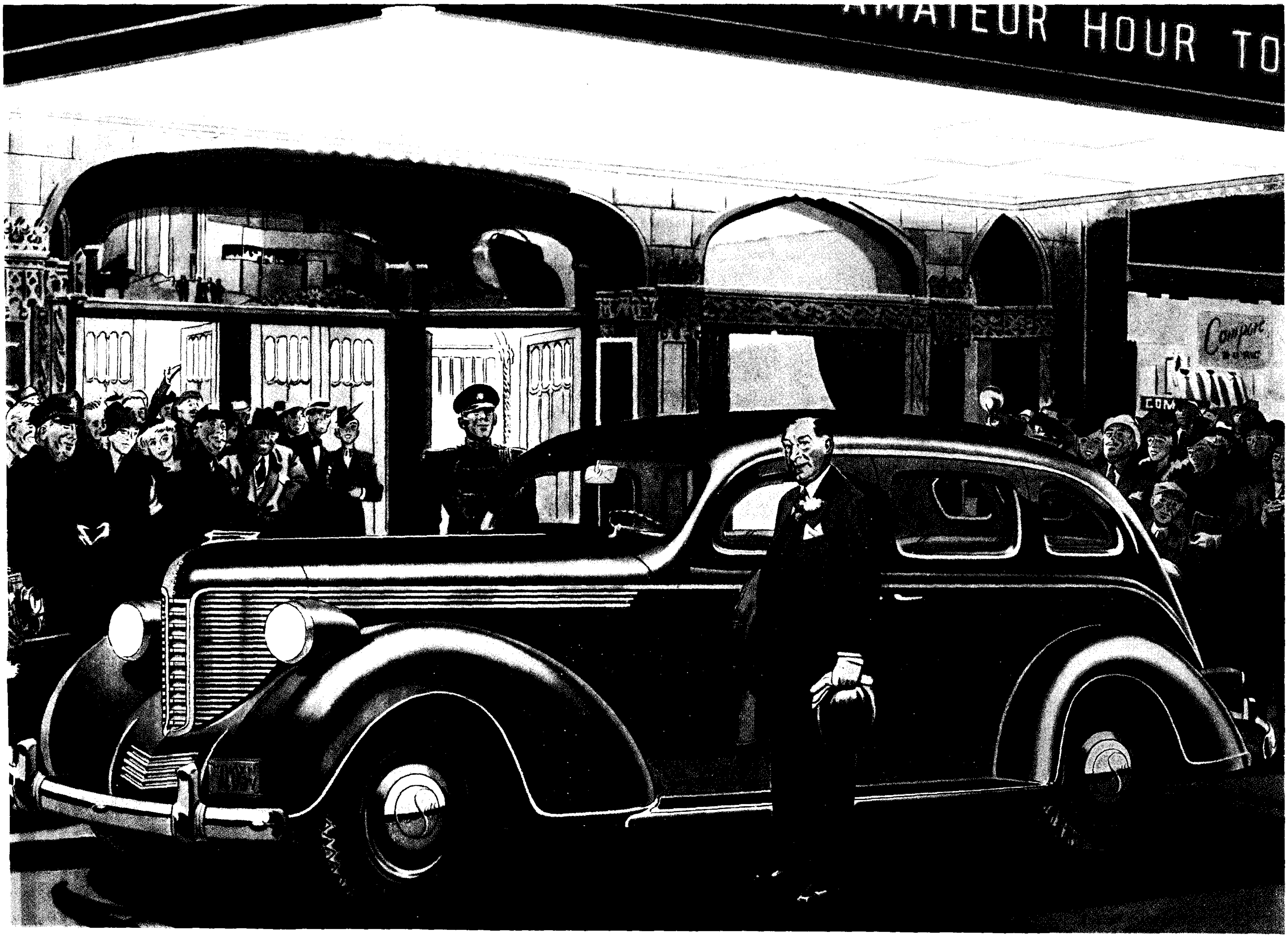
An odd relationship existed between Peter Tchaikovsky, the Russian composer, and his patron, Natejda von Meck, a wealthy widow, from 1877 to 1890. On condition that they never meet, she gave him, during these years, sums of money which totaled, at today's valuation, about $75,000. The agreement was never violated, although they lived close by, passed on the street and wrote each other love letters several times a week.—*By Ben R. Tidyman, Cleveland, Ohio.*

"The Miracle," the play which opened at the Century Theater in New York City on January 15, 1924, was the costliest production ever presented on the American stage. Before a ticket was sold for this drama, requiring eight principals and 700 supernumeraries, the entire interior of the gigantic theater, including the seats, was made to resemble the inside of a large Gothic cathedral at a cost of $400,000.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. *None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher*



MAJOR BOWES PICKS ANOTHER WINNER!



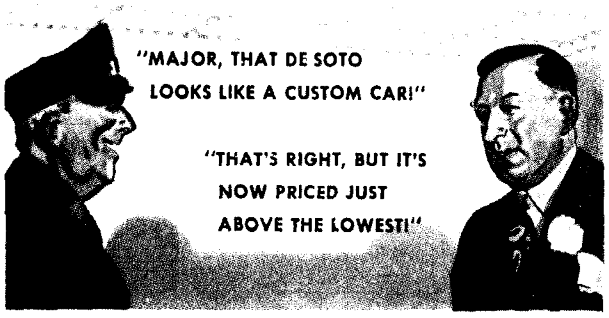
The Man who spends his life looking for Talent Praises De Soto's Great Performance

The broadcast ends. Millions of listeners turn reluctantly from their radios. In New York, Major Bowes leaves the studio—in this big new De Soto!

Everywhere you go, you'll find smart people picking this smart car. The reason? Let the Major himself explain it: "Performance counts most with me. I like the way De Soto's faster pick-up whisks me through traffic ...the split-second response of its bigger hydraulic brakes...its easier handling.

"And, believe me—at the end of the day, I'm grateful for the restful quiet of De Soto's complete soundproofing...the comfort of its 'cushioned' ride!"

Three words explain De Soto's all-around extra value: Chrysler Corporation Engineering. This BIG car is now priced just above the LOWEST...and costs no more to run than most SMALL cars. See it! De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Mich.


"MAJOR, THAT DE SOTO LOOKS LIKE A CUSTOM CAR!"
"THAT'S RIGHT, BUT IT'S NOW PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST!"

It's America's Smartest Low-Priced Car

Quick facts: 1. "Lightning-fast" pick-up...Improved 93-h.p. "Economy Engine." 2. Patented Floating Power engine mountings. 3. Longer wheelbase...119 inches. 4. Bigger hydraulic brakes. 5. Easier shifting. 6. Safety-steel body rubber-mounted on a bigger, stronger frame. 7. Luxurious Safety Interior. 8. "Cushioned" ride with airplane-type shock-absorbers. 9. Easier steering...no "road shock." See De Soto today—discover how easy it is to own this smart car.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—COLUMBIA NETWORK—THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

SEE YOUR DE SOTO DEALER

FOR A
GREAT CAR, FINE SERVICE
AND A SQUARE DEAL

1 All I said was, "Mary darling, where in the world did you get that hat?" How should I know it was an exclusive model. And besides, I figured she'd know I was only joking about it.

2 Well, that started something. For the next fifteen minutes or so she acted sullen and injured. So did I, for that matter. You'd never have guessed we were engaged to be married next month.

3 We both felt sorry—but hated to say so. To break the ice, I fished out my Life Savers. I must have sounded silly. "They say Life Savers sweeten the breath. Maybe they'll sweeten our dispositions."

"The girl I love—can't take a joke!"

4 She gave me a self-conscious little smile (the world's best). "Just to keep the conversation rolling," she said, "I might add they freshen the mouth, too. But I haven't noticed you need any freshening."

5 Then we started to laugh. "They ought to hire us to advertise Life Savers," I said. You know— lover's quarrel ended by Cryst-O-Mint. Both agree not even fresh-picked mint beats their delicious flavor.

6 Here's my favorite photo of Mary. Smoo-ooth? Say, I'd never find another like her. So I'm playing safe. Since they gave me the opening to patch up one quarrel, I'm keeping Cryst-O-Mints handy always!

LIFE SAVERS:
12 Delicious Mint
and Fruit Flavors
Sold Everywhere . . . 5¢

CRYST-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVER

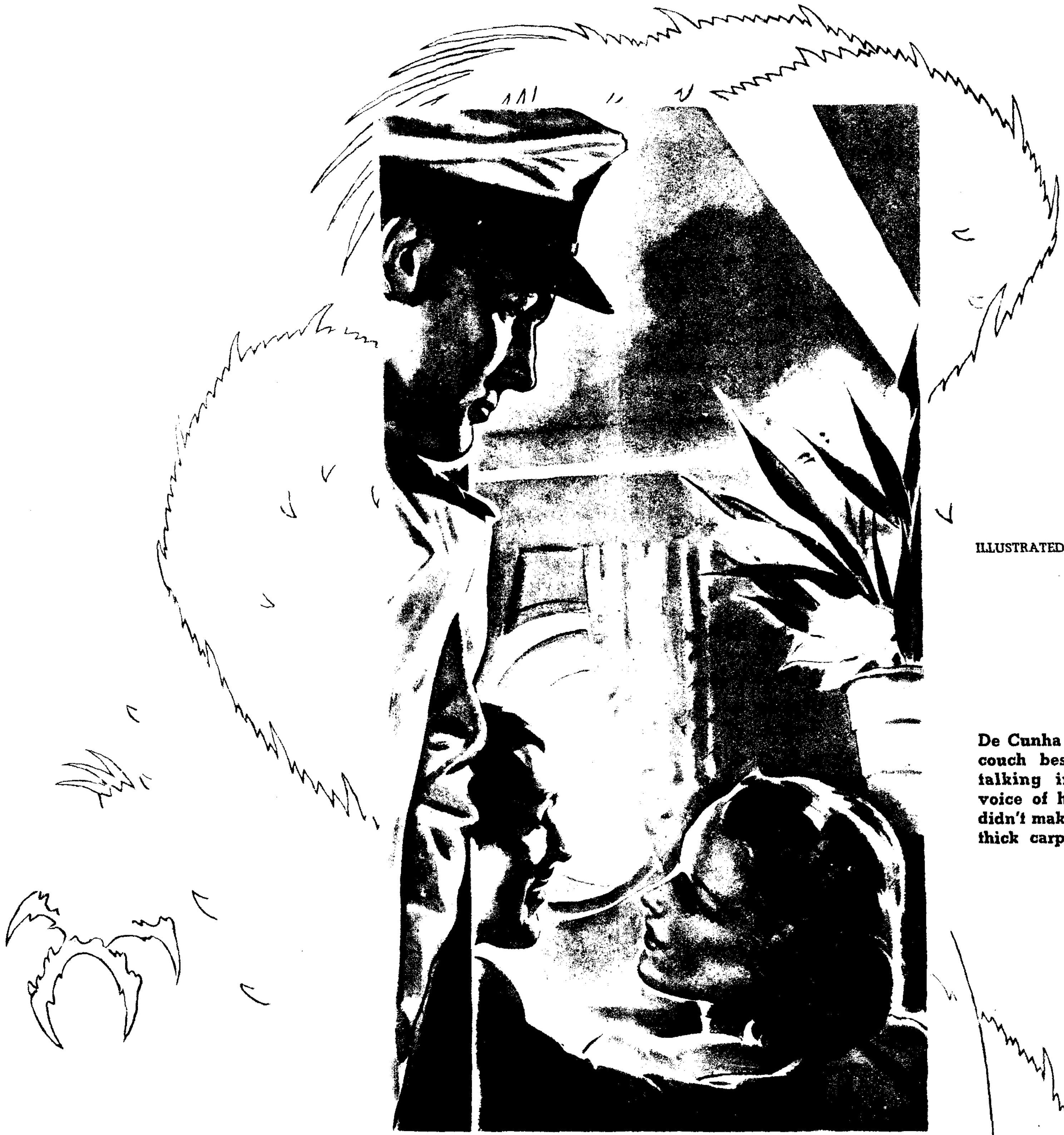
CONVENIENT PUL-TAB FOR EASY OPENING

"If it hasn't a hole, it isn't a Life Saver."

Collier's The National Weekly for March 5, 1938

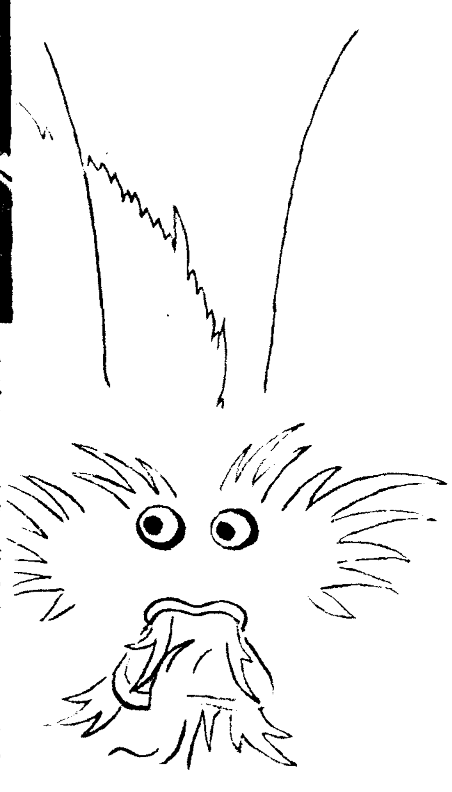
A Light for the Flag

By Michael Foster



ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

De Cunha was sitting on the couch beside her and was talking in that caressing voice of his. Danny's shoes didn't make any noise on the thick carpet of the corridor



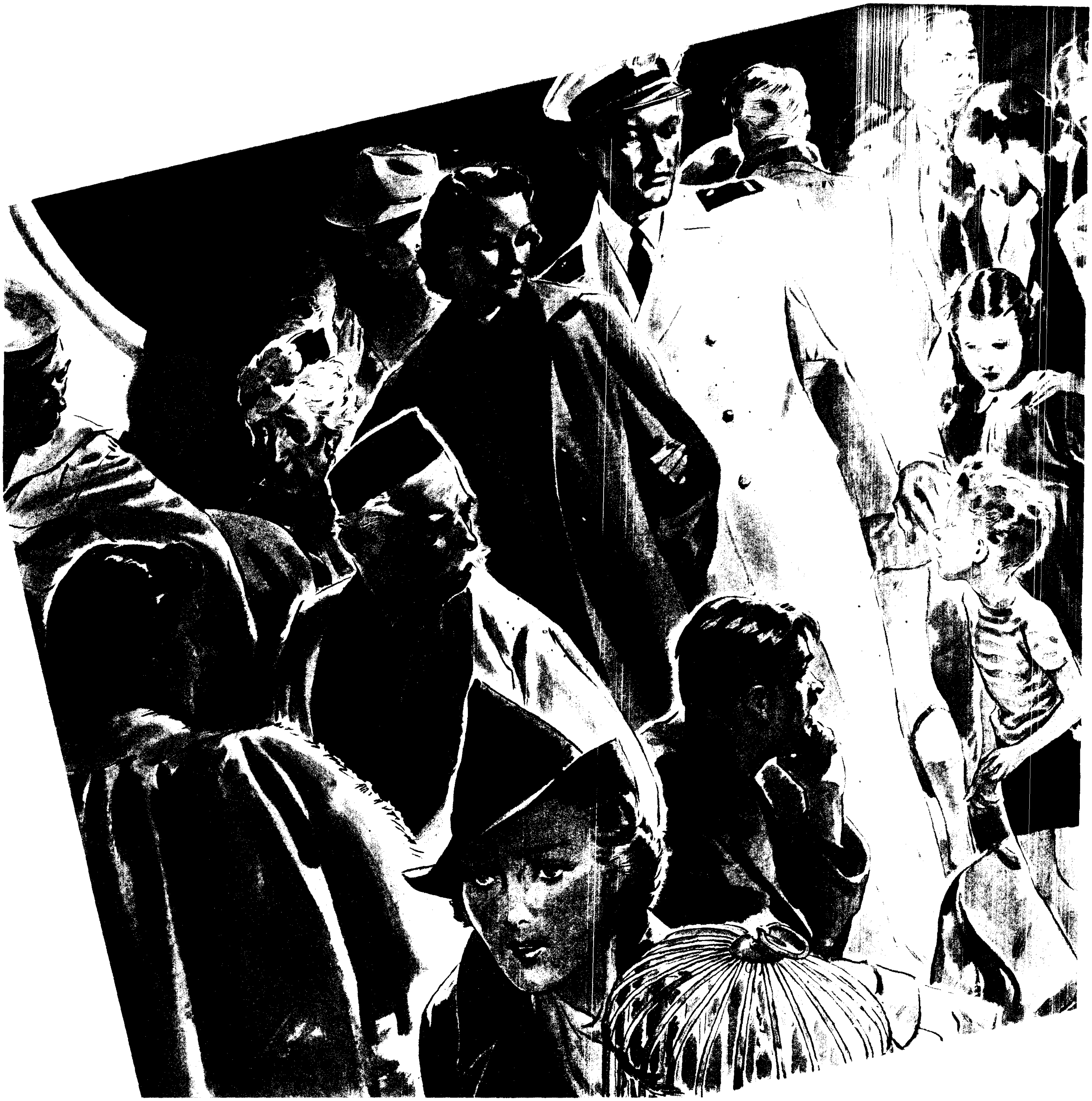
AWAY inshore, where watery sunlight slanted, the cruisers were pallid shapes against the darkly boiling smoke of the burning city and their guns made empty slamming noises, not very important compared with the heavy explosions in the factory districts.

From the air, the cruisers would look like gray slivers on the lead-colored harbor; but from here, the navigating bridge of the American liner anchored in the windy outer roadstead, they were an austere and almost unbroken barricade between the sea and a city from which no news came any more. Occasionally, as a sheet of light whipped shivering and throbbing upward within the masses of smoke, you could see silhouetted, very small but distinct, the complicated pattern of funnels and masts and turrets. But you couldn't see any guns. They were all turned toward the city.

Danny MacLaren, the third officer of the Whampoa, lowered the binoculars and turned his head to look at the skipper. The old man was still standing amidship, in front of the charthouse. He had been there a long time, without moving. Both his big hands were gripping the bridge rail in front of him and he was staring over the top of the weather dodger at the harbor. The lines of his face were like engravings on iron, but the flesh under his eyes had a queer sagged look from fatigue. For the first time in his life, Danny had the humble thought: "*Thank God, I'm not in command of this packet.*"

He sighed, and shifted his weight impatiently from one foot to the other. They had heard that the refugees would be alongside in a couple of hours, about dark, coming out from the city in barges. But then they had heard that every day for a week, and the Whampoa had been anchored here, in the outer roadstead, for three weeks, waiting for them.

With a quick and familiar eye he looked the ship over. There was some comfort, a feeling of orderly usualness, in her details and the



routine of her life: it gave him the security of things to be done that he knew how to do. But there was one thing he wasn't used to yet: the huge flag spread out and fastened flat on the boat deck to warn bombing planes. He could see a corner of it now, behind the two big funnels. A thin curl of smoke was coming out of each funnel, to vanish at once in the wind. Away astern, at sea, where there was no horizon in the deepening murk of late afternoon, a patch of sunshine lay like pale volatile oil upon gray waters.

But after his first swift and inclusive professional glance, Danny wasn't really seeing any of that any more, although he was still staring from under the knotted slant of his brows at the corner of flag visible on the deck behind the funnels. For a moment he was a little less the efficient watch officer, a little more the young man who had just watched his girl falling for the cheap seductions of a crossbred sophisticate. A sophisticate of a type possible only in the confused welter of races and rottenness and money and hunger in the South Pacific of today.

IT HAD happened not half an hour before, while Danny was passing the door of the suite occupied by José Concepcion Fidelio de Cunha. This de Cunha was something of a mystery on the ship. He was careful to explain to everyone he met that he was an aristocratic Brazilian, but it didn't take Danny more than one glance at his bridgeless nose to know that he came from some port, some crossroads of the South Pacific that only a few generations ago had been a jungle bay. For the rest, de Cunha's black hair was set in perfumed-looking waves; his eyes were liquid and luscious when talking to a woman but hard and wavering as if with a pitiful inward doubt when Danny looked at them; he made ostentatious display of his hobby of amateur photography, and his belt buckle was a very large jeweled letter denoting a famous American college.

But the most puzzling thing about him was the note that had come before him onto the ship: on official paper and signed by the general passenger agent of the line, it directed the skipper to show special consideration to José Concepcion Fidelio de Cunha, a distinguished patron of the line.

So he had special consideration, even though a young English girl, traveling home alone from Australia, asked to have her deck chair changed. After that, de Cunha let the English girl alone, but he tried for all the other women on the ship when he could catch them without their men around. He usually started out by telling them, with vivacious gestures, all about his hobby of amateur photography and begging them to pose

They edged their way through a crowd of refugees straggling along the deck; refugees who talked in every tongue of Europe, in every dialect of the Americas

for a snapshot; he always carried his big box camera with him.

Anyway, that was the sort de Cunha was. And not half an hour ago, passing the door of de Cunha's suite, Danny had seen Marian in there, with de Cunha at his sleekest and most amorous. The door was a little open, and de Cunha was sitting on the couch beside her and was talking in that caressing voice of his. It was a hurried voice, too, as if he were always half afraid that some man was going to come along and take him by the scruff of the neck before he could finish his love-making. Danny's shoes didn't make any noise on the thick carpet of the corridor, and he could hear a bit of what de Cunha was saying. He was describing his apartment, "My establishment in San Francisco, oh, very nice. I spend much money when things please me."

When Danny passed the door they didn't see him because they were sitting half turned away, and de Cunha's hand was sliding along the back of the couch toward Marian's shoulder. And she was looking at him, with her lips a little parted. It was so nauseously fantastic that he supposed it was merely ludicrous and the joke was on him for—for getting too interested in a woman passenger. He had known better, of course, but Marian—

DANNY whirled as a monstrous explosion jarred through the sea to rattle the windows of the Whampoa's chartroom. Something terrific was happening in the city. South of the factory districts, an intolerable blinding radiance was spreading behind a huddle of black buildings and the explosion became a deep continuous roar, more terrible than anything they had heard before. From the spreading stain of light, a black column poured up with enormous leisure, a thousand yards into the air, to mushroom into a mass shaken with internal explosive banners of flame: a crown of hell-fire for a murdered city.

It had happened so quickly that when Danny remembered to use the binoculars he could still see the three airplanes swinging in a circle and climbing away. They looked as insignificant as three flies, against a curtain of red light.

He walked over and handed the binoculars to the skipper.

"Eh?—Oh. Thanks, mister," the old man said.

He took them and started to lift them to his eyes, but paused, looking at Danny.

"Well, mister," he said. "This is . . ."

"Yes, sir," Danny said.

The old man was looking down at a little gang of seamen gathered on the foredeck, watching as the fire spread and grew brighter in the dusk.

"You know," he said suddenly, "I'm proud of the men. It isn't easy to wait at anchor out here with that sort of thing going on. They're okay, the men."

"Yes, sir," Danny said.

"Eh? . . . Good ship, too," the old man said. "Damn it.

"Wasn't like this in the old days, mister," he went on. "Not even in the World War. Though that was bad enough." The old man had ended the war a commander in the naval reserve and he had a Congressional Medal of Honor tucked away somewhere. Danny had heard about it: for conspicuous gallantry in the Suicide Patrol. "Not your idea of going to sea, eh, mister?" the old man said. "Not like what you read about when you were a kid. Not like the old days."

"No, sir," Danny said. But he thought: "*No! In the old days, if you were caught in a war like this, and you had the ship and you had the men, you nailed your flag to the mast. You didn't spread it out on the deck, like a rug to be walked on. John Paul Jones and Decatur and Farragut, they'd sure get a kick out of that.*"

Suddenly he realized the old man was looking at him, smiling a little.

"Ah, well, mister," the old man said, "the refugees may be coming aboard in a few minutes. There'll be work then. Better go below and get some coffee. I'll keep the bridge. Send for you if I want you."

"Yes, sir," Danny said. He went below and walked aft, through the first-class saloon, wondering with a sick sort of feeling if he'd see Marian anywhere. In the bar he saw de Cunha with both elbows on the glass-and-chromium, drinking a pink sirupy-looking cocktail. For once, he didn't have his big box camera with him.

He was telling the bartender about his apartment. "My establishment in San Francisco," and he winked at the bartender with an exaggerated Anglo-Saxon leer when he said it. The bartender looked at Danny, standing there behind de Cunha, but his face remained utterly impassive and polite. He just said, "Yes, sir," to de Cunha, and took a gentle swipe at the bar with his wet rag. A Chinese boy in a green robe was sweeping up around the floor, using a little dustpan with a long handle and a broom with silk tassels on the handle. It was part of the line's policy of Oriental atmosphere for the tourist trade.

"Such an establishment is very expensive—oh, naturally," de Cunha was saying confidentially to the bartender, in his careful English. "But money—I do not think about money when things please me. You have seen that, perhaps?"

The bartender made an indeterminate noise which ended in a grudging "sir." This de Cunha was to be shown special consideration, and a job's a job. But he glanced at Danny again. Danny, listening, heard de Cunha go on.

"For my housekeeper alone I spend two hundred and fifty dollars a month," he was saying.

THE Chinese boy, sweeping closer and closer, had swished his little broom near de Cunha's feet. De Cunha turned his gleaming head and, glancing down, sent the dustpan flying with one petulant kick of a patent-leather toe. Then, with a small snarl, he kicked the boy, on the leg. After that, he looked at the bartender with a theatrical glance which said: "We white men must—"

But the glance was interrupted. Danny with one broad shoulder upset de Cunha from his chromium-and-white-leather stool as he reached down to pick up the dustpan. He handed it back to the Chinese boy, who took it, whispering a word of thanks without looking at Danny. He was looking at de Cunha with perfectly opaque eyes. And de Cunha's eyes, meeting Danny's, were as hard as black agates but curiously flinching.

Nobody said anything, but the bartender began whistling softly between his teeth a song called "*I Don't Know Everything.*"

Danny put his fists in his pockets and walked away from that place and in the corridor outside he saw Marian. She was leaning against the satinwood wall, lighting a cigarette.

"Hello, Danny," she said.

He said, "Hello," and started on past without pausing but she reached out one hand and touched his arm.

"Wait a minute," she said. "Have a cigarette with me."

"Sorry," he said. "Busy."

"Don't be stupid. I want to—" By that time she was striding with him, her finger tips still on his arm, and she was looking up at his face, "—to talk to you, you idiot. But you'll have to slow down a bit. I'm not a—"

"So sorry," he said, beginning really to hurry.

She stopped him abruptly, hauling his sleeve with a surprising strength and turning him half around.

"Danny," she said, "what *is* the matter with you?"

"Nothing," he said.

She stood there, frowning at him. Her eyes were so clearly gray, like a—like dawn off the Aleutian Islands, and she had shadows of laughter at the corners of her lips.

"Listen, Danny," she said. "There's a man named de Cunha aboard. A passenger."

"Oh, is there?" Danny said. He merely looked at her, but he felt that calm gaze turn into a maniacal glare, so he looked away.

"Danny, what *is* the matter with you?" Marian asked.

"Oh, nothing," Danny said. "Oh, nothing."

"Well, anyway," Marian said, "I want you to come and stand in the corridor while I go into his room. Please. I . . . left something of mine in there."

"No!" Danny said.

She only looked at him and said: "I know you don't understand. But you must believe me. It's all right. I mean, I could tell you all about it now, but I mustn't until I'm sure. I'll tell you about it sometime. And you'll be surprised, my good fellow."

DANNY lighted a cigarette and started to say "No!" again but it turned into an unwilling and surly growl because she was pulling him along by the arm and laughing silently up at him.

So he did stand outside the door of de Cunha's suite again, keeping watch for Marian. He heard her moving quickly about inside, and once when he peered around the corner of the door—no man could have refrained from one suspicious peer, under the circumstances—he saw her standing by a table under the window, with de Cunha's box camera in her hands. But the whole thing was accomplished so quickly that his cigarette was still only half burned down when she came out, smiling at him and saying, "Thank you, Danny."

"Okay," he said.

"See? I found it," she said, and held up a platinum vanity case for him to see.

"That's fine," Danny said, and stalked off down the corridor, leaving her standing there.

When he opened the door of his cabin, he saw the second assistant engineer stretched out on his settee, reading a copy of the San Francisco Chronicle, three weeks old.

"Hi, boy," the second said. "Thought you might like a drink."

"No, thanks," Danny said.

"Okay. But it's special," the second said. "Look. Smell." He pulled a thin silver flask, bound in pigskin, from his pocket and waved it toward Danny's nose. "My girl gave me this flask," he added modestly. "For my birthday."

"Oh. Your girl, eh?" Danny said, with an elaborate sneer.

"Say!" The second sat upright on the settee. "What's the matter with my girl, mister?"

"Nothing," Danny said. "I hope."

"Oh," the second said. "You hope. Oh." And he gave Danny a queer look. "Well, anyway," he said, "I'm going to have one."

"Okay," Danny said. "Ring the bell, will you?"

The second did, and when the white-jacketed steward came, Danny told him to bring some coffee.

(Continued on page 57)

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

Spare Me a Minute

By Leslie T. White

DANNY found himself a trifle impatient listening to the kindly but tiresome monotone of the aged Father Groner. In the first place, he didn't have his hat on and the sun hurt his eyes, although it was too early to be very hot. Danny decided it would be a swell day to slip off into his mountains for some hunting, with Sloppy, his hound. He was almost relieved when he saw Sheriff Lynche approaching.

"Excuse me, Father," he interrupted the old man, "but I got something to say to the sheriff."

The priest smiled. "Certainly, my son. We'll be together soon, I suspect." He moved away as the sheriff came nearer.

"Wonder if he'll be as mouthy next time I see him," Danny thought, then he called aloud: "Oh, Sheriff, can you spare me a minute?"

Lynche hesitated. "Well, now, Danny, I got a job . . . well, what do you want?"

"I *want* a bottle of corn likker."

"Danny, I ain't got time . . ."

"I know, I know—I was kiddin'. Anyway, this is a sort of a holiday an' all the places are closed. Wait just a minute—I'll not delay you long. Boy, this is a swell day for the party, ain't it?"

"Now, listen, Danny, I can't talk to you now. I got somethin' to do an' the folks are waitin'. I'm late now."

"It's Little Boy. I want you should give him a message."

The sheriff glanced over his shoulder. Sure looked like the Fourth of July with the folks all in from the hills. He'd be glad to get his chore done early, the sheriff would, and take a tramp in the hills himself.

"Little Boy—he ain't in town, is he?"

"I hope not," Danny grimaced. "I don't want he should see me this mornin'."

"Well, I reckon I kin pass by your old place on the way home. What'll I tell him?"

"Not today—you can't tell him today. He wouldn't be able to understand yet."

"*Oh!* Maybe Groner would be better?"

Danny wagged his head. "Father Groner ain't goin' to live very long; he's pretty old. Anyway it'd be hard to try'n tell him about Fanny. Sooner or later, Little Boy ought to know."

"He ought to," the sheriff admitted. "Sort of been curious whether you'd ever tell *me* about it, Danny."

The boy grinned. "Might as well. Can't make no difference to you now."

"Well, don't take too long, lad. I got to get goin'."

Danny looked off at his hills, purple in the distance. He was going to miss them. He wondered if they'd miss him. He wondered where he'd be this time tomorrow.

"I know you never liked Fanny," he said. Nobody here in the hills liked her, nobody thought I should have married her, just because she came from the city an' because she was an actress an' had bleached hair. Maybe if everybody hadn't made her feel like that, things might have been different."

"NOW, Danny, she didn't belong in the hill country."

"Maybe she didn't. Well, it don't matter. You all said she was no good, an' a tart, but she was a good mother. You all said I was no good, too—that I'd come to no good end. Maybe if everybody hadn't made Fanny feel she wasn't wanted . . .

"The first couple of years after Little Boy was born we did get along purty smooth.

"But then one day she come across a picture book someplace with some actresses in it—somebody she used to hoof with. That started the trouble all over again. She quit *tryin'* to get along with people. An' she got mighty restless fer the city.

"Didn't notice it myself. Spent most of my time figgerin' out what a right smart hunter Little Boy was goin' to be. Y'know before he was four he could sight that old rabbit gun of mine? Not hold it, but when I'd prop it up on a box. Weren't scared of the *bang*, either."

"Real hill stock," the sheriff agreed restlessly.

"That's what I told Fanny, but she said he took after her, that he was *civilized* city folks. So when she come to me that day an' told me she was goin' back to the city with a drummer she met in the post office, I knew I couldn't hold her here no longer, so I didn't say nothin'. But when she said she was goin' to take Little Boy with her—that's when I wouldn't make terms with her. Couldn't lose him.

"Well, she cried, an' threw hysterics, an' said that it wasn't bein' fair to Little Boy to sentence him to life in these hills—that he belonged in the big cities, where he could go to shows an' night clubs an' ride in taxicabs an' be somebody. An' when I tried to argue, she said I didn't know nothin' about cities because I'd never seen one.

"Maybe she's right after all, I thought. I don't know nothin' about cities. An' I couldn't talk it over with Little Boy because he was not quite six then. So I went out huntin' with Jed to think it out; an' Jed was talkin', an' talkin', an' he told me about a fella he knows that breeds dogs an' crosses them with wolves. This fella, Jed says, only keeps the pups which are *mostly* dog. He takes the teeny pups an' puts them beside a saucer of milk. If the puppy *laps* the milk, then it proves that he's more dog than wolf, so this fella keeps him. But when a pup *bites* at the milk, then it proves he takes after his wolf father, an' so this fella kills it because he wants only pups which are mostly dog.

"SO THAT gave me an ideer; so I sold my team of mules an' got enough money for the trip. Then I sneaked Little Boy out when Fanny was asleep an' we went to the city together—me'n Little Boy.

"I tried to be fair, too. He had his chance. We rode every taxicab we could find, an' saw every pitcher show, an' every night we went to a night club. Little John was very good—he never cried much, but I could see he didn't like it none. An' then after five days I said: 'Little Boy, this is the city, where your mamma comes from. Would you like to live here?'

"He said: 'No, I want to go home to Sloppy!' That's my hound, y'know. So I asked him is there anythin' else he'd like in the city, an' he said yes, he'd like a little gun.

"So I bought him a little twenty-two, an' on the way home in the train I whittled the butt down so it fit his little shoulder. Then the first day we was home, I took him off in the hills with Sloppy. An' he kilt his first rabbit—an' him not quite six!

"So I took him back to Fanny then, an' told her. Little Boy is hill folk, I told her; he don't like the city nohow, an' today he kilt his first rabbit—him not quite six.

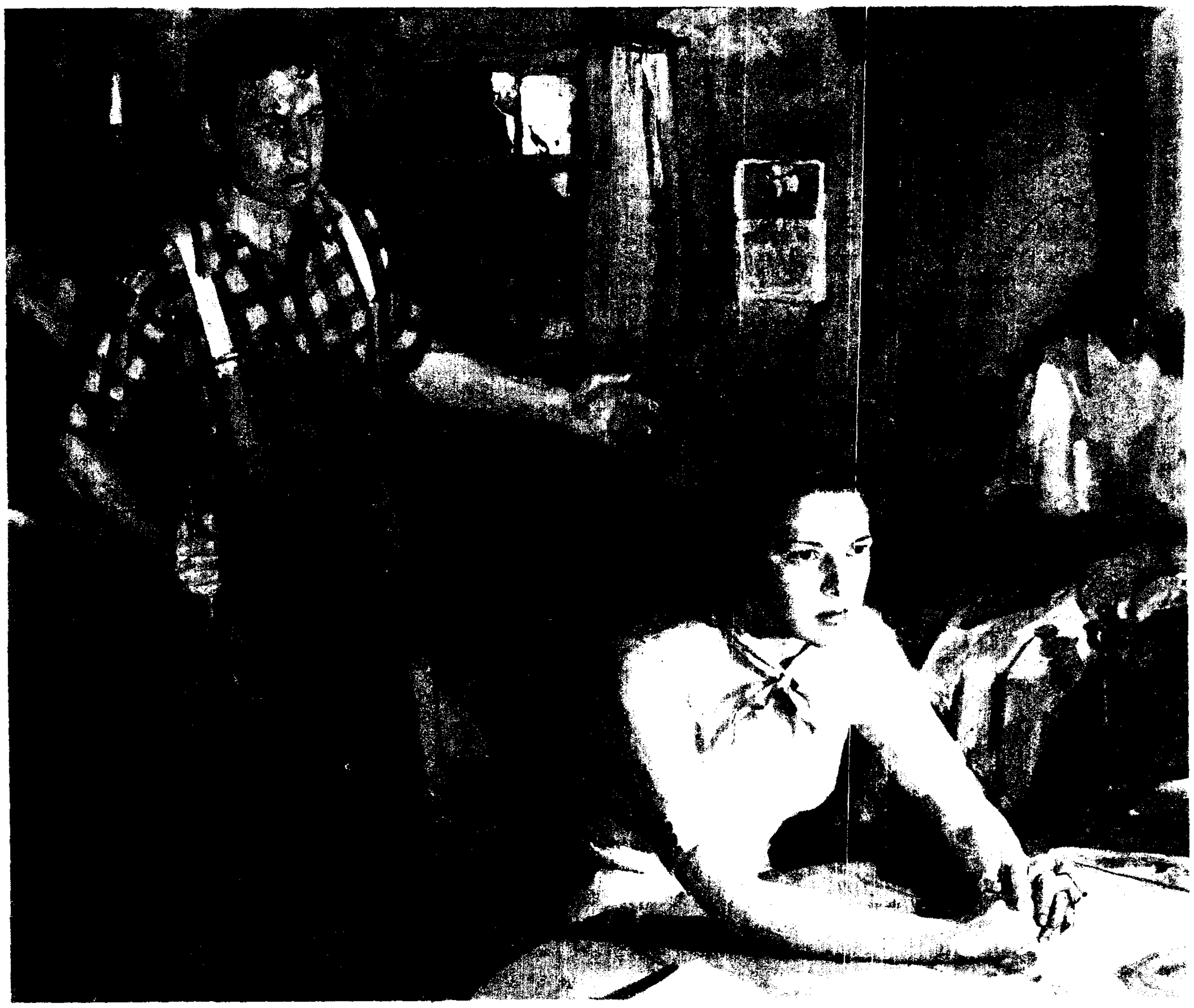
"Well . . . she was awful mad! She said she didn't care, that the drummer fella had left some money for her to follow soon's she got her boy back, an' she was goin' to go to the city an' take Little Boy with her. She meant it all right. I figgered Little Boy would be miserable all his life if he was taken out of these hills an' I loved him so . . .

"That's why I killed her! I want Little Boy should someday know that, Sheriff."

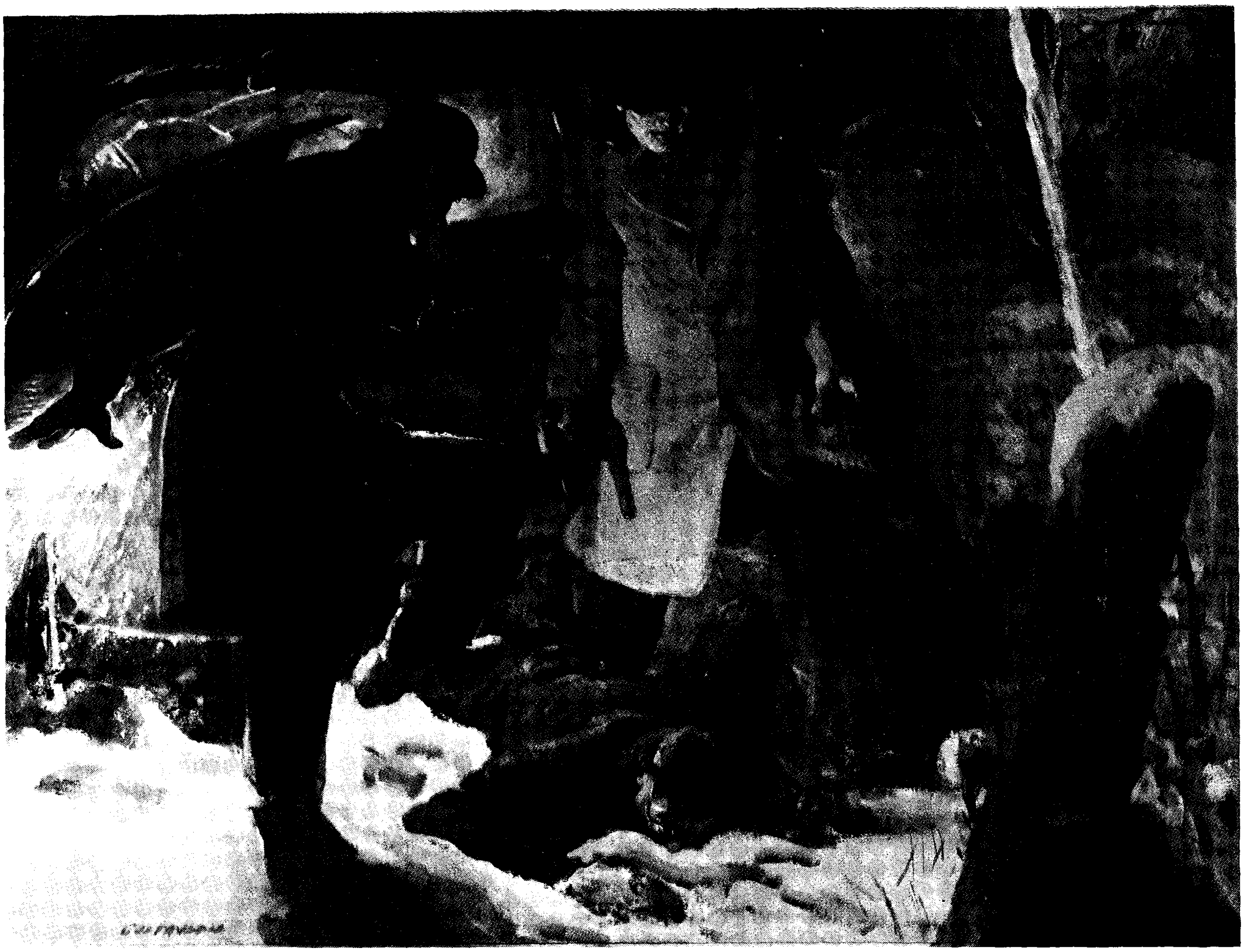
The sheriff wiped sweating palms against his pants. "When he's old enough to understand, I'll tell him, Danny. Is that all, lad?"

"You'll make him understand, won't you?"

The sheriff nodded mutely. His hand shook as he groped out and jerked the lever. There was an awed gasp from a thousand throats as Danny abruptly hurtled through the clanging trap in the gallows floor, and Sheriff Lynche found himself staring at a quivering hempen rope.



"When I tried to argue, she said I didn't know nothin' about cities because I'd never seen one"



He lay there gasping, feeling the shock in his body as one of the men kicked him. But he didn't yell. He lay there feeling a fierce exultation

Something to Talk About

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY L. R. GUSTAVSON

Everyone thought George liked publicity. It took a blizzard and three armed killers to prove he had courage

GEORGE BRADY had been the night man at McKinley's Garage for a period of some ten or twelve years. He was a good man to have around. In the first place he was a conscientious worker and a good enough mechanic so that he could handle any emergency jobs that might come up during the night. And in the second place he was so mild-mannered and unassuming that it never occurred to him either to quit the job or to ask for a raise in pay, as a result of which McKinley hired him for about half of what he was worth.

He was a small man, somewhat under the average in height, and he wouldn't have weighed over a hundred and thirty pounds with an armful of wet papers. He had thin sandy hair that was disappearing on top, and he wore old-fashioned steel-rimmed spectacles through which he peered with an expression of constant surprise, and an eager, shy friendliness. He had a life's history that you could write on a page torn out of a notebook, using only one side of the paper. He was thirty-eight years old and in all those thirty-eight years there had been just one exciting thing that had ever happened to him. That had happened two years before.

George Brady never got tired of remembering it. A convict had escaped from the state penitentiary and the sheriff called for volunteer deputies to form a posse. George went home that day and got out the old double-barrelled shotgun that he used for rabbit hunting in the winter. He filled his pockets full of shells and put the gun over his shoulder and marched downtown. When he walked down the street carrying the gun he could see people looking at him and talking about him after he passed, and it made him feel fine because nobody had ever noticed him or talked about him before.

George got himself duly sworn in as a deputy and then he got in a car with five other men and started out on the man hunt. When they got ten miles out of town they left the car and deployed in a long skirmish line across the fields and started beating through the brush the way you did when you hunted rabbits. Except this was different. After you got back in the hills you couldn't see the men to the right or left of you and you went along with your gun held at high port, and the tight cold feel of danger in your stomach.

The man hunt lasted for two days, and as far as he could remember they were the finest two days that George Brady had ever spent in his life, because they gave him an exhilaration and a sense of importance in the general scheme of things that he had never enjoyed before.

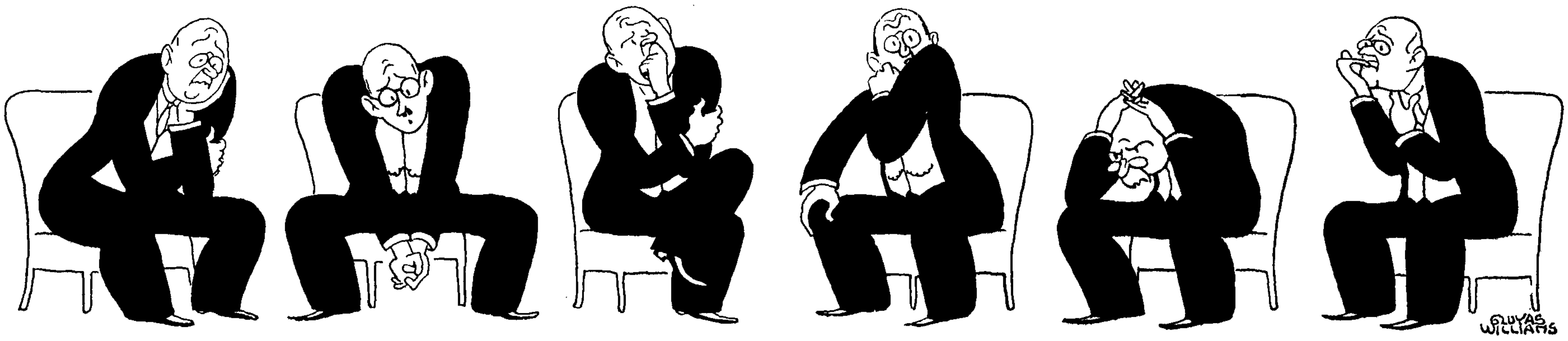
As a fitting climax he captured the convict. It wasn't exactly an act of heroism, and it wasn't exactly any great human drama, although to George it held the elements of both.

George kicked him out of the brush along toward sundown of the second day. It was dusk in the hills and the chill was deepening in the evening air. George saw the movement in the brush and for just a moment he stood there with that cold fear in him, and then that was gone and he felt exultant with the keen thrill of danger and triumph. He got the old shotgun up to his shoulder and made his voice big and loud.

"By God, you come out of there," he said. "You come out of there, by God, or I'll let you have both barrels."

The convict came out. He didn't have a gun and he was too weak to pull the

(Continued on page 27)



We get in the trough of a recession and all that we can see are black waves pounding down on us, smothering and drowning us

Grab Your Bootstraps

By Dale Carnegie

A FEW years ago I had to have a tooth extracted. I knew that taking gas would not hurt me, yet I was afraid. I was afraid that the dentist would pull my tooth while I was still susceptible to pain, so, as I inhaled the gas, I waved my hands to show him I was still conscious. I suffered torments and agonies (all in my imagination) until the moment I went under.

When I came out, my dentist told me that I had tried to wave my hands all the time I was in the chair. To stop me he seized my hands and tried to hold them, but I was so violent that he couldn't do anything with me.

A few years later I had to take gas again, and I went back to the same dentist. This time I resolved to think my way out of the situation.

"Dale, my boy," I said to myself, "do a little thinking instead of shaking. You know that gas isn't going to hurt you. As a matter of fact, the very opposite is true. Suppose you had lived one *hundred years* before gas was invented, then indeed you would have had something to fear."

I resolved to relax because I knew that being all wrought up inside never cured anything and would make matters worse. So I got my *mind off* things by reciting Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. I got about as far as: "—now we are gathered on a great battlefield . . ." I could not go on. I resolved to start from the beginning, but the words wouldn't come. *The first thing I knew* I was coming out from under the gas—and the tooth was out. And I was reciting the Gettysburg Address. The doctor told me I was one of the most relaxed patients he had ever had.

Now what was the difference between the Dale Carnegie who acted like a wild man, tossing and waving his hands, and the Dale Carnegie who calmly sat in the chair and recited the Gettysburg Address? Not very much. Nothing but a changed mental attitude.

Of course this concerned only a tooth, but this same principle can be applied to the biggest and most important things in life. Especially can it be applied to the biggest problem we have in America at this moment—the economic situation we find ourselves in. The so-called "Recession."

My! My! Recessions are bad. We get in the trough of one and all that we can see are black waves pounding down on us, smothering and drowning us. "How can we live through it?" we ask ourselves. "I'm doomed. I'll starve to death. My children will starve to death. So will Rover. He was such a good dog!"

Three years ago this summer I went to China. The thing that astonished me most was to find how happy the people were. (This, of course, was before the war.) They seemed to enjoy so many things, and to get so much out of life. I spoke to a missionary I met, and he confirmed what I had seen.

"On the whole I think they enjoy themselves as much as Americans do," he said.

Well, China has been in the midst of a depression for 3,000 years!

They don't moan around and say, "Uncle Chin Fung is about to be fired. Oh! Whatever will become of us?"

Solomon Said It

They go right on enjoying themselves and doing the best they can—even when poor Chin Fung is tossed into the street. How much more sensible that is than what so many people are doing at this moment in our country! And how much more we have to be thankful for! In China there is a very grave danger of starving to death. I don't know the figures, but I doubt if ten people a year starve to death in the United States. That is, if they do not wish to do so. Of course some do; they have too much pride, or some other bit of foolishness, and calmly sit down and await the end. Food is everywhere in this amazing land of ours. All we have to do is to go to the right authorities and ask for it.

Once upon a time there lived a smart man who said: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." His name was Solomon; and those ten words have never been improved on as a rule of human conduct.

And what we think we, sooner or later, act upon. If we think fear, we act fearful; if we act brave, we are courageous. It is as simple as that.

You can think of your mind as a seesaw, or teeter-totter, as we used to call it out in Missouri. A board that goes up and down. Your thoughts keep jumping on and off, and the board goes up and down accordingly. If you have a bad thought that outweighs the good, down plunks the board. If you have a hopeful thought, up the board springs. And that is exactly the way, in a time of stress like the present, your thoughts keep jumping on and off your seesaw. Now use a little common sense and see that the thoughts that jump on for a free ride are helpful thoughts, and not bushwhackers.

Say to yourself, "I am not going to starve to death. None of my family is going to starve to death. Recessions come and go. Hang on, keep a stiff upper lip and pretty soon the historians will be the only ones interested in this present recession."

Why Worry Yourself Sick?

The meanest, ugliest, most trouble-making word in all the world (outside of war) is *worry*. What a sourpuss that is! My doctor told me recently that the medical profession has found there are eighteen separate and distinct diseases that are caused, or aggravated, by worry. But this is not all. At its last meeting, in Atlantic City, the American Dental Association discovered, through one of its men, that worry may actually cause teeth to decay! If worry will do this to teeth, think what it will do to your mind, your disposition, and your courage.

And yet *nothing very dreadful* can happen to you! You may lose your job. Millions have. And you can regain it.

Or lose your money. *Suppose* you do lose your money; suppose every cent is taken from you—well, that isn't so bad, either. There! I see you are just about to put this magazine down. "The man must be crazy!" I do hope I didn't hear anyone say that.

Well, recently I visited the New York State Prison at Auburn, and was shown through by Warden Brophy.

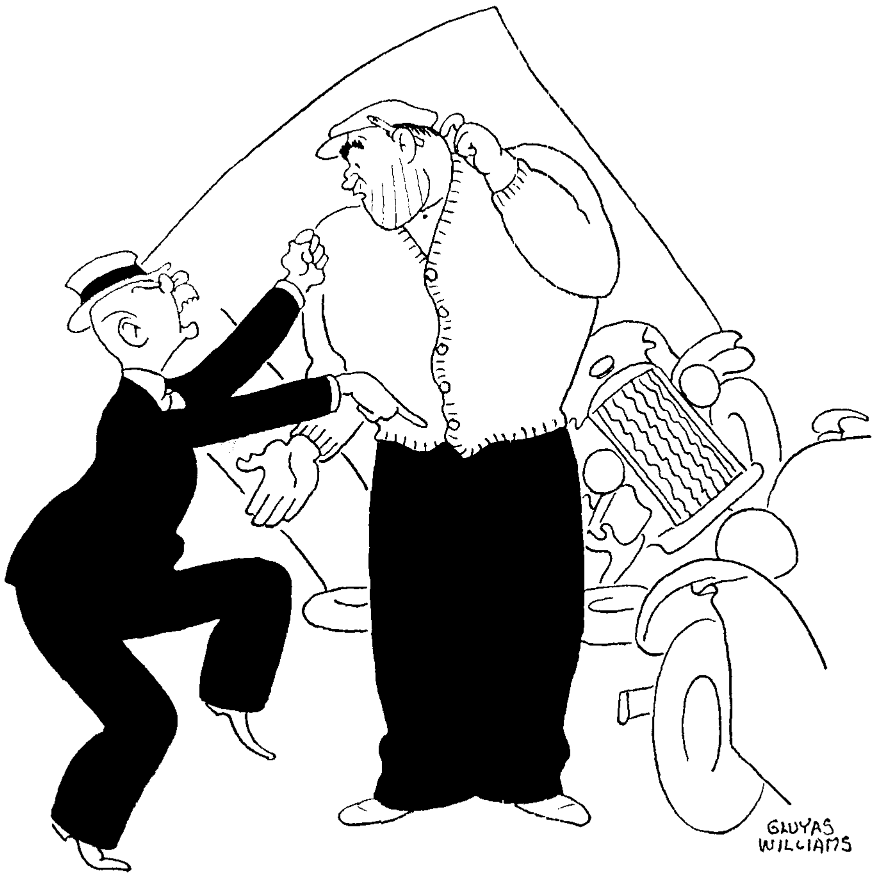
"Are these men unhappy?" I asked him.

"Not especially. Of course they want to get out, but they accept the conditions they have to live under and get quite a bit of pleasure out of living."

And so can we! Any of us, if we will but look at the present financial situation in the right way. You will be living a year from today and you will probably be just as happy as you are today. But think of the needless suffering you have gone through!

Of course fear is at the very bottom of our present worries. And what an old fork-tail he is! But the worst fear of all in the box of fears is the fear of the unknown. To be aware of a fear and yet not to know what it is—that is the very worst terror in the world.

When I was a boy a family named Taylor was murdered in the county adjoining ours. It was a sordid and ghastly



If we act brave, we are courageous. It's as simple as that murder, and every night when dark fell I thought that the hired man, who had disposed of the Taylors, was lying in wait for me. One evening he did come. I was studying by our oil lamp. . . . I heard him moving outside. Fear seized me in its icy clutch. Then the foul monster hit the window a tap. I looked and his eyes were shining and glistening—then I looked again. Our old cat had leaped on the window sill!

What had frightened me was the fear of the unknown. I shudder to think how many cats are sitting this very minute on the window sills of America.

When you feel worried, or fearful, or tense, stop and ask yourself:

"Let's get to the bottom of this. What am I worried about? Just exactly what am I afraid of?"

Try to find the right answer. If it is "I am afraid I'll lose my job," then say to yourself, "Well, that isn't so bad. I still have my health. There are jobs to be had. I'll get another." The very act of resolving a question to its rock bottom and finding an answer reduces your fears to an astonishing extent.

Fear lives in a dark closet. When you open the door, it runs into a mousehole. Stop the mousehole with the cement of logic and you have gone a very long way to eliminate that particular rodent.

How to Fool the Fear Bogey

Don't try to solve the problem that confronts you all at once. Solve a little today; work out some more tomorrow. In England they call it "muddling through." And you can do exactly that.

Martin Johnson, the African explorer, said you are either successful or unsuccessful in dealing with wild animals. If you show fear the wild beasts seem to realize this and are ready to spring upon you. But if you haven't any fear, then you can manage them with safety. And so it is, within reason, with the tigers of the unknown. Show fear and turn tail and they are upon you in a flash. Face them and act unafraid and they, in time, go their way.

I am not counseling you to have no fear at all, for that would be foolish; but don't let it get the upper hand.

Ralph Waldo Emerson had an idea on that subject: "Act as if you are not afraid, the death of fear is certain."

And that is the very thing for us to do in these days of doubt and uncertainty. Face the future, act unafraid, and we will, to some extent, conquer fear. Don't be afraid to order new stock for your store; don't be afraid to put in a call for fence posts for your farm. Go ahead and get that new suit. And don't be afraid to make a mistake now and then. The only American general who never lost a battle is somebody you probably haven't heard of since you studied history in school: General Winfield Scott. Meanwhile, General Grant lost almost as many battles as he won.

All winners lose battles. Plenty of them. We think of Napoleon Bonaparte as having marched from one success to another until the ill-fated Waterloo, but that is not true. He did not believe in the observation balloon corps which the French army maintained, and finally he abandoned it. Yet one single observation balloon at Waterloo would have saved him! He did not believe in a navy, and stubbornly held out against a navy. Well, England bottled him up with hers and polished him off at Waterloo. He knew in October that he was defeated in Russia and that he must retreat, but he chose to remain until the Russian winter set in. The tale of his retreat is the most horrible in all the long annals of slaughter. But with all that Napoleon Bonaparte managed to make quite a dent in history.

P. T. Barnum stands out as a shining example of success. But—

He tried to sell bear grease which was supposed to grow hair on bald heads. He failed.

He started a boardinghouse. His wife took it over and, as he wrote in one of his many autobiographies, "the thing was a half-success."

He started to manufacture a patent fire extinguisher. The only thing that went out was his money.

He launched a newspaper with the fine high-sounding title of The Herald of Freedom. In exactly sixty-two days he was in jail for libel. After a time he got out of jail, but his paper had gone to join his bear grease.

In fact, the great P. T. Barnum never really got a start until he was sixty, and from that time on everything he touched was a success. The black cat of fear never again sat on his window sill.

Don't worry about yourself just because you have fears—especially now when they are as thick in the air as sand particles in a Dust Bowl storm. Others before you have had them. The great, the powerful, the all-conquering Cornelius Vanderbilt, who built the New York Central Railroad, had them. Not only was he afraid to move forward in business, but also he was bedeviled and beset by a private retinue of terrors that he called "my evil spirits." They were very real to the old warrior, so real, in fact, that he had each leg of his bed set in a dish filled with salt to keep them from attacking him as he slept.

There is a bronze statue of him on the front of the New York Central Station, Forty-second Street, New York. The next time you pass there look up at it and think of a man who led a life filled with fears—yet managed to get along pretty well. And how foolish were his fears! And so may be yours.

When Lord Byron was young he was attracted by the sight of a picturesque gypsy fortuneteller who told him the thirty-sixth birthday was a fateful one in his family, and that he would die soon after he was thirty-six years old. Byron laughed at the preposterous idea, but this fear fastened on him like a cocklebur on a mule's tail. He began to think of his father. Sure enough, his father had died at thirty-six. This began to grow in Lord Byron's mind.

As the time of his thirty-sixth birthday approached he became haunted by ghosts and nightmares.

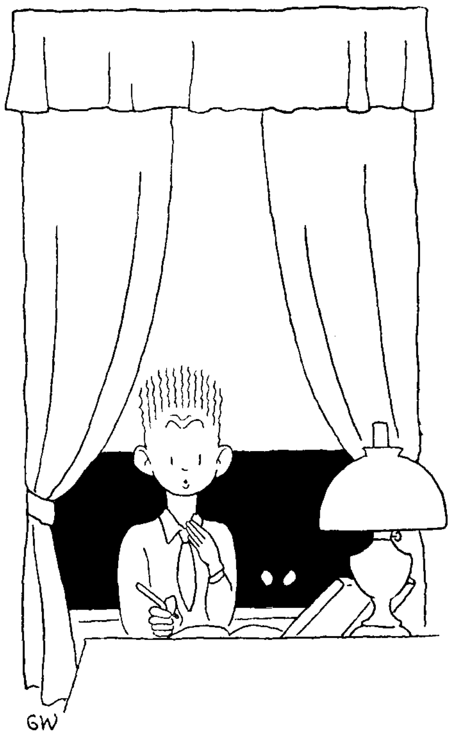
You can guess the rest. He died three months after he was thirty-six.

Time to Show Your Faith

Now is the time everybody in business is holding back, waiting to see "what is going to happen." And this is exactly the moment that the bold spirit moves forward. He thinks his way out. He says, "This country is not going to tumble into the sea. The rain is going to fall and the grass will grow again." He has faith.

A short time before his death, Cardinal Gibbons said: "I have lived eighty-six years. I have watched men climb up to success, and of all the elements that are important to success, the most important is faith. No great thing comes to any man unless he has faith." And how very true! And what an excellent time to show faith in our nation and its principles and its people—and to move forward!

I'll cite you the example of a plain, ordinary, everyday businessman who, when trouble came and camped on his doorstep, sat down and thought his way out. He ran a little delicatessen store in New York, this man. The New York Merchants' Association tells me that there are more than ten thousand delicatessen stores in New York. This man had one of them. He didn't act very different from the other delicatessen men, he didn't look very different, but he thought in a vastly different fashion. He cooked and served meals to a business firm near him. They were his big customer; in fact practically his only one, for they kept him busy, and paid him $175 a month.



Fear seized me in its icy clutch

One day the manager said, "We have decided to put in our own restaurant and serve our employees, so we won't need your services any longer. Sorry."

His income gone at one fell swoop! But he didn't moan around. Instead he said to himself:

"I would have been in business even if I had never heard of this company. There is other business here. I'm going to get it."

Well, that man is Arnold Rubens, and today he has one of the finest restaurants in New York. He is the originator of the "four-decker sandwich," but specializes in a cheesecake that is the pride and gustatory joy of his life. So famous is it that people order it from all over the United States.

It Takes Courage to Hang On

Defeat! There is no such thing for the man who has grit and determination. Robert Ingersoll said: "The greatest test of courage on this earth is to bear defeat without losing heart." Albert Payson Terhune, the writer and famous dog authority, puts it this way:

"Courage consists of hanging on one minute longer."

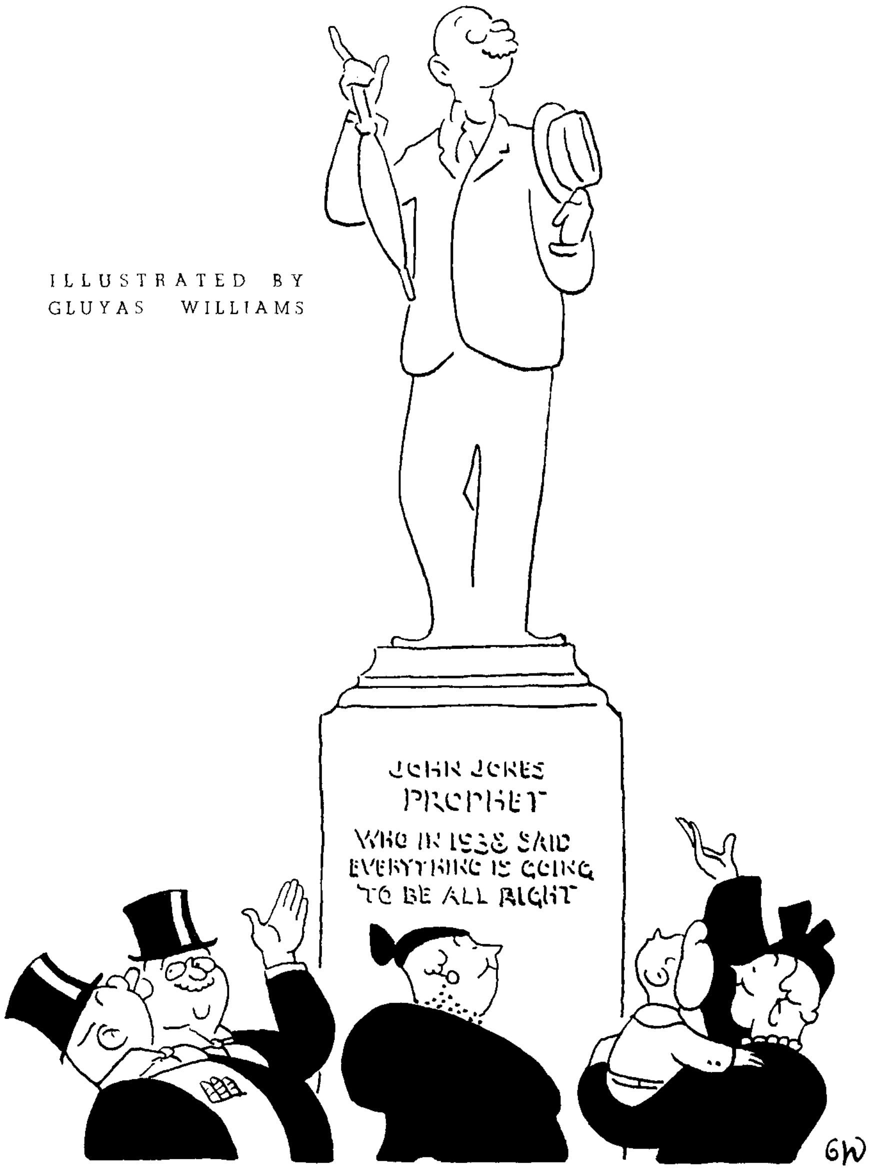
And that is exactly what it is! We have come through one depression; we are in the midst of a backfire. Shall we hang on a minute longer? Of course we shall!

It will take courage to hang on and it will take courage to think differently from the mourners and the it-can't-be-dones. But do exactly that. When your friends wail, "Things are getting worse; it'll be years before we come out," brace up and sound the optimistic note. They may hoot you today. The test of yourself is: Can you say what you think?

Charles A. Lindbergh, Senior, the father of the famous flier, was a man

(Continued on page 37)

ILLUSTRATED BY
GLUYAS WILLIAMS



You can be looked upon as a prophet if you think and speak for yourself

They Knew Each Other

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

THESE rubes in this little hick town called Elderville had started a sit-down strike, see? So what? Sit-downs aren't any good any more. Even the opposition had voted not to encourage sit-downs. So the chief told Danny and me to go on up there and organize these hirams and show them how to run a strictly legitimate strike before the opposition heard about it and swiped another unit away from us.

"Elderville, for gosh sake!" I said. "He throws us in the sticks."

"Quit beefing," Danny said. "I feel like a trip and it won't hurt you any to get away from that pool hall and breathe a little fresh air."

"So you grin," I said. "So the chief sends you to the Jack Dandy Packing Company in Elderville."

"I feel like a trip," Danny said.

"Packing company—I bet they package hayseed for the rail-fence trade," I said.

"Treat yourself to a lungful of this air," Danny said. "Come on, it won't hurt. Come on."

So we started.

At the end of two hundred and eighty-seven miles of nothing to look at and no people around, Danny's old car ducked between two big hills into a flat place and a sign said: "Elderville, City Limits." They had the whole thing hid under the trees and all you could see was a church steeple sticking up off to the right and a big chimney farther on to the left. That would be this packing plant where the strike was; they wouldn't have two chimneys in a town like this.

"Let's circle this layout before we stop any place, sucker," I said.

"Why waste the gas?" Danny said.

The trustful son of a gun drove right down the main street and stopped in front of a sign saying Hotel.

We went into the hotel and there wasn't a rube in sight. We looked in the dining room and found a waitress.

"Where's everybody?" Danny said.

"Over to the plant, sir," the gal said.

"Don't tell us there's a strike on," I said.

The gal was all excited.

"It's what they call a sit-down strike, sir," said this gal. "It's been going on since Saturday noon!"

"Well, well," I said.

DANNY pushed me back with his elbow and commenced making friends with Sister Susie. Women always did have the third strike on Danny. So he says, My, my, Miss, there must be great excitement in Elderville, and What do you know about that, now, and, tch-tch-tch, who would have thought it?

"How's for a bit of food, lady?" I said.

"Everybody's still at the plant, sir," the gal said. "I'm sorry, but you'll just have to be patient."

"Is it far to the plant?" Danny said.

"Not very—there's Miss Dandy going by—she'll give you a ride—yoo-hooo—Miss Julia!"

We followed the gal out to the porch while she stopped this Julia one, who was driving a fairly new sedan, and asked her could she give us a ride to the plant.

"We got our own car," I said.

But Danny walked straight out to the sedan and climbed in when the girl opened the door. So what? I got in the back seat. The thing looked phony to me. Why would this hick girl give two strange city fellers a lift if it wasn't a frame-up? What was her percentage? But I guess I had underrated Danny's honest Mick face.

"I hope you boys aren't strikebreakers," Miss Julia said, "because we aren't hiring any."

"We're not strikebreakers," Danny said.

"Oh, you just want to see all the excitement?" said Miss Julia.

"Yeah, that's it, lady," I said right quick, to keep Danny from being too truthful.

"It'll soon be over," she said. "Daddy Jack has just got to give in this time."

"You mean recognize the union?"

"Union? Oh, no—I mean close the plant for good and all. He should have shut down two years ago. He's just plain stubborn—even if I say it as shouldn't, being his own daughter and just like him."

"Oh," Danny said, "you're Mr. Dandy's daughter?"

The gal laughed.

"We get terribly self-important in little towns," she said. "I thought everybody knew me!" Then she said, "Where are you boys from?"

SO WHAT? So Danny cannot lie to a lady.

"I'm Dan McCarthy," said Danny, "and this is Roy Brown. The fact is, Miss Dandy, that we're from the labor organization in St. Louis."

The thing looked still queerer, because the gal said: "Oh, you are? Well, the sooner you get there the better, Mr. McCarthy! It's high time somebody put some backbone into our people. They're wavering and want to go back to work!"

"Get wise, pal," I said; "it's a trap! Make her stop this thing and let us out!"

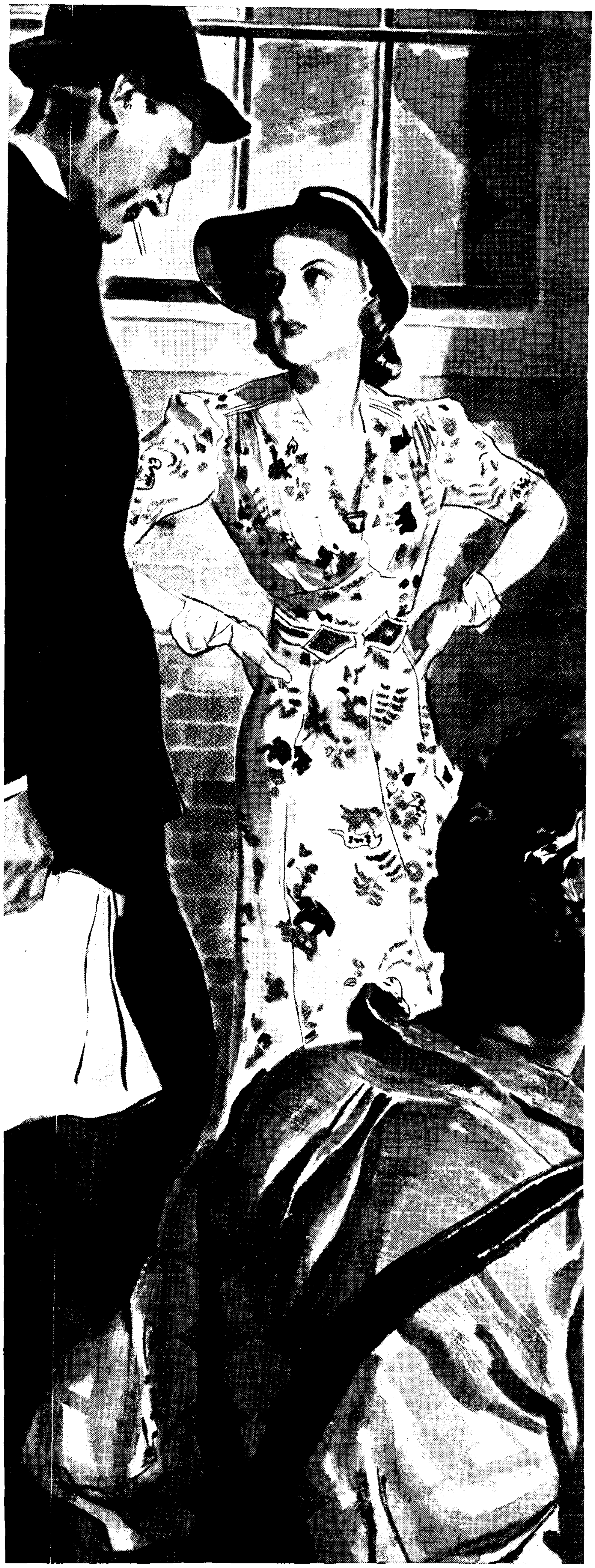
The girl stopped right in the middle of the street and turned around to look Danny in the eye.

"Believe it or not, Mother and I are egging them on!" she said. "You'll understand it better when I tell you how much it has cost Daddy Jack to run that plant these last two years—"

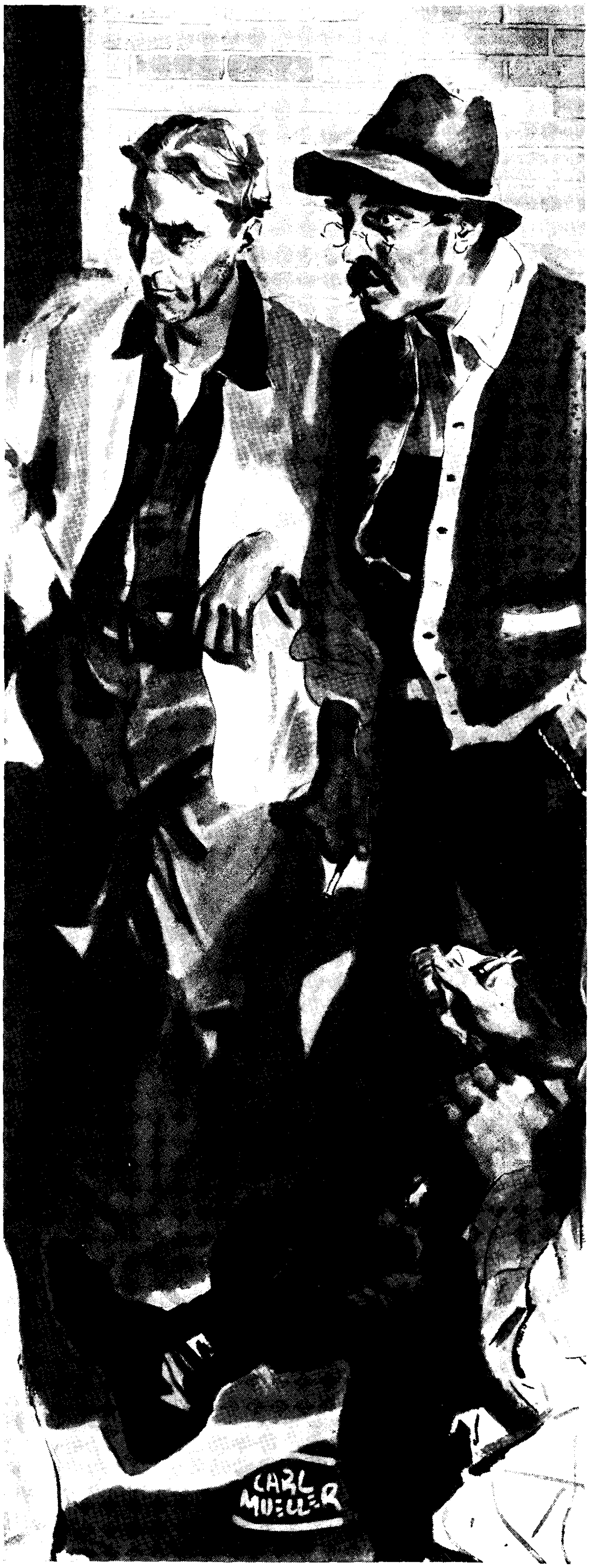
"I'll bite, how much?" I said, opening that car door. We were only half a block from that plant and I could see millions of hicks buzzing around there.

"Take it easy, Roy," Danny said.

"Exactly a hundred and eighty-seven



"You don't mean that, pal," I said. Julia blinked at Danny and got a little sore and said it was plain her daddy had blarneyed him around



ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Elderville enjoys a sit-down. A story of woman's wiles and male skulduggery. Told by a victim still suffering from shock

thousand nine hundred and sixty-two dollars and seven cents!" the girl said. "Not counting depreciation."

"That's tough," Danny said.

"Too bad, too bad," I said. "Let's not talk about it. C'mon, Danny!"

I had got a good look at Miss Julia Dandy as I started to climb out and I saw that these rubes that were trying to lure Danny and me into a pocket hadn't missed a bet. They must have found out some way that Danny is a soft touch for ones like Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell. He goes for that my-high-chinned-queen thing.

"Hey, wait—" Danny said.

But I made a dive for the shadows under those big trees at the side of the street. The whole thing smelled bad to me. What guy in Elderville could lose a hundred and eighty-seven grand? Either this gal had been touched by the harvest moon or else it was a frame. So what? So Danny had to come on over after me, saying: "What's the big idea, Roy?"

"We lam back to the hotel, umpchay!" I said. "Take a look at all those hicks partied up for a lynching!"

"You screwball," Danny said.

He walked straight across to the Jack Dandy Packing Plant and into a mess of rubes. It left me no out but to follow him.

Danny stepped up to a tall hiram in overalls and said: "Who's in charge of the strikers, brother?"

"I reckon y'all had better see Elmer Croft," this hiram said.

"Elmer ain't running it, now. He'd better talk to Lem Matthias, I reckon."

"Johnny Beck is your man, son."

The rube who mentioned Johnny Beck said he reckoned he'd better show us where we could find Johnny. Half a dozen other rubes left their families scattered around the main plant building and fell into step with Danny.

"Ixnay, Danny!" I said. "Finks!"

"No. Take it easy," Danny said.

I'D NEVER walked into anything like that with my eyes open before. Some strike, I thought, some strike. No fence around the plant. No picket line. No coppers. It looked like a rube basket dinner, with the folks wandering in and out of the big brick main building or visiting with the sit-downers through the first-floor windows. So what? So how could you figure the percentage?

Danny, the sucker, didn't even try to figure it out. He let them introduce us to this Johnny Beck guy, a young rube who was sitting on a packing case near one of the loading platforms chinning a flock of Sister Susies. I swear this is just how the powwow sounded:

"Howdy."

"Howdy."

"They tell me you're running this."

"Who, me? Aw, naw, Mister. It's just kind of running itself, I reckon."

"Haven't you a strike committee?"

"Nope. Don't reckon you could call it that. We've taken a vote on it and the vote was to strike."

"Yay, strike!" another rube cut in.

"I'll say," said another one.

Everybody chuckled proudly and more rubes kept joining the group on the loading platform. So what? So Danny lets them have it cold turkey that we're union organizers and have come to Elderville to help with the strike.

Johnny Beck didn't bat an eye, just kept on eating a piece of fried chicken.

"Which union you boys with?" an older hiram asked.

Before Danny could answer, this Beck rube busted in with: "Reckon he oughter see Doc Dandy first, oughtn't he? Reckon that'd be the fair thing." There was a lot of lip back and forth among the rubes as to whether we should talk to Doc Dandy before we talked to the strikers. Johnny settled it by getting up and nodding to us to follow him inside the plant.

I balked.

"This is all double talk, Danny," I said. "It's a rube trick to get us inside and give us the works."

Danny turned to the rubes.

"Are you sure Dr. Dandy is in there?"

They all grinned.

"Doc's puttin' on a set-down strike of his own," Johnny said.

"Yay, strike."

"A-setting down in his office!"

SO WHAT? So Danny believed them and went on in and I had to go along to try to guard his rear. And the screwiest thing about this whole setup was that it turned out to be true. Julia's daddy, Dr. Dandy, *was* in his office.

He unlocked the door when Johnny knocked and said: "Oh, yep—Julia was just telling me about you union boys. Come in." Then he pulled Danny and me inside and slammed the door, locking it. He was a thin, tall, stoop-shouldered old guy. He had on a pair of 1906-model black pants, frayed suspenders, a white shirt with no collar; and he was smoking a stubby-bitted pipe.

Danny, the trustful sap, took a chair, but I kept on my feet just in case some hick coppers were laying to rush us.

"Think you can organize them, son?" Doc asked.

"I'm going to try, Dr. Dandy," Danny said.

"More power to you, son!" Doc said. "But I'm afraid it won't work. I've been dealing with 'em sixty years, man and boy, and I never got them to agree on anything for longer than half a day!"

"I guess they're pretty individual out here," Danny said.

"Every man for his own cantankerous notion, son," Doc said; "and you boys know you can't run a business that way. Now, can you?"

"No, I don't suppose you can," Danny said.

"Will you tell my wife that?" Doc said.

"Why . . . uh . . . sure—of course—" Danny said.

Then, Doc unloaded on us. He told us the works and I never heard anything so screwy in my life. This Doc guy was in the doghouse, see? With his wife and all his relations except Julia. On account of the packing-plant business, see? It turned out, to hear him tell it, that Doc was one of these visionary country doctors that think they know how to make money. So what? So Doc buys a pecan plantation in Texas fifteen years back and just as he is about to lose it they strike oil. Doc is sitting pretty, on top of the world with his oil money, but, no, he gets the bright idea of starting up a packing plant to make country hams and bacon and run in opposition to the big-shot meat packers.

So what is the answer to that? What do you think? The hog market takes him for a ride; the depression whacks him; he gets in a row with the government over sixty-seven tax accounts; he gets gypped on refrigerator cars and trucking contracts. It is a headache.

"But I'm still hopeful, still hopeful, boys," Doc told us. "There's a fortune in this business if I can just hold on!"

Danny nodded. But I said, "Look, Dr. Dandy, what *is* this? Why did they strike? What's the issue involved?"

"A fair question, son, a fair question," Doc said, "and I'll answer you frankly. The ostensible grievance is that I fired Uncle and refused to put him back to work. But the real reason is that I have a disloyal family—yes, disloyal. They've spread the word that unless the plant is closed I will go bankrupt. So my friends and neighbors out of a misguided sense of responsibility are trying to close me with this absurd strike!"

EVEN Danny could not swallow that one. He started asking Doc questions about this uncle guy that had got fired, what was the cause and so on. Doc had just started to tell us how Uncle had spoiled three runs of ham by insisting on his own smoking formula when there was a pounding on the door.

"Daddy!"

"Yes, Julia?"

"It's Mother, Daddy! Let us in!"

"Is she sorry?"

"Of course she's sorry. And she wants you to come home with us."

"Who else is with you?"

"No one, Daddy."

"Is Irma with her?"

"Daddy Jack, you open this door!"

"I want the truth—is your Uncle Harry with you?"

"No, I tell you, no—just Mother."

Doc opened the door about two inches, bracing his foot against it, and we heard a woman start to cry and say, "Oh, Jack, how could you—how could you?"

This Doc guy was a pretty hard old bird.

"Have you changed your attitude, Matilda?"

"Of *course she* has—"

"You keep out of this, Julia! I want your mother to say it herself!"

"Go on, Mother—"

"I won't; I can't. He's ruining us—he'll make paupers of us—"

Blam! and Doc shut the door and locked it. There was more argument back and forth but Julia's mamma stuck to her guns and Doc wouldn't give in. Doc's womenfolks went away, finally, and he apologized to us.

It all knocked Danny for a loop and I couldn't figure the percentages myself.

"Well, Dr. Dandy," Danny said, "I . . . uh . . . guess I'll see what we can do about getting everybody together and settling this thing. I'm glad you're in favor of it, I sure am."

"Yeah," I said, "you're the first ownership that ever asked for a union, Doc. It's one for the book."

Doc r'ared back and shook his pipe at us.

"I'm going to operate this plant, boys!" he said. "And I'm going to make a success of it yet, a success of it yet!"

I thought Danny would start rounding up the strikers right away, but instead he started off on foot for the hotel.

"Ain't it all just a rube frame-up?" I said.

"I wish I knew," Danny said.

All of a sudden a rube flivver drew up to the curb and there were two of them in it. One said: "Hold on a minute, boys!"

It looked like the pay-off. I slipped my hand into the old brass knucks and said to Danny: "We better swing fast and grab their car for a getaway!"

"No. Wait," Danny said.

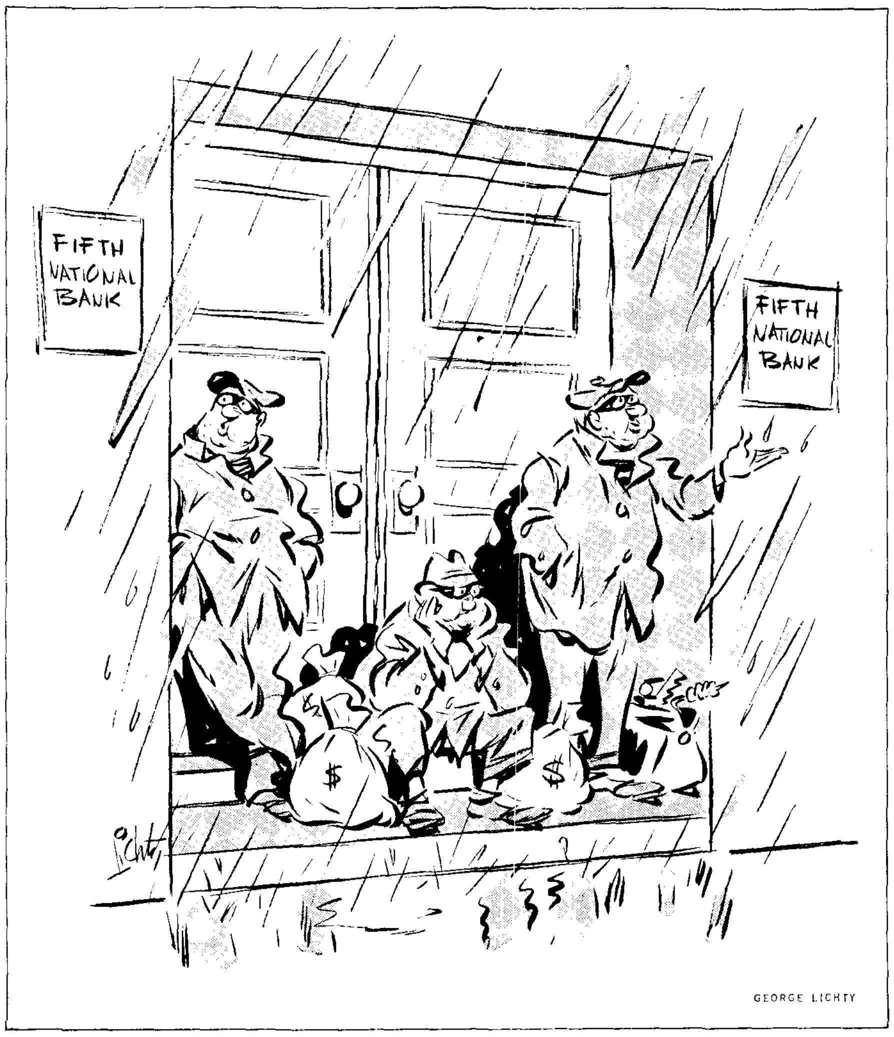
WE WALKED over to the flivver and these rubes were Lem and Elmer, a couple of middle-aged guys. They were putting on the friendly act and both stuck out their hands.

"Is this trouble you're starting?" Danny said.

"Trouble—why, no!" Elmer said.

"Hop in, boys," Lem said. "We figured we better have a little private talk and ask your advice."

"We'll talk right here," I said.



Elmer spoke the piece, saying: "We don't want you fellers to get any wrong ideas about us folks. We ain't agin Doc Dandy. He fired Uncle Ted but he should have done it years ago. Johnny Beck and some of the young ones jest used that as an excuse to create some excitement. The rest of us joined in because we figured it was the best way of savin' Doc from hisself. We—"

"Doc ain't practical," Lem chimed in, "and he's a-going to the wall if he don't shet her down. But what we wanter ask y'all union boys is, ain't there some way of organizing us folks so's we could take her over and kind of ease Doc out of the management?"

Danny and I looked at each other. This sounded on the level.

"It might be done, at that," Danny said.

"We'll call a meetin' fust thing in the mornin'," Elmer said; "y'all boys come and tell us the right thing, and we'll be mighty obliged."

Lem and Elmer gave us a lift back to the hotel, spending all their time talking about what a great old guy Doc Dandy was and what a fine family he had and what a shame it would be if Doc went to the wall.

"So their hearts bleed for the boss?" I said.

But Danny had taken it big.

"They know the guy, see?" Danny said. "It's different if you grew up with a guy."

I went to the car and got my pistol—which I had left there—and put it in the old shoulder holster. Danny was just standing there trying to figure the percentage.

"Are your names McCarthy and Brown?" a rube hotel clerk said, from the porch.

"Yeah. So what?" I said.

"Miss Julia Dandy just telephoned. She wants you to come out to her place for supper!"

Danny looked happy.

"Okay," he said, "right away."

It sounded strictly phony to me. Why should this dame get so friendly on such short notice? I figured the rubes were still laying for us and that they would take us out near this gal's house and then into the woods with the tar and feathers and the old pitchforks. But Danny got sore and said I could stay in the hotel. And I got sore and said I would. So what? So I stay up in our room and eat alone and Danny goes out to the Julia party's house. So it drove me nuts, too, waiting for Danny and figuring maybe he was already taken by these rubes.

BUT about eleven-thirty he came in.

"Nice going, pal," I said.

"Screwball," Danny said, "you missed it. They treated me like I was human."

"That'll make the chief so happy, you palling up with the owner's daughter."

Danny put on the blush.

"Talk sense," he said; "she'd never be pals with me."

"Going out there for breakfast?"

"Pipe down."

So what? So poor old Danny had lighted a torch for this Sister Susie in a hick burg. And he was going to organize the strike and make it stick. To do the chief a favor or to make hay with daughter Julia? What do you think?

Well, it didn't work out that way. We went out to the packing plant next morning to talk it up with the rube sitdowners and that was the screwiest business of it all. The chief should have been there. Rubes are strictly no good for the union thing. In that meeting every rube was a talking delegate. There was poor old Doc Dandy pleading with the boys to form a union and offering to meet any terms they agreed on, just so they would call off the strike and go to work. There was Danny, the sucker, trying to find out what the rubes and their womenfolks and their dogs really wanted.

"Mr. Roscum has the floor," Danny would say.

"Set down, Joe!" a rube would yell. "You don't even work here!"

"I reckon I sell my hogs here and I reckon I got as good a right to talk as you have," the rube would say.

"Order! Let's vote on the main question. Do you or do you not want to organize a union?" Danny said.

"Reckon we do."

"Reckon so, but only onless Doc hires Uncle back."

"Yay, hire Uncle back!"

The pay-off was that Doc Dandy r'ared up and yelled he'd never hire Uncle back and Uncle, a slab-sided guy about ninety years old, r'ared up and allowed he wouldn't work for Doc Dandy again for love or money.

THIS was topped by the arrival of about nine big trucks loaded with hogs. They had come from the next county where nobody had heard about the strike. Doc and Lem and Elmer and Johnny Beck went into a conference with the owner of the hogs, a rube named Sam Enright. At first, everybody agreed when Danny said the hogs should be turned back.

"You're being mighty hard on a man, boys," this Enright hiram said.

"Reckon Sam *needs* to sell his hogs," somebody said.

"Yay, needs," said one of Sam's drivers; "the bank is onto Mr. Enright. Today or else!"

So what? So old Doc Dandy grabs Sam by the arm and says: "I'm buying your hogs, Sam. Unload 'em!"

All these rubes that were supposed to be putting on a sit-down pitched in and helped unload the hogs. Then Elmer and Lem said it was going to be mighty hard on Doc Dandy to keep all the hogs in pens losing flesh and they'd better start the furnace and run Mr. Enright's hogs down the line.

But this Julia gal had been warned what was happening and got on the job just in time. She pleaded with Lem and Elmer and Johnny not to start the fires.

"It's just a squeeze play by Daddy Jack," she said with tears in her eyes. "My mother has been good to all you men, hasn't she? Is this the way you repay her kindness?"

"Doc's been mighty good to us, too," Lem said.

"You make it hard on your daddy, sis," Elmer said.

"I've taken Julia's and her ma's side," Johnny said, "the strike's still on as far as I'm concerned!"

Danny and I couldn't think of a thing to say, but a big rube with three days' growth of red whiskers r'ared back and said: "This thing's gittin' mighty hard on everybody, seems like to me!"

"Yay, hard!" another rube said.

Julia came over to Danny.

"Can't you organize them?" she asked.

"What do you think?" I said.

So what? So Danny looks around at all

(Continued on page 64)

Castle Sinister

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

AT a Long Island horse show, John Thorne sees a girl fall, while taking a jump. His companion, Sue Brindox, tells him that the girl is Doris Brooke. Sue says that Doris, once rich, is going with a questionable crowd.

Sue Brindox's father is rich, and a patron of the arts. Planning a new wing for a museum, he and James Greer, a New York architect, want an authentic Federalist dining room for that wing. They ask John Thorne, who makes a living handling antiques, to find one.

Thorne goes to the village of Southdown, Cape Cod, near which, on lonely Smith Island, an eccentric character known as Lord Robert Budge had, about 1790, built a Federalist style house—his "palace." The house is still standing. After taking a room at J. Guffey's tavern, Thorne makes arrangements for inspecting it. He is puzzled by an encounter he has with another guest at the tavern—a "Mr. Jacks," who carries a pistol and who warns him to stay away from Smith Island, then disappears.

Thorne goes to the island, finds the old house. A girl, obviously terrified, greets him, orders him to go away, at once! When Thorne refuses to leave, the girl orders a dog (which she holds by a leash) to attack him. The dog leaps upon him; but Thorne succeeds in overpowering the animal. Then, while Thorne is explaining the nature of his mission, a car roars up, stops, and a number of flashily dressed toughs leap out.

One of the new arrivals (Tom Gaffney) produces an automatic pistol and forces Thorne to accompany him into the house. Regarding Thorne as an enemy, for a time, Gaffney finally accepts his story; and when Thorne informs him that he has a number of sketches of the house (showing its every detail, almost, as it was in early days) Gaffney is delighted. He announces that he must see those sketches as soon as possible.

Pistol shots, outside, interrupt the talk. After a time, one of the gang—"Dutchy" Ziegler—is brought in; he is dead, killed by rival gangsters. Gaffney gives the girl a pistol and, ordering her to keep Thorne in the house, goes away. Then it suddenly dawns on Thorne that he has seen the girl before—she is Doris Brooke! Failing in his effort to make her talk about herself, he tells her the history of the old house. He refers to Lord Robert Budge's "throne room."

"*Throne* room?" the girl asks, in surprise. Thorne nods. "Yes," he replies, "the throne room."

IV

JOHN THORNE paused. "The throne was set up over against the far wall," he continued. "It's probably been sold or destroyed. All the other furniture was sold at auction at his death. Most of it was gilded and there were a great many teakwood and ivory-inlaid pieces, and any number of gold French clocks. Lord Robert used to keep open house and he held audience in the throne room once a week with free food and liquor served in the banquet hall at six o'clock in the evening for everyone who came. Lord Robert was generally intoxicated. He was attended by a poet laureate and an astrologer and two black men. Mrs. Budge was beside him on a smaller throne."

Miss Brooke looked at him suspiciously.

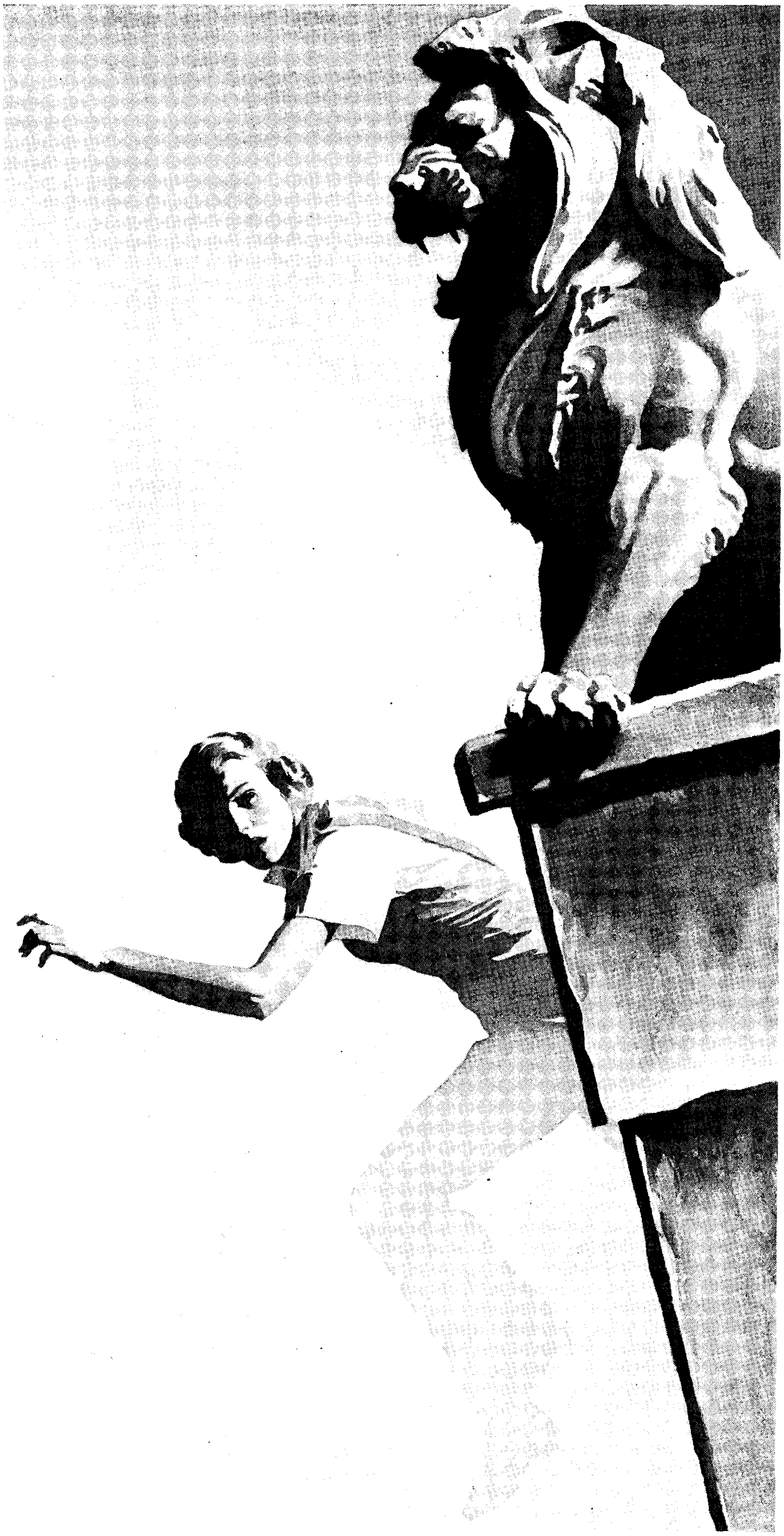
"You're just trying to be amusing, aren't you?" she said. "Who was Mrs. Budge?"

"Her name was Nancy Hewins," John Thorne answered gravely, "the daughter of a local carter. It's all in the local history. Just look around you if you don't believe it. Look at the hall. It's a queer house, because Lord Robert made it queer. You can't get away from things like that. Mrs. Budge survived Lord Robert, but not for long. She was generally locked up in her chamber in the second story. If you stop to think, everything that happened today is just as queer. After all, Mr. Gaffney might be a Robert Budge himself. His attendants aren't in leopard skins, but he has them. You may be a Mrs. Budge for all I know."

Miss Brooke smiled unbelievingly.

"Go ahead," she suggested, "tell me some more about Mr. Budge. What else did he do?"

"He amused himself in his garden," John Thorne went on. "What else does any complete egotist do? He spent a good deal of time building his tomb, and he used to sit in the cellar during the hot weather. He was in the room he called his cabinet or study a great deal. That would be (*Continued on page 40*)



She was not ten yards ahead, but the fog was so heavy that she was indistinct already

The Limitsville Limited

By Timothy Fuller

Danny could never quite outrun the champs—until the eventful night he had to catch a train and a girl

ED REILLY found The Limitsville Limited on a dusty highway in Iowa. Of course, Ed didn't know until some time later that he'd found the Limited; but then it took Jack Dempsey quite a while to become The Manassa Mauler and Joe Louis to be labeled the Detroit Destroyer. And the Limited wasn't a fighter, anyway.

Reilly admitted afterward that the reason he stopped to give the kid a lift was to hear him talk. Driving around the country as Ed did he used to amuse himself comparing the accents of various localities, and this kid looked like a native, not a cross-country hitchhiker.

"Where you bound, son?" asked Reilly, after the kid had settled his long legs in the front of the car.

"East'erd, mister."

"Easterd? On this road? I've never been there," said Reilly.

The boy turned and looked at Ed gravely for a minute.

"I guess you're jokin' with me, mister," said the kid. "East'erd ain't no town. I figure on gettin' to New York."

Reilly whistled. The kid was a hitchhiker after all.

"How long've you been on the road, son?"

"All mornin'."

"Oh," said Reilly. "Run away from home?"

"I figure on gettin' work in New York City, mister."

He didn't seem to want to talk about himself so Reilly let him alone and told him about his traveling around the country selling athletic equipment to small colleges and high schools. But the kid didn't pay much attention and pretty soon he pulled out a snapshot and began looking at it. Ed looked over his shoulder and saw it was a picture of a girl, a pretty girl but with a determined look on her face. He didn't say anything. The kid was still staring at the picture when they pulled up at a railroad crossing with the gates down. As soon as he heard the whistle of the train the kid's head snapped up and he stuffed the snapshot in his pocket. As the train swept by the boy watched it with his mouth half open and a glazed look in his eyes. Reilly figured maybe he'd never seen a train before.

"Looks like the engineer's in a hurry," said Ed.

The kid shook his head. "No, that's the Davenport Special; she's always on time."

"You ride on the trains quite a lot?" asked Reilly, mystified.

"I ain't never been on a train, mister," he said sadly.

"But you like 'em, is that it?"

"Boy!" he answered reverently.

After that the kid opened up a little. His name was Dan Baker and he was eighteen and he'd lived in Limitsville all his life. He hadn't been to school very much, mostly working on the farm.

"There ain't but one train a day goes by our place," he told Reilly, "but I see it twice."

"You mean when it comes and when it goes?"

"No," said Dan, "it comes back at night and I can't see it good then. By our place the tracks go in a curve sort of, so if I run over the hill an' acrost the meadow by the Andersons' I can see her again. Only not so close as first time when she goes by."

"HOW far do you have to run, son?" asked Reilly.

" 'Bout a mile, maybe."

"And you do that every day?"

"Sure," said the kid.

Right then, Reilly knew he'd picked up a nut but he thought he might as well take him as far as he was going that night. They'd been driving about three hours when Reilly suggested that maybe he'd like to stretch his legs. The kid's legs were so long he had to tuck them up pretty close to keep them from hitting the dashboard.

"Run along beside the car," said Reilly, "I'll keep up with you."

The boy climbed out and started running down the road. Reilly said later that he laughed out loud when he first saw the kid's stride. When he picked up his feet, they didn't clear the ground by more than an inch and he carried his arms away from his sides, below his waist.

Reilly put the car in second and pulled up alongside him. He noticed he had to keep the speedometer close to fifteen to stay with him. They went down a hill and up another but the boy never changed his stride. It didn't seem to make any difference to him whether he was going uphill or down. After they'd gone about a mile Reilly blew the horn and the kid stopped running and climbed back in the car. He was breathing about as hard as a dash man might after a preliminary heat.

That night Reilly stopped in a college town where he had an appointment with the athletic director. At the hotel the kid got out of the car and shook hands with Reilly.

"That lift was sure a big help, mister."

"What are you planning to do now?" asked Reilly.

"I'm goin' on east'erd, I guess, mister."

"How much money you got?"

"I got plenty, mister. I got eight bucks."

Reilly coughed a little at that one. "You want to be careful you don't get stuck up with a roll like that on you, son. Look, I travel on an expense account; you don't know what that is but it doesn't matter. I can get a double room here and you can have a bed for the night. I'll take you on a way tomorrow."

"That would sure be fine," said the boy. "I ain't never been in a hotel."

Well, Reilly knew he was being a sucker but somehow he couldn't let the youngster spend his first night away from home in the park. Afterward he used to shudder to think how close he came to losing the Limitsville Limited that first night, although there were times when he wished he had.

IT WAS the next morning when it happened. Several things contributed. One was that the athletic director had shown Reilly the new cinder track that had just been built for the college and they'd talked running that evening. And one was that Reilly, after he got to bed, began to think about the way the kid had loped up and down those hills in the afternoon. About how he'd had to keep the speedometer close to fifteen the whole way. And then, in the morning, the kid had said he'd like to stretch his legs before they started driving.

Just for a laugh, Reilly had slipped a stop watch in his pocket when they got out to the track.

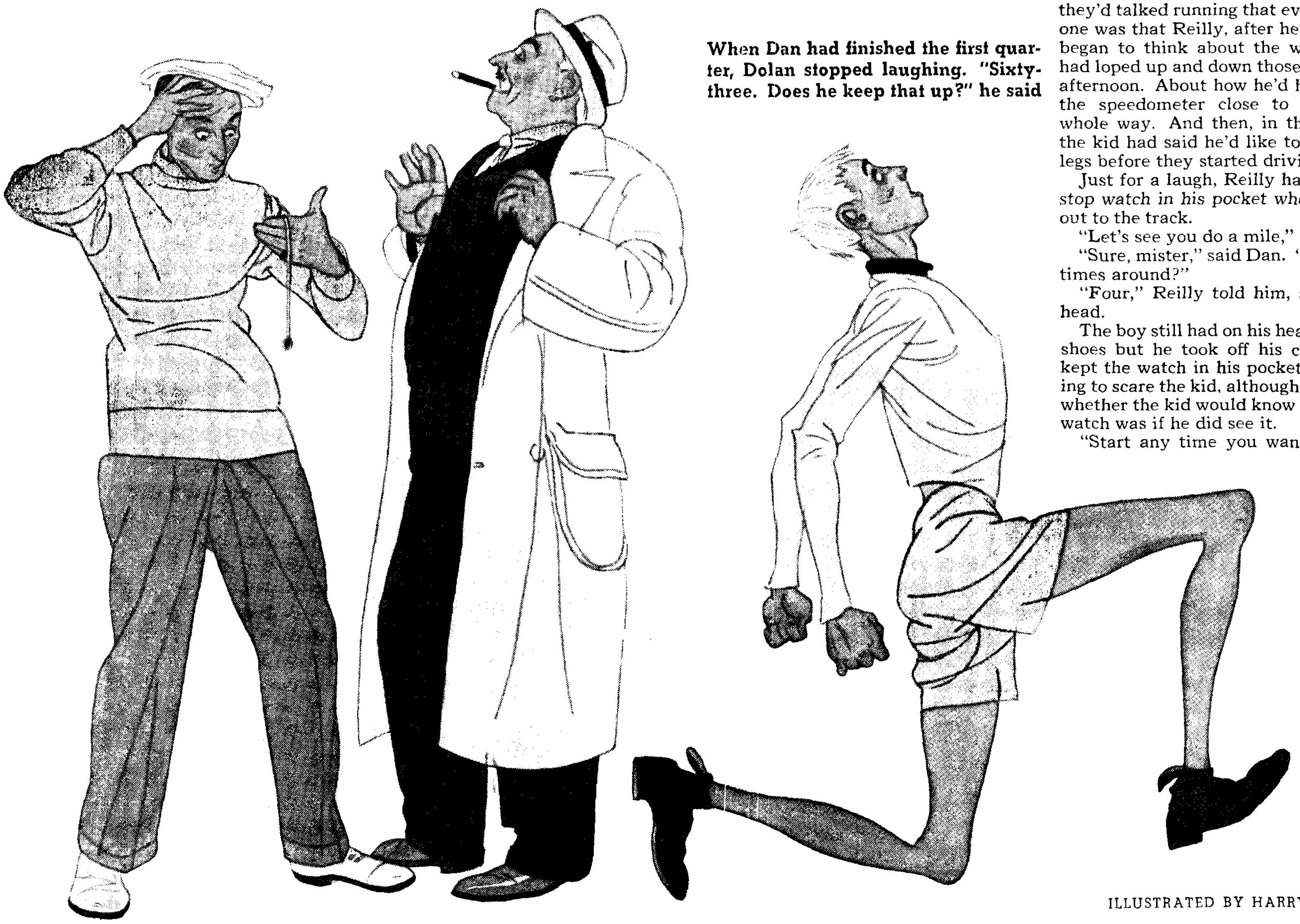
"Let's see you do a mile," said Reilly.

"Sure, mister," said Dan. "How many times around?"

"Four," Reilly told him, shaking his head.

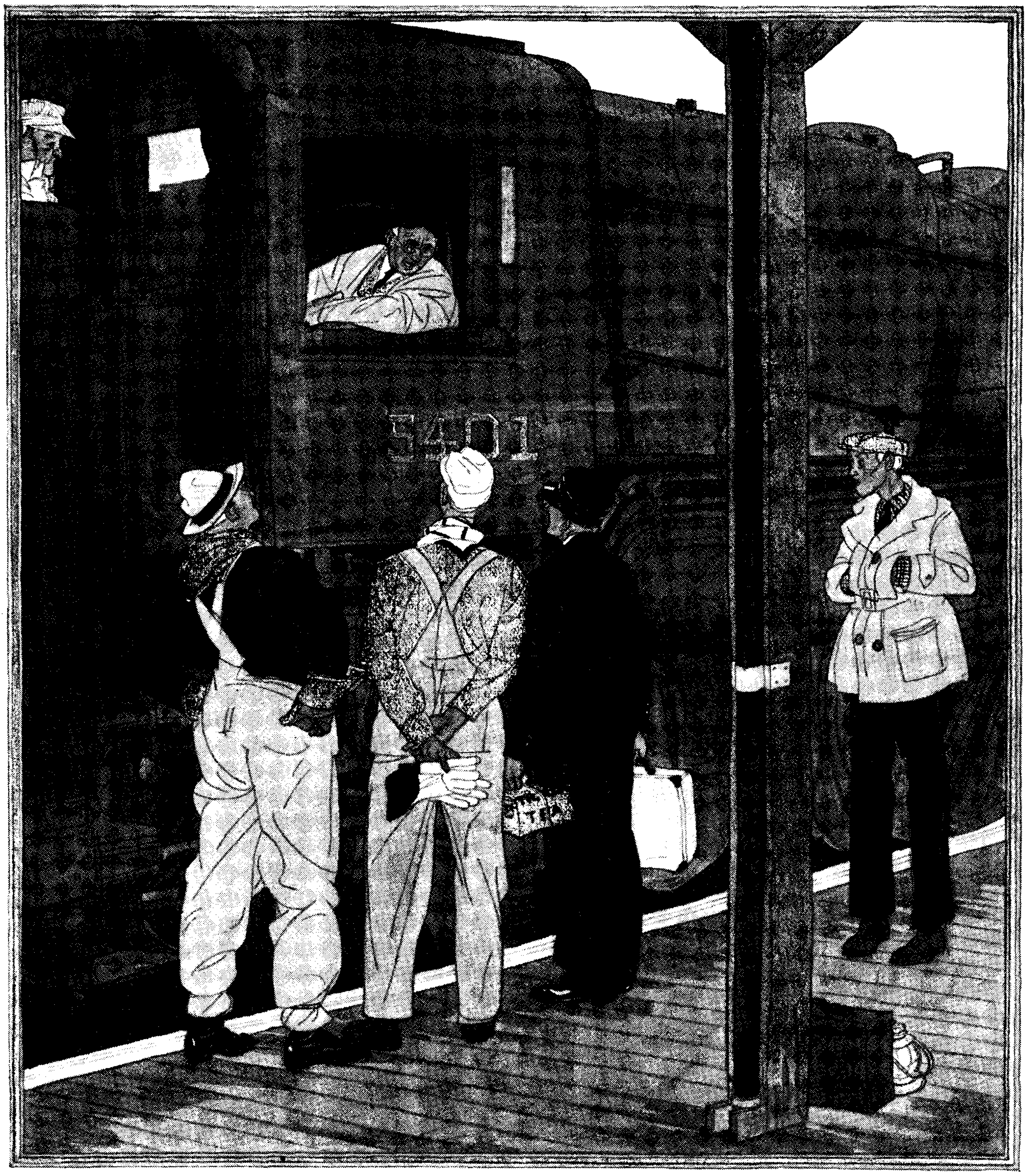
The boy still had on his heavy farming shoes but he took off his coat. Reilly kept the watch in his pocket, not wanting to scare the kid, although he doubted whether the kid would know what a stop watch was if he did see it.

"Start any time you want," said Ed



When Dan had finished the first quarter, Dolan stopped laughing. "Sixty-three. Does he keep that up?" he said

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Dan still went starry-eyed every time he saw a train and hung around to listen to the crew talk

and snapped the watch as the boy started galloping down the track. The kid waved as he started the second lap. Reilly didn't bother to clock his quarters.

"Let it out!" yelled Reilly, as he went into the final lap.

Ed caught him as close as he could without a tape and pulled out the watch as the kid slowed down. Reilly said later that he didn't get the shock right off because when he first looked at the watch he thought it said 5:12⅖. It wasn't until he saw that it was 4:12⅖ that his hands began to shake.

The boy came back smiling. "Sure makes a feller feel fine, runnin' like that," he said, taking a deep breath.

"Yeah," said Reilly and sat down.

When you see a miracle, Ed said later, it leaves you pretty weak. He had to sit there getting control of himself while the kid put on his coat. Of course it wasn't the fastest mile that had ever been run but it was still a miracle.

Ed looked unbelievingly at those heavy shoes and then took out his watch again. There it was in cold fact; he'd seen it happen. When he began to think what this boy could do in a track suit, a light pair of spikes, in competition, his mind began to race.

Reilly never let Dan out of his sight all the way to New York. He slept in the same room with him and watched his diet like the mother of a child prodigy, which he began to feel Dan was. Dan still went starry-eyed every time he saw a train and hung around to listen to the crew talk. Ed tried to get him to talk about why he had left home but each time the kid shut up, so finally he left him alone. One night, just to be on the safe side, Reilly put in a call to the Limitsville police and told them he was taking the kid to New York. They called him back and said they'd contacted Dan's father and the old man said to let him go, he'd come back when he wanted.

WHEN they got to New York, Reilly telephoned his friend Chick Dolan, who was the track coach at a high school in Brooklyn, and told him what he'd discovered. Dolan wasn't too enthusiastic but said to bring the marvel out in the morning and they'd give him a workout. Ed dug around his supplies until he found a pair of spikes that would go on Dan's feet and they went out.

Reilly felt it was like watching the morning workout of a Derby favorite when they came out on the track. Dan looked pretty sheepish and awkward in his shorts and his jersey.

"Looks like he never had on a pair of spikes in his life," said Chick.

"He hasn't," said Reilly, "but watch him run."

Reilly led Dan down to the starting line and told him to run just the way he had that morning in Iowa. The kid seemed worried. "Mr. Reilly," he said, "I can't run in these shoes. It feels like I was runnin' barefoot."

Reilly scratched his head. "You'll get used to them later on. Maybe it'd be better if you tried it in your regular shoes."

While Dan was in the gym changing his shoes Ed had to listen to Dolan's wisecracks but when the kid came out again he looked happier.

"Maybe he'd run better in snowshoes," said Dolan, but when Dan had finished the first quarter he stopped laughing. "Sixty-three. Does he keep that up?"

Reilly nodded. At the half, there was a frown on Dolan's face.

"Another sixty-three," he announced. "The kid runs like a machine."

And as Dan started the last lap, Dolan's face was tense.

"If he doesn't crack now," he said between his teeth, "he's the greatest miler that ever lived."

Dan finished out the mile running as awkwardly and yet as effortlessly as he'd run the first quarter.

"I got him in four-twelve, even," said Reilly.

Looking at Dolan, Reilly could imagine how he'd looked himself after that first mile. They didn't speak until they were back in the locker room and Dan was taking a shower.

"Does this kid know how good he is?" asked Chick.

Reilly shook his head. "He never heard of a track meet."

"What are you figuring on doing with him?"

"I dunno," said Ed. "Put him in a meet, I guess, and let him go after the record. He ought to break it the first time out. He'll be a sensation."

"He's a sensation already," said Chick. He leaned forward. "And he's a gold mine. An unknown who can beat any miler that ever lived."

"So what? There aren't any professional runners."

"They don't call 'em professionals but that doesn't matter. The kid could get some nice expense money in these winter meets but we could get into some real dough. But not if he goes out and tears down the mark right away."

"I don't get it," said Reilly.

"If the kid was a fighter and you knew he could plaster anyone who stepped in the ring with him, what would you do?"

"I dunno. I guess I'd get him some fights and build him up until he was ready for the champion."

"Sure," nodded Chick, "that's just what you'd do. But he isn't a fighter and you don't get dough for running a fast mile. But what if, instead of building him up, we built him down? Let him go out and trail the big boys a couple of times, so everyone thought he was a flash in the pan, then let him loose on 'em. And we'd be backing him to win."

"Could you get any real money down on a track meet?"

Dolan laughed. "You know how it was last year in the big meets. There were three boys who all could run a fast mile. First one would win, then the other. They was on the level all right but there was plenty of dough down every time they went out. Don't worry about where you can get a bet. Do we do it?"

Reilly thought a minute. "What about the kid? It isn't exactly honest."

"Of course it's honest. How do we know the kid won't fall down when we let him out? Anyhow, why should the boys who run these meets collect while the kids who draw the crowds gather a lot of tin cups?"

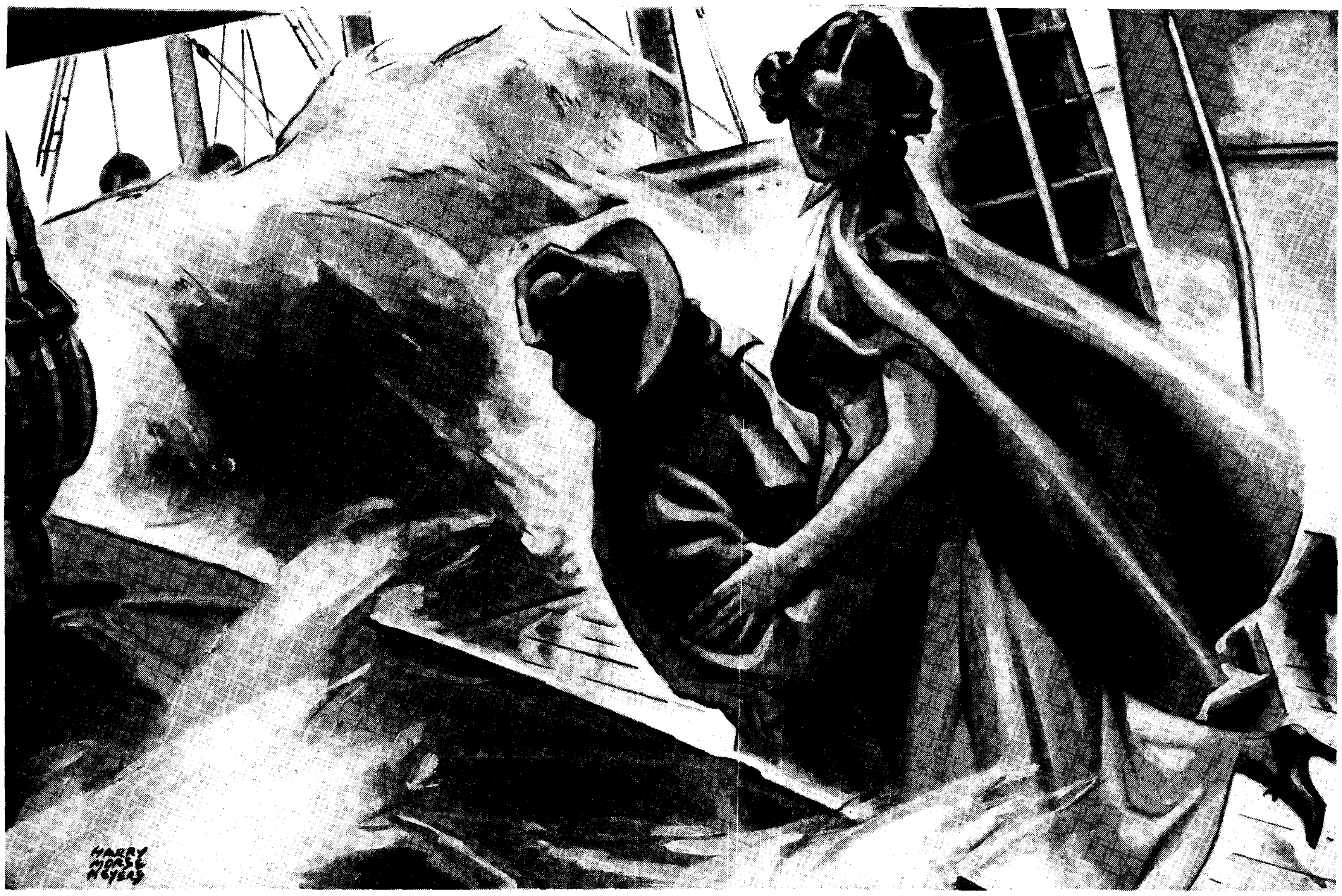
Dan came in then and began to get dressed.

"Mister Reilly, you promised me you'd take me to the Grand Central Station to see the trains today if I come out here runnin' with you," he said.

"You bet, Dan," said Reilly. "We're going in right now."

DAN ran his first race two weeks later in a high-school meet in a Brooklyn Armory. Dolan had decided to start him that way, as a schoolboy from Iowa would get more publicity for a fair mile than a tramp runner and you had to have some kind of a record to enter the big invitation meets that were coming along. Chick had had him practicing on the boards every day but Dan couldn't get used to spikes, so they let him run in his old farm shoes. They told him to run the way he always had and he did. He won in 4:12⅕ and then the papers started in. They did a good job. It was going to be a big year for the milers and a new threat was welcome, especially as colorful a runner as the Limitsville

(Continued on page 33)



Larkin seized the girl, lifted her clear of the deck and turned his back on the drenching spatter

Sunset Voyage

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING a senatorial investigation, in which he is accused of being a Japanese agent, P. G. Bonner, a silk millionaire, dies under mysterious circumstances. Ten days later, the Seven Seas Newspaper Alliance learns that Bonner's daughter, Dorothy, (who had disappeared after the funeral) is in San Francisco, preparing to sail on the Kumo-maru. Shortly before the boat leaves, Glen Larkin—one of the Seven Seas' most brilliant correspondents, vacationing in San Francisco—receives orders to sail with the girl and, if possible, secure a sensational story from her.

Larkin makes the boat, just in time. Due to a concatenation of circumstances, he knows nothing about the Bonner case; he has never even heard of the Bonners. But, after studying a huge batch of newspaper clippings, he is prepared for the assignment.

Alone in his stateroom, he answers a knock, opens the door. A girl—Dorothy Bonner, whom he recognizes from her newspaper pictures—stands before him. "Pardon me," she inquires, "but are you General Rodriguez?" Larkin informs her that he is *not* Rodriguez (a Peruvian who happens to be his cabin-mate). He does not reveal his identity.

Two men on board attract Larkin's attention. One—an angular-jawed American—may, he thinks, be a detective. The other—young, ghastly pale, apparently ill or suffering from shock—has a face *that might almost be a replica of Dorothy Bonner's!* Curious to know who this young man may be, Larkin follows him. On a lower deck, near a long, oblong box—a coffin, which had been brought aboard at San Francisco—the man disappears. Larkin fancies that he sees the lid of the coffin move. But, try as he may, he cannot move that lid.

Who is this young man, so strikingly similar in appearance to the Bonner girl? Believing that he is a second-class passenger, Larkin interrogates the purser, who informs him that the only second-class passenger to join the ship at San Francisco is one Charles Frayle.

A few moments later, a young fellow with straw-colored hair and steely-blue eyes accosts Larkin. He tells Larkin, brutally, that he, Charles Frayle, doesn't care to be discussed. He warns the correspondent to leave him alone, or else—

II

LARKIN buttoned his camel's-hair raglan about him and climbed to the miniature promenade deck just below the bridge. Three passengers were there before him. General Rodriguez, looking very cold and melancholy, sat in the same chair he had occupied the night before. William Cuttle of New York was at the rail again, his gardenia hidden by his tight-fitting navy-blue overcoat, the velvet collar of which, Larkin noted by daylight, was a little worn. The derby was back, too, and the white silk muffler. Larkin admired his skill in wearing a hat in such a wind. . . .

The third man was a beetle-browed person of about thirty-five, wearing tweeds and smoking a curved pipe. He had a tiny, dark, twisted mustache that was not in the least frivolous. He must be either Jeremy Hood or George Willowby. On a guess, Larkin said:

"Morning, Mr. Willowby."

Mr. Willowby showed not the faintest surprise at being addressed by name. He nodded.

"Dreary morning, isn't it?" he said.

Larkin didn't think so, particularly. A gray morning, yes; but bracing, vital, elemental; not dreary. A spirited wench whose eyes were dark with suppressed anger, not dim with tears. But he wasn't going to argue about the weather.

"Terribly dreary," he said.

He had just seen Dorothy Bonner. She was walking toward him with an easy, swinging stride. A bold wind hugged the skirt of her gray flannel suit close about her slim young hips. She was bareheaded and her hair was starred with spray. The sea was in her eyes, too—a deep, blue-gray, smiling sea. But her lips were solemn with mock gravity as she said:

"I give up, Mr. Larkin. I tossed and turned all night, over that third guess. It's no use. You'll have to tell me."

"That's against the rules, Miss Bonner."

The smile went out of the girl's eyes.

"I distinctly remember not telling you my name last night," she said. "Or do I?"

"Your cabin-mate, Mrs. Greeve, can't keep a secret," said Larkin. "And speaking of cabin-mates, there's General—"

DOROTHY quickly slipped her hand into the crook of his elbow, turned him around, started walking.

"You didn't tell the general I called on him last night, did you?" she asked.

"No, but—"

"Then don't tell him. Please."

"Why not? He'd be flattered."

"Well . . . A friend of mine suggested I look him up. But she didn't tell me he was an antique. I thought Latin-American generals always died very suddenly while still in their thirties."

"General Rodriguez is retired."

"Shall we skip him, then?"

"All right," said Larkin. "Let's talk about your brother."

Dorothy stopped walking. She withdrew her hand from Larkin's arm, looked up at him with a slow, searching glance of appraisal.

"But I have no brother," she told Larkin at last.

"Would he be a cousin, then?"

"Who?"

"A man I saw on deck last night. He looks enough like you to be your identical twin."

The girl's lips parted for an instant, then closed in a smile.

"Do you drink, Mr. Larkin?" she asked.

"Extravagantly," Larkin replied. "But I never see things. Since you have no brother, my experience of last night must have been caused by that optical phenomenon known as 'persistence of vision,' in which the image continues on the retina after the exciting cause has been removed. Now in this case the exciting cause—"

LARKIN did not finish. The deck lifted beneath him as the Kumo-maru careened up the foam-streaked slope of an advancing mountain. The ship hung poised for a breathless moment, then plunged shuddering down the opposite side, burying her nose in the next wave. The sea poured over the bows in a boiling white cascade, roared along the deck, came flying aft by the bucketful.

Larkin seized the girl, lifted her clear of the deck, turned his back on the drenching spatter. He continued to hold her after the ship, with a mighty shrug, rose to an even keel and plodded on with streaming scuppers.

"Was that a judgment?" the girl gasped. "Or a visitation?"

"An omen," said Larkin, "which augurs the start of a close friendship."

"Too close," said the girl, "for deep breathing." She reached her toes to the deck, slipped from Larkin's embrace. She added: "I must get into some dry clothes, Mr. Larkin."

"Don't rush off, just as we're getting acquainted." Larkin seized her arm. "You're not very wet. Besides, I'd like to continue our discussion of your purely hypothetical brother. If he existed—which of course, he doesn't—would he be apt to be aboard this ship?"

"I *am* wet, Mr. Larkin. Please let me go."

"Please, Glen?"

Dorothy smiled. "Please, Glen."

"That's better. I think I'll let you go after just one more question. This purely hypothetical brother—why would he be so important that the mere hint of his existence causes a charming towheaded scoundrel named Charles Frayle to speak darkly of tossing people overboard?"

A quick shadow crossed the girl's face. "Did Charlie say anything like that?" she demanded.

"Then you know Mr. Frayle. Who is he?"

"Glen, I can't answer questions when my teeth are chattering. And you're soaked to the skin. You'll catch pneumonia."

"Would that make any difference to you?" Larkin asked.

"Of course it would. I couldn't bear having you die before I had my third guess. Seriously, Glen, get some dry clothes on. Then we'll have a hot rum with a squeeze of lime, and I—we'll finish our hypothetical discussion."

"Promise?"

"Cross my heart," said the girl. "Hurry."

LARKIN hurried, but not to his cabin. He hurried far to the stern of the ship, to the wireless station. The mystery of the man who looked like Dorothy Bonner was getting hot. It was warm enough last night, when the trail led to the ship's mortuary. It went up twenty degrees when Mr. Charles Frayle of second cabin practically confirmed the existence of a man named Bonner, and it approached the boiling point when Dorothy denied—evasively and with a strange look in her eyes—the existence of a brother. Clarification was definitely indicated. . . .

Larkin leaned across the half door of the radio cabin and nodded to the operator, a goggled, owl-faced young Japanese whose uniform collar was three sizes too large.

"*Konnichi-wa!*" said the operator. "*Warui tenki desu.*"

"Right," said Larkin. "I want to send a radiogram."

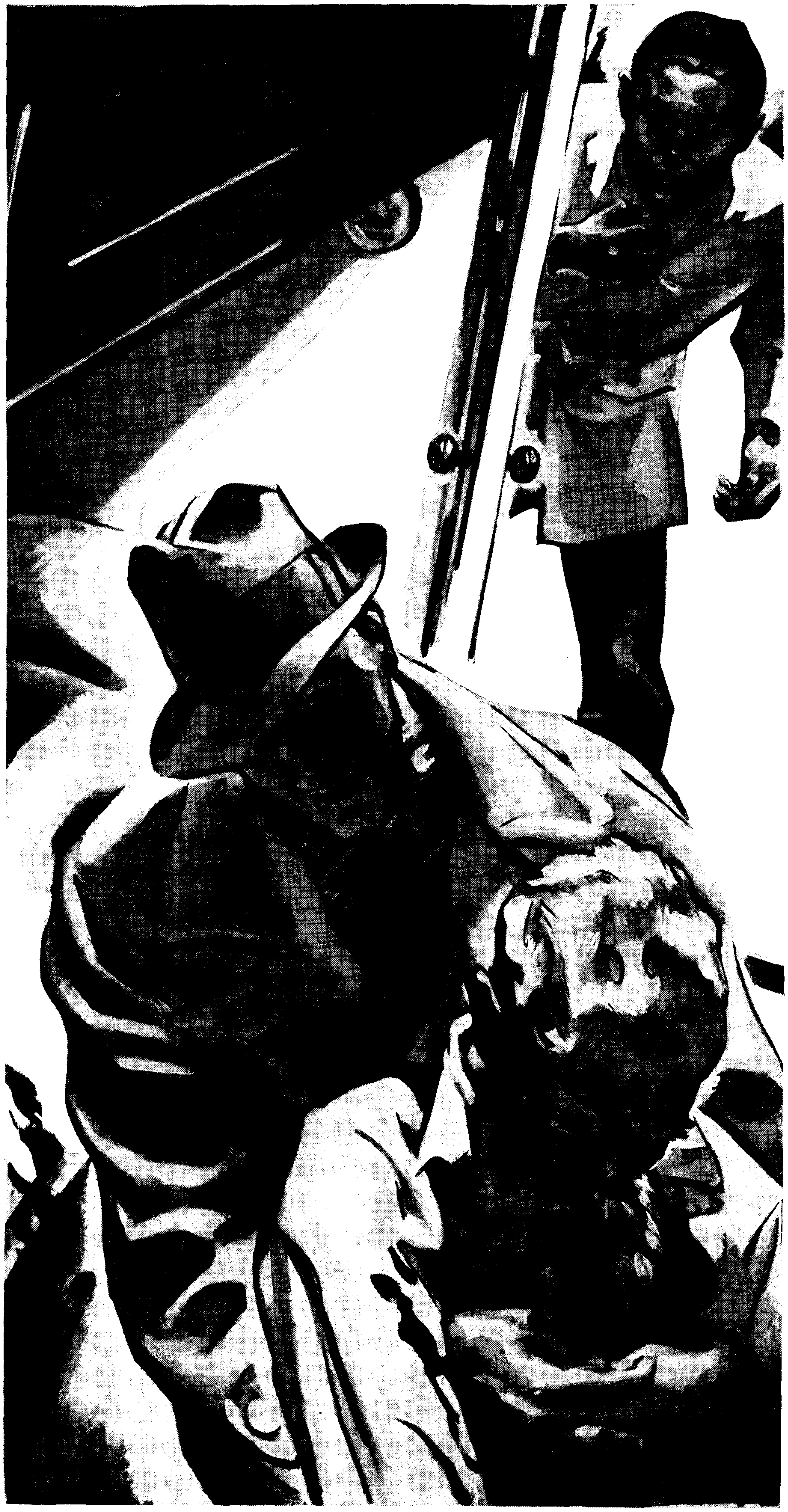
"*Wakarimasen,*" said the operator.

Larkin reached in, helped himself to a pad of blanks, wrote the following message:

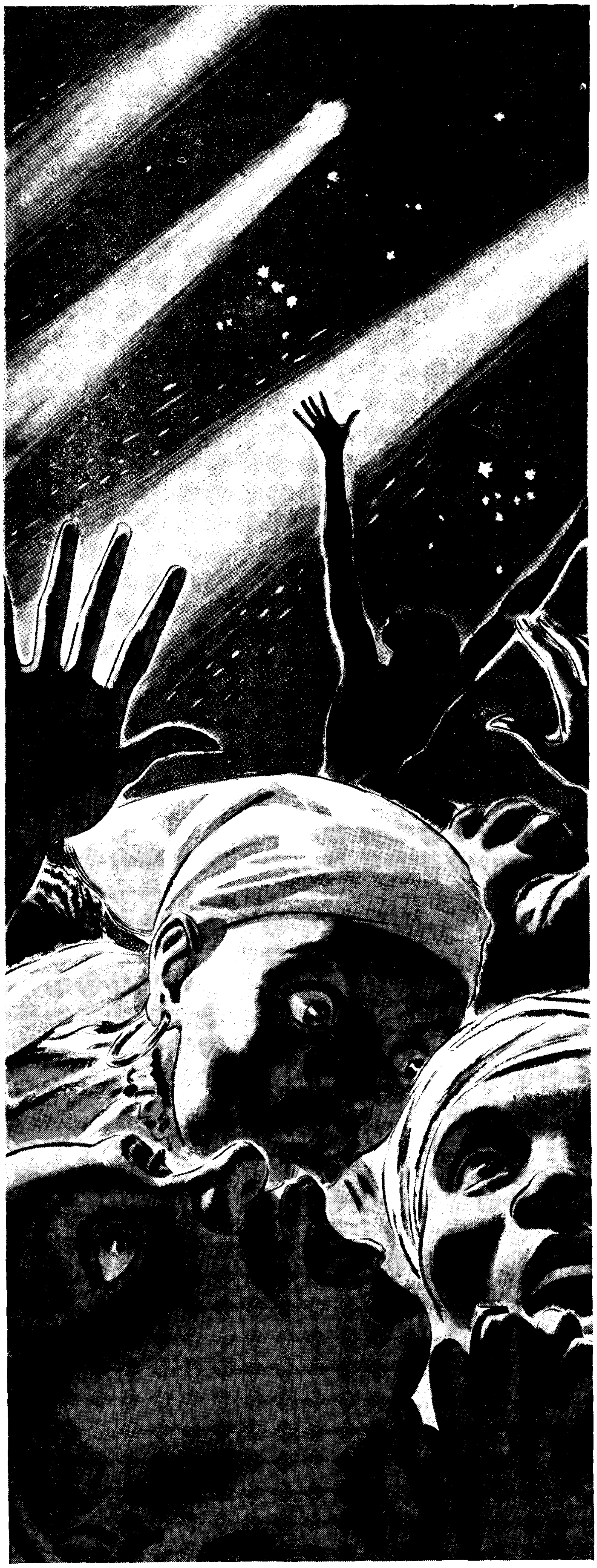
BEASLEY, SEVSEANEWS, SAN FRANCISCO
SHOOT HISTORY WHEREABOUTS DOROTHY'S BROTHER IF ANY BELIEVE HIM ABOARD LARKIN

Larkin passed the form to the operator.

"Okay, pal?" Larkin said. *(Continued on page 49)*



He bent over the inert figure of the general, slipped both hands under his shoulders and propped him against the edge of the berth



Terrorized blacks milled about and gazed upward, dumb with fear

Marse Jeff Davis

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

From the memories of a former slave—Aunt Florida—Mr. Dickson has reconstructed the story of the private life of Jefferson Davis. In this installment he tells of young Jeff's homecoming

III. THE STARS FALL ON HURRICANE

THE master had made no mistake in purchasing Ben Montgomery, who soon demonstrated his ability to keep the plantation books, to receive freight from the steamboats and ship all cotton to New Orleans as the right-hand man of Mr. Davis. At the side of "Uncle Ben" and now devoted to him, little Florida had sprung up healthy as a weed that flourished in the genial sunshine, and by 1827 had become a slim, vigorous girl, fascinated by the constant parade of scintillating packets on the river.

Like a brilliant cloud tinged with sunset gold the great white packet floated in at Hurricane Landing and every Negro who could slip away from work rushed down to see it. They loved to watch the picturesque roustabouts leap ashore and drag a dripping hawser up the slope to wind round the cottonwood stump. The band would be playing, ladies and gentlemen crowding the guards, while deckhands coonjined along the stage plank delivering supplies from New Orleans.

If guests were expected the Davis ladies would receive them with the carriage, but today they merely stood on the gallery and waved their handkerchiefs.

"Look, Lucy," Mary exclaimed and pointed. "Brother Joe has come home. There he is. See?"

"Yes. My, but he's dressed up!"

They could see their brother come downstairs to the lower deck and cross the stage plank, so marvelously attired that his own Negroes scarcely recognized their master.

"Sammy! Sammy!" he beckoned a black boy. "Come here."

"Yassuh." The little Negro approached with bulging eyes blinking at such magnificence as the master said: "Run, tell Uncle Jack to bring the carriage. Quick! Quick!"

For such a patron the packet waited until a shiny carriage drew up at the stage plank and the slim black coachman got down from his box. The upper guards seethed with laughing passengers, who flocked around Mr. Davis and his girl bride, wishing them long life and happiness. Then a file of porters went ashore, carrying bundles, boxes, trunks and gripsacks, followed by the bride, her attentive husband on one arm, the packet's captain on the other. Mr. Davis handed her into the carriage with such an air of solicitude that Uncle Jack muttered to himself, "Huh! Don't want her to tech her foot to the ground."

Joseph Emory Davis made this surprise marriage in his early forties, while Miss Eliza Van Benthysen of New Orleans was only seventeen. Slight, brown-haired and gentle, she was immediately to prove herself a thrifty manager. Nobody would have suspected that her tiny hand would be as firm as the master's and her low voice just as positive. It soon developed that she had a way about her and got things done, driving no slave half as hard as she drove herself. Negroes adored their new mistress, especially little Florida, who tagged after her every step she took, from kitchen to dairy, to poultry yard, to hog pen, to sewing room, running errands on willing feet.

Mrs. Davis kept Florida so constantly at her side that the child began to speak of her mistress as "Ma Eliza," which made the old-time mammies scoff: "How come you call her dat? She ain't yo' ma."

"She is," the little girl maintained, and stuck to it. Maybe she only used the term behind Ma Eliza's back.

Mississippi Principality

The mistress of an isolated plantation can't sit down and fold her hands when gangs of dependents must be fed and clothed and housed, requiring an almost military system of self-support. The original settler of Hurricane had been forced to buy cloth for his slaves, and clothing for so many bodies cost a lot of money. The plantation now had many old women who were no longer profitable in the fields but who could card cotton, twist their thread with spinning wheels and weave it on hand looms into excellent homespun. So the new mistress set her superannuates at that task and their happy weaving room became the center of plantation gossip.

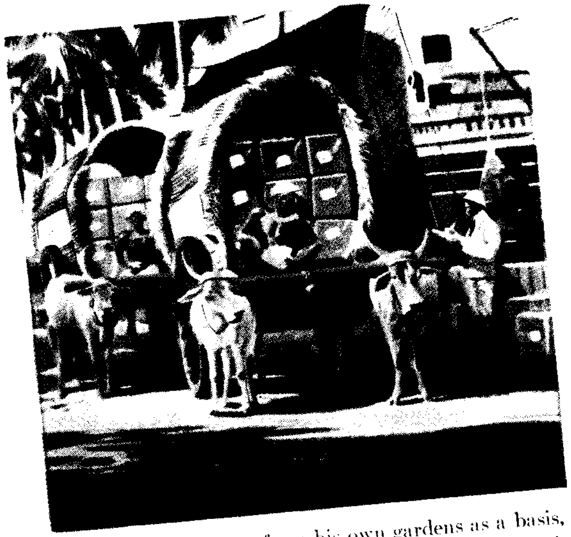
Mom Ella accomplished miracles with home-concocted dyes, bending secretly over her pots and brews like a wizard alchemist of the Middle Ages. Under her magic the common pine knot would yield a garnet color, or the myrtle produce a soft dove-gray. Bright green she extracted from hickory bark, and jet black from the Queen's Delight. Walnut hulls gave a rich brown tone for butternut jeans, but every flirtatious girl on the property preferred to display her charms in the gorgeous red that Mom Ella coaxed out of pokeberries. Chattering crones on the busy looms wove solid colors, or bands, or gay stripes and fringes.

Tanners prepared their own leather, and cobblers fashioned rough shoes for winter wear. The master himself put on

(Continued on page 54)

LIPTON'S TEA

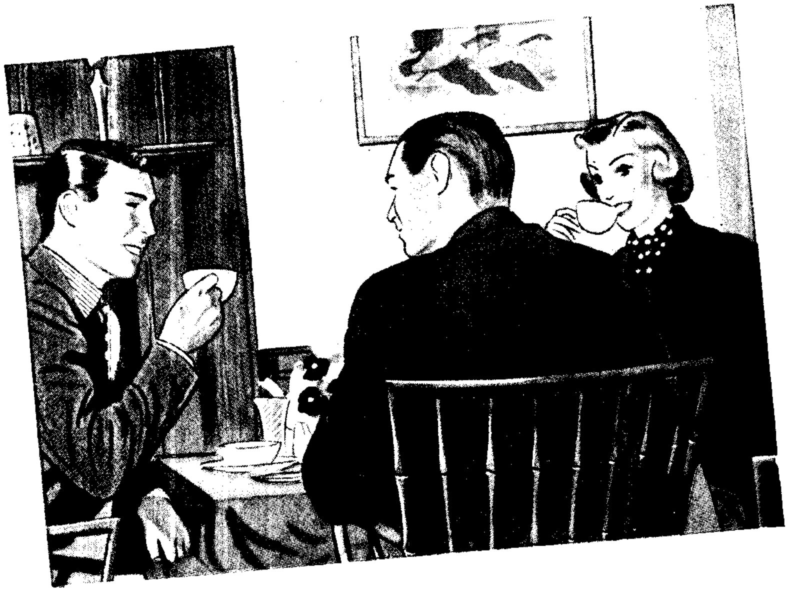
1. Lipton was among the first to see that Ceylon's rich soil and gentle climate could produce tea of superb flavor. And Ceylon proved to be one of the greatest tea-growing spots in the world . . . where fine tea ripens *every day* of *every month* of *every year.*



2. With this fine tea from his own gardens as a basis, Lipton blended to produce a flavor so delicate, so exquisite, that Lipton's Tea came to the attention of Royalty—and became the "By Appointment" tea to three Royal Families. A day arrived when knighthood was bestowed upon the grower.

3. Eventually this tea "worthy of a king's praise" became a favorite of the men and women of America—and of six other great tea-drinking countries. Around the world—from the lumber camps of Canada's north woods to the tea tables of Australia—it was praised as "the world's most delicious tea."

CEYLON
LIPTON'S
Known All Over the World for its Supreme Quality
FINEST TEA



4. And (good news!) price is no barrier to *your* enjoyment of this grand tea. Anyone, *everyone*, can afford the best, because tea—even a tea as fine as Lipton's—*costs less than any other beverage except water!* Order a package of LIPTON'S TEA from your grocer today.

Showing The Single Occupancy Section

Showing The Lower Berth

The man in Lower 10

HADN'T RIDDEN IN A PULLMAN CAR IN YEARS

He hadn't been in America for years. Casually he asked for a lower berth. Imagine his chagrin when he found everybody else had single occupancy sections. Word hadn't reached him in the far-off outposts of Cathay that for only half the cost of an upper berth added to his lower berth fare he could be king in his own Pullman domain!

Thousands prefer the Pullman single occupancy section. In addition, on many of the principal trains, there are other Pullman accommodations which provide other types of service. For instance, for little more than the single occupancy section costs, there's the private bedroom for one or two, the compartment for two, or the drawing room for three. All these rooms have complete, concealed toilet facilities. Where two or more travel together, the Pullman rate is little more than the rate for ordinary berth accommodations.

Providing deep, restful sleep by night, and club-like lounging quarters by day, Pullman gets you there in all kinds of weather—the ***safest travel in the world,*** and as comfortable as human ingenuity can make it! You'll appreciate, especially, the courtesy and efficiency of the Pullman crew. Ask any ticket agent for complete details of Pullman accommodations and their reasonable cost for your next trip, or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

COMFORT AND PRIVACY BY DAY IN THE PULLMAN SINGLE OCCUPANCY SECTION

This accommodation gives you an entire section to yourself, day and night. By day, the two seats facing allow complete freedom, provide ample space for bags and other belongings. At night, the upper berth is left closed. There is more headroom, generous space in which to dress, and extra facilities for hanging clothing. Light-proof curtains for privacy. Porter will arrange complete or semi-darkness, as desired. Bed has double innerspring mattresses. The Section is an ideal accommodation for the traveler who appreciates extra room and comfort.

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

Copyright 1938, The Pullman Company

Something to Talk About

Continued from page 13

trigger of one if somebody had given it to him. George walked him in with the business end of the shotgun prodding him in the small of the back, and both hammers cocked, and it looked like the real McCoy in dangerous captures.

The newspapers made a good story of it. They had pictures spread all over the front pages, and stories about the courage of the typical American citizen and the war on crime.

It was the first time George had ever seen his name in print. He bought up all the papers he could find and cut out the clippings and the pictures and pasted them in a scrapbook. Sometimes he carried them around in his pockets for a while so he could take them out and show them to people when he stopped to talk to them.

IT WAS a new experience to him; and it made him feel big and important.

When it first happened the attention he got surprised him a little bit, but after a while he began to expect it. He liked the feeling of being recognized as somebody when he walked down the street, and of being the center of attention when he wanted to talk.

The thing he didn't see was that it wouldn't last. It was all right for a month or two, but after that it began to get old. The town had new topics for conversation, and George told his story so many times that people began to kid him about it, and ask him why he didn't get something new to talk about.

It got so bad after a while that nobody would talk to him at all. He would go along for days and months on end without saying anything more than, "Hello," when he went down for dinner out at Mrs. Higgins' boardinghouse, or passing the time of day with the day man at the garage when he relieved him at ten o'clock.

He got in the habit of spending most of his spare time up in his room looking at his scrapbook, and figuring out ways to get his name in the papers again. He couldn't stand being just plain George Brady after the fame he'd had.

In November three men held up and shot the paymaster and a guard at the Rock Creek mines in Genoa. It was cold that year and the snow had come early. The last any witnesses had seen of the car was the shape of it fleeing through the down-swirling curtain of an early winter snowstorm. It was headed east, probably toward St. Paul.

George Brady started for work at eight-thirty that night. He came down the stairs from the cubbyhole that Mrs. Higgins chose to call a room and picked his lunch pail off the kitchen table. He put the lunch pail under his arm and started down the hall toward the front door. He had his hand on the knob when somebody hailed him from the front room. George went in reluctantly, blinking a little in the light. Miss Minnegerode, and Joe Bates, and Ed Aspinall were in there. That was the way it used to be, George thought. Seven or eight months ago it was a regular thing for him to drop in and talk for a while before he went to work; but he hadn't done it lately.

Miss Minnegerode said, "Good evening, Mr. Brady," when he came in. She taught the third grade down in the grammar school on Cedar Street. She was a short, plump person, and she was the only woman that George had ever spoken over ten words to in his life. His experience with women had been limited, but he often thought that if he ever had a wife he'd want her to be like Miss Minnegerode. Once or twice he had even imagined himself married to her or asking her to marry him, but the mere thought of that almost scared him to death without the actual putting of it into words.

ED ASPINALL sat in one corner under the floor lamp with a newspaper hiding his face. He lowered it to nod at George, then went on with his reading.

Joe Bates was sitting in his usual chair across the room. He had his feet stretched out in front of him, and his vest open over his stomach, and cigar ashes spilling on his tie.

"Well, George," Joe Bates said, "a long time no see. Where you been keepin' yourself?"

"I been busy," George said. He went across the room and sat down. He put the lunch pail between his feet, and dug a cigarette out of a limp pack and lighted it. He began to wonder why they had called him in. He hadn't talked to anybody for a long time, and for a minute he felt good about it, sitting there in the warm, cheerful room with the snow beating against the windows; and then Joe Bates started talking again.

"Busy," Joe Bates said. "Yes, sir, he's been busy," he said, talking as though George weren't in the room. "Busy catching bandits again, I bet. . . . Did you ever hear about the time George caught a bandit?"

He slapped his leg with one fat hand and burst out in loud laughter. Ed Aspinall lowered the paper again.

"Seems I heard a rumor of it," he said. He had the paper spread on his knee and he was running one finger down a column. "Here's an opportunity for you, George. Those three guys that killed the guard up at Genoa. They even got a reward out for them of a thousand dollars. You better work on that one, George."

George didn't know what to do. It made him mad, being kidded like that, but he couldn't say anything, because the more he said the more they'd kid him.

Joe Bates was still laughing. "Yes, sir," he said, "you ought to work on that one, George. It ought to be easy for an old experienced bandit catcher like you."

George was so mad he couldn't see. He got up out of the chair and pulled himself up to his full five feet five. "Maybe I could at that," he said. "Maybe if I had the chance I could do it."

As soon as the words were out he knew he shouldn't have said it. Shooting his face off like that only made it worse.

Joe Bates said, "Say, they'd tear you apart. That's a hot one, isn't it? A little runt like you catchin' three gunmen."

"It ain't the beef that counts always," George said. "It's the brains."

He started out the door and when he went by Miss Minnegerode she said, "You're right, Mr. Brady. It doesn't matter how big you are. It's the mind that's important."

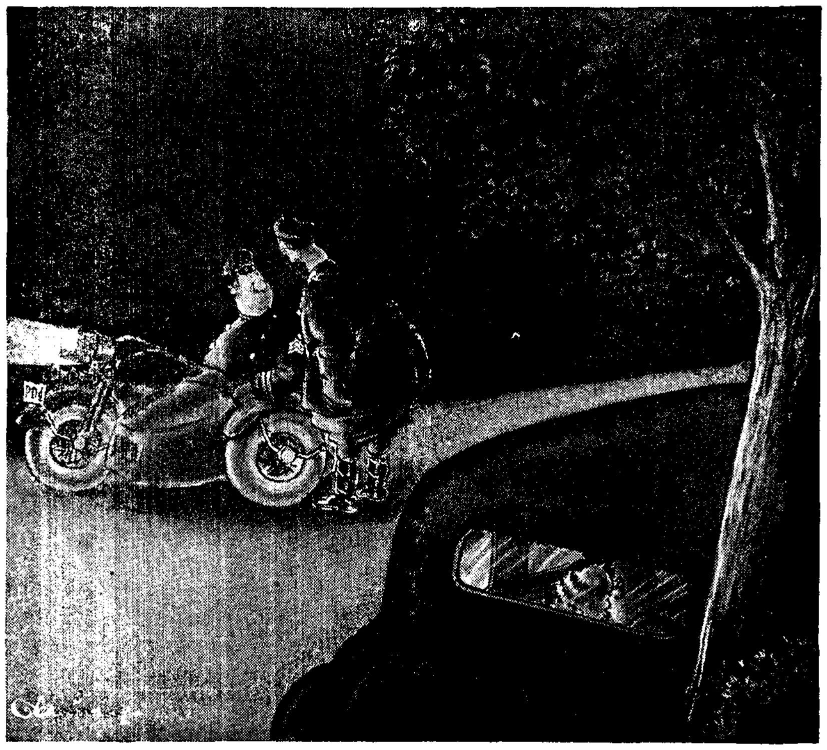
She was just saying that to be nice to him, George knew. Because she felt sorry for him. Out in the hall he could still hear Joe Bates laughing and saying, "That's a hot one. . . ."

HE WENT outside and got in the old jaloppy that he used to go back and forth to work in. There was an even fifteen inches of snow on the level and George roared down the street in second gear with the rear wheels spinning in a search for traction. It took him longer than usual to reach the garage and all the way down through the deserted and storm-swept streets he kept thinking about the thousand dollars reward, and what he would do if he ever came face to face with the three gunmen who had done that holdup job in Genoa.

He let the day man off and then went about the routine duties of the job. He stoked the furnace out in back and shoveled some coal into the sheet-iron stove in the office. There were two tire jobs on the pad and a wash job setting on the rack. He put a blowout patch under a rock-cut in a casing, and some hot patches on a couple of tubes, and mounted them on the rims. Then he went back to the wash rack.

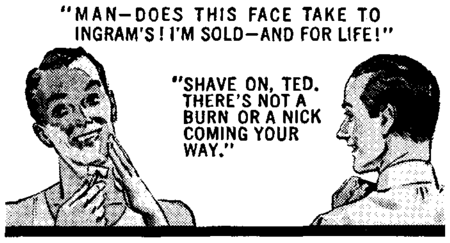
Usually he hated washing cars but tonight he didn't mind it much. It gave him something to do so he didn't have time to think. He put on the boots and the rubber apron and went at it.

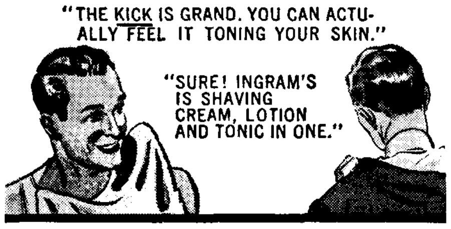
The live storage jobs kept coming in



"He says, can we call back in 'bout half an hour?" JAY IRVING

Enjoy the
KICK
of an Ingram's
Shave


"MAN—DOES THIS FACE TAKE TO INGRAM'S! I'M SOLD—AND FOR LIFE!"
"SHAVE ON, TED. THERE'S NOT A BURN OR A NICK COMING YOUR WAY."


"THE KICK IS GRAND. YOU CAN ACTUALLY FEEL IT TONING YOUR SKIN."
"SURE! INGRAM'S IS SHAVING CREAM, LOTION AND TONIC IN ONE."

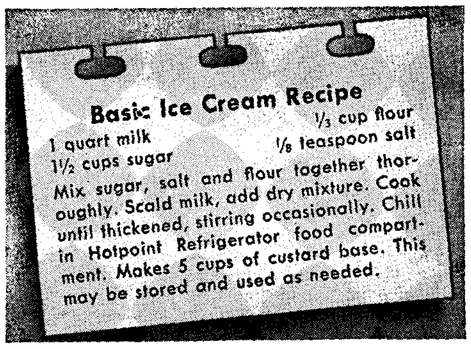
"I SWEAR MY FACE LOOKS YOUNGER—AND IT'S CERTAINLY SMOOTHER."
"INGRAM'S JUST ABOUT GIVES YOU A DOLLAR MASSAGE WITH EVERY SHAVE. SAY INGRAM'S—EVERY TIME."

A PLUS PERFORMANCE—that's what face-soothing Ingram's delivers with every shave. First you get economy! For Ingram's is concentrated—the smallest morsel whips up into a snowbank of cooling, active lather that softens up the toughest whiskers and lets your blade mow them down without burn or sting. It's the KICK of Ingram's that makes it unique, the bracing, astringent, tonic KICK that you get with the first brushful and stays with you for hours. Try Ingram's—*the triple treat formula*—shaving cream, tonic and lotion in one.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

ICE CREAM IN 60 MINUTES

in the new Hotpoint Refrigerator



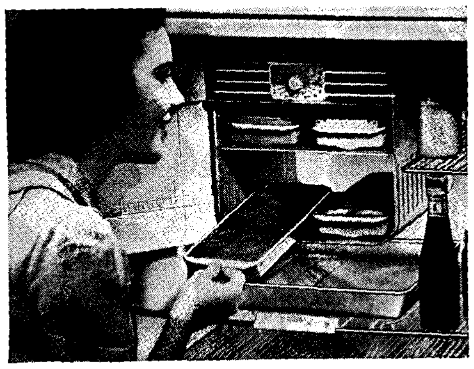
Basic Ice Cream Recipe

1 quart milk
1½ cups sugar
⅓ cup flour
⅛ teaspoon salt

Mix sugar, salt and flour together thoroughly. Scald milk, add dry mixture. Cook until thickened, stirring occasionally. Chill in Hotpoint Refrigerator food compartment. Makes 5 cups of custard base. This may be stored and used as needed.

DIRECTIONS FOR DELICIOUS VANILLA ICE CREAM

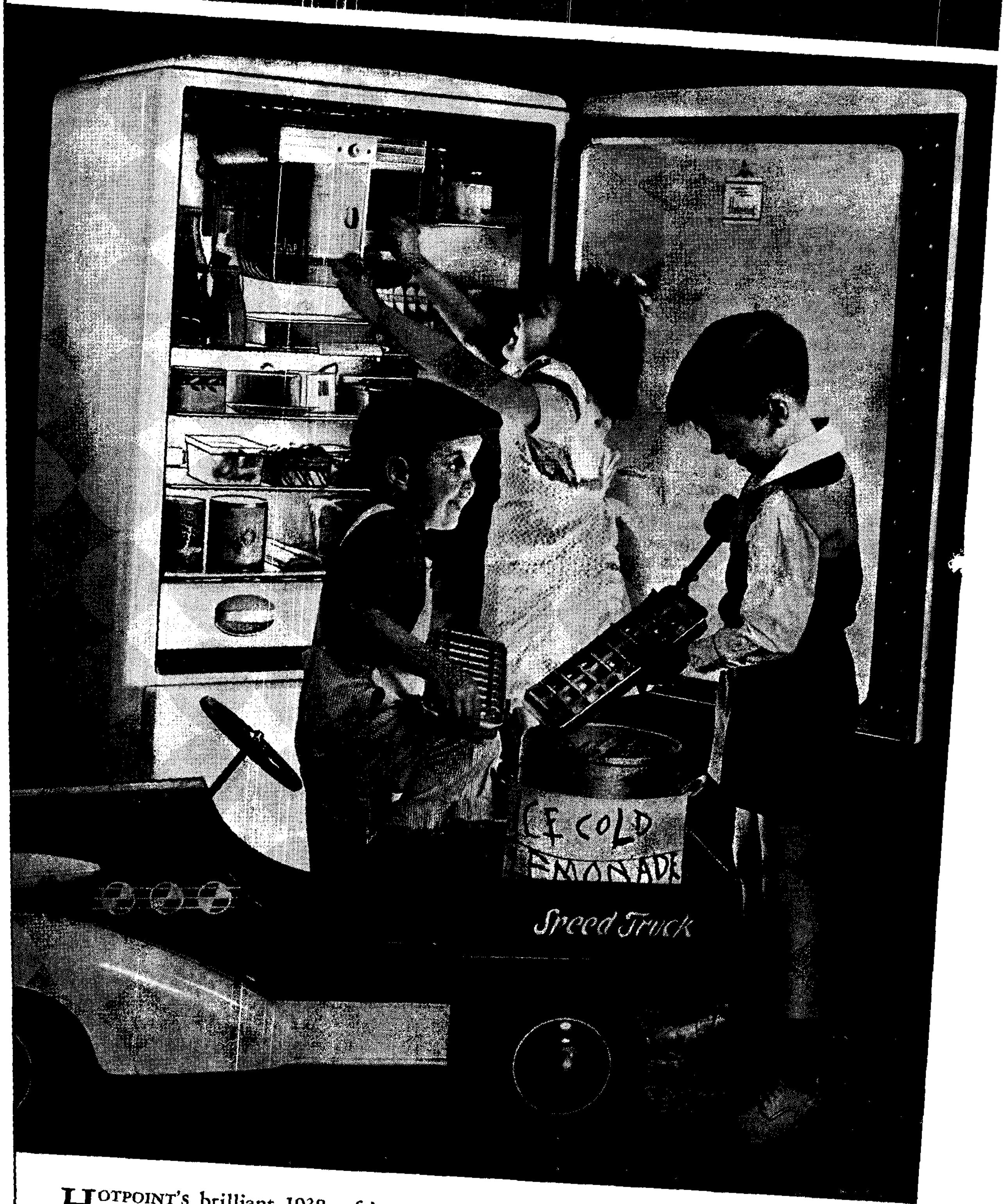
INGREDIENTS: 1 cup custard base; 1 cup cream, whipped; 1½ teaspoons vanilla. Whip cream just stiff enough to hold shape slightly. Fold into other ingredients. Pour into refrigerator tray.



PLACE TRAY IN Hotpoint Speed Freezer. Freeze at fast position 16. Time – approximately one hour. Makes one pint. If less rich ice cream is desired use 2 cups custard base to 1 cup cream, whipped.

YOUNGSTERS AND GROWN-UPS love this smooth, rich, homemade ice cream. In Hotpoint's Speed Freezer you can make all kinds of frozen desserts faster than ever–at lower cost!

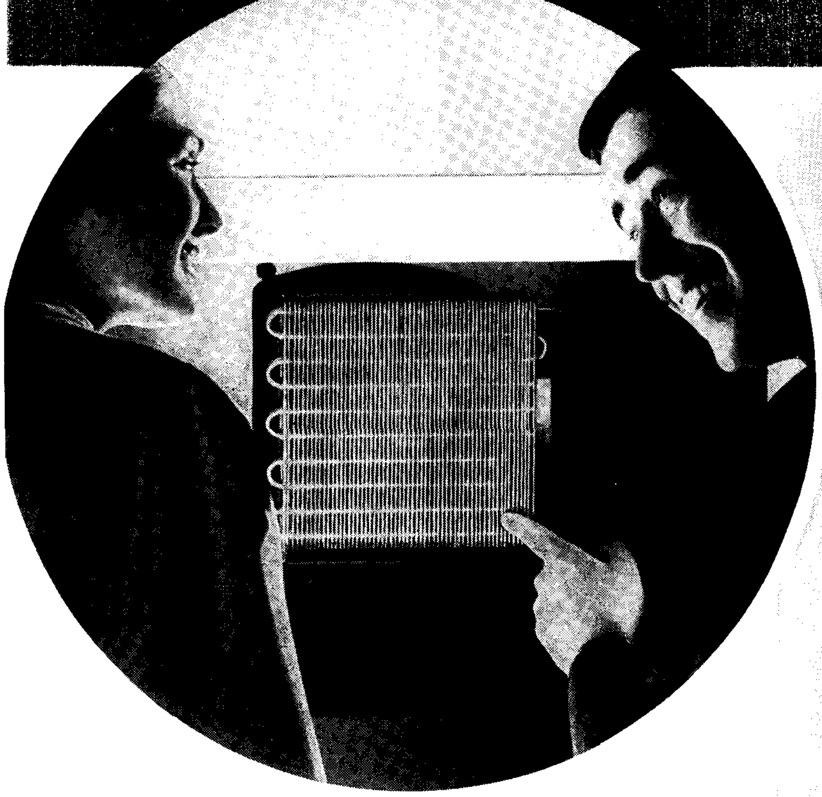
NEW CIRCULAIRE



HOTPOINT'S brilliant 1938 refrigerators –with exclusive, new Circulaire Cooling – smash all records for rock-bottom economy and spectacular performance. Imagine–on a mere trickle of electricity Hotpoint makes ice cheaper than you can buy it! Average operating costs are less than ⅓ of a cent per hour! Ice creams, mousses and an amazing variety of delicacies are frozen faster than ever at new low cost.

And behind the sparkling beauty of Hotpoint's *all-steel* cabinets you'll find an extra-spacious food storage compartment that provides the most complete refrigeration service ever known. There are five separate zones of cold. Here, all your foods are kept safe in the shivering chill of bracing, frosty air. That is Hotpoint – the refrigerator that does more but doesn't cost more. See Hotpoint before you buy any refrigerator.

COOLING



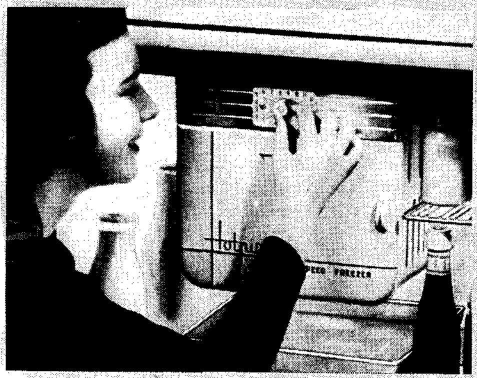
Why Hotpoint Freezes 20% Faster

CIRCULAIRE COOLING forces live air over and around Hotpoint's sealed mechanism, reduces operating temperatures, increases efficiency better than 20%. This important Hotpoint advancement saves you money on power bills, ice bills and food bills – year in and year out! Even in blistering summer heat Hotpoint never falters in guarding your family's food! Remember only Hotpoint offers you Circulaire Cooling *plus* the Vacuum-Sealed Thriftmaster *plus* the Speed Freezer. These features bring you matchless economy, trusty dependability and greater all-around utility.

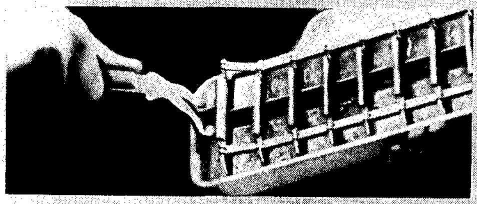
Easy to Own!

And you can own a Hotpoint Refrigerator for less than you now spend for old-fashioned refrigeration. Choose from 15 brilliant models. See them at leading dealers everywhere. Easy payments to fit your budget. Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc., 5741 W. Taylor St., Chicago.

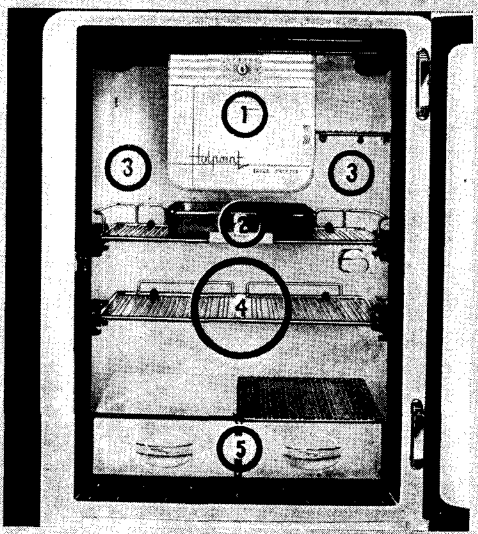
5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN — Protects owner for five years against service expense due to failure of sealed mechanism.



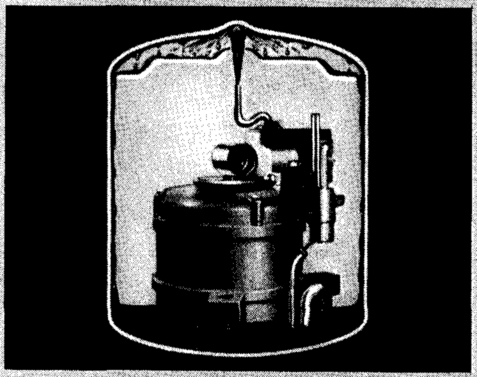
STAINLESS STEEL SPEED FREEZER—Can't chip or tarnish. Sixteen temperature adjustments at your finger tips. Freezes ice and desserts faster.



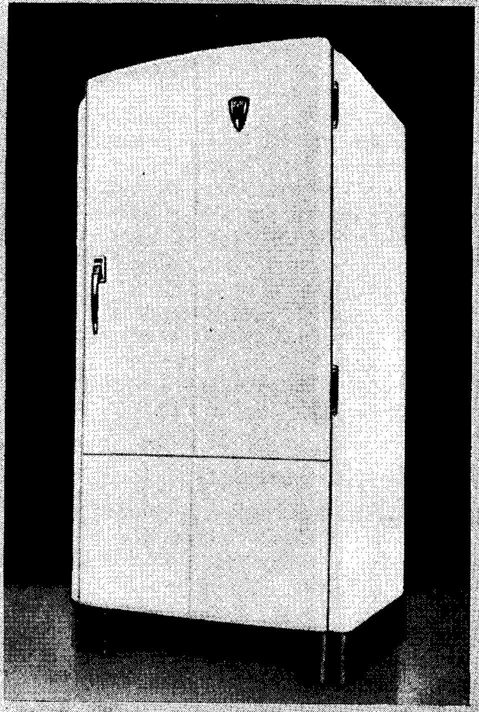
POP-ICE TRAY—So simple a child can release it—even when tray is frozen solid. Just pop it for two cubes or a trayful. Eliminates cube waste and struggle.



5 ZONES OF COLD—1. Speed Freezing Zone. 2. Cold Storage Zone. 3. Cold Beverage Zone. 4. Food Protection Zone. 5. Conditioned Fruit and Vegetable Drawers.



OIL COOLED MECHANISM—Six quarts of oil per minute are forced under pressure to all bearing surfaces. Every moving part is bathed in a cooling oil bath. Long life and low-cost operation are assured.



THREE COMPLETE LINES OF HOTPOINT REFRIGERATORS—The Standard Line offers four smart models at attractive low prices. DeLuxe models are available in five sizes. The six Imperial models are finished in enduring porcelain enamel. These are unquestionably America's finest refrigerators. Circulaire Cooling is standard equipment on all models.

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

Could you think up such a Story?

SUPPOSE you were asked to tell the strangest, most exciting story you could think up. It wouldn't be half as strange or exciting as the true story of what's going on around you this very minute—a story in which you yourself play a part.

This story is the news of the living, struggling, laughing world you live in. And TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, was invented to tell that great story so clearly that you may follow it with understanding, and so engrossingly that you never want to skip a word.

● **It had to be told**

The two young newspapermen who invented TIME started in a bare room in New York, their equipment $6 worth of newspapers and magazines, two rented typewriters, and an old copper boiler for a wastebasket.

"Because it has no political axe to grind, because its style is brief, clear, interesting, because its news is so organized that a mind trained or untrained can grasp it with minimum effort, TIME should appeal to every man or woman who has the slightest interest in the world and its affairs." Thus the young editors wrote of unborn TIME.

Today TIME's original 18,000 subscribers have grown to 700,000, its editors from two to thirty-one, its news service from nothing to TIME's own 448 correspondents plus the world network of A. P. and U. P., its researchers and fact-checkers from two to twenty-five, its reference files from a few envelopes to over 100,000 separate subjects, its cost per printed word from 2¢ to over 20¢.

● **Where you can find it**

Today TIME still has but one purpose, the only one it ever had: To keep intelligent men and women well informed. And TIME fulfills this purpose by writing the world's weekly story so vividly that you can't help enjoying it and remembering it. That is why TIME readers assay 48% better informed than their TIME-less neighbors.

If you, like them, feel an urge to follow and understand the greatest of all modern stories, begin TIME today with the copy now on the newsstand. Then be TIME's guest for three weeks—mail the coupon and receive the next three issues, free.

TIME
The Weekly Newsmagazine

C-21

TIME, 330 East 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me the next three issues of TIME, free:

Name___________________
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up till midnight and George had to run back and forth from the back to the front end, opening and closing the doors. By the time he got the wash job all finished and the car polished it was after one o'clock. Then the black sedan came in.

George was in the office warming his hands by the stove when it pulled up out in front, and at first he didn't pay much attention to it. Up to a certain point it was just a broken-down automobile with three men in it, and a repair job was just a repair job. After a while it got complicated.

A man wearing a black hat slid out from under the wheel and came across the walk and in the front door. A gust of snow and cold air came in with him.

"You picked a hell of a night for travelin', Mister," George said. The first things he noticed were the clothes the man had on, a light-weight overcoat and low-cut shoes. It wasn't exactly the kind of an outfit you'd pick out for traveling in a blizzard.

The stranger was standing in the corner with his hands extended toward the glowing belly of the stove and he looked almost frozen. He was a large man with a broad swarthy face and dark restless eyes. He lighted a cigarette and let it hang in one corner of his mouth, squinting through the up-curling smoke.

"I got something wrong with the car. You keep a mechanic here at night?"

"Not regular," George said. "I do a lot of work though. I guess I could take care of it. That is, if you didn't want to wait till morning."

"You all alone here?"

"Ten to eight."

The big man took the cigarette from his mouth. "Gets pretty lonesome, I guess." He blew smoke up at the light. "People drop in during the night, I guess. I guess the cop on this beat comes in sometimes."

"There isn't any cop," George said.

He went on to explain that. The only peace officer they had was a town constable. He was sixty-five years old and he had a bad leg from stopping a slug in the Spanish-American War, and if you called him up for anything after eight o'clock at night he'd say, "I'll see about it in the morning," and go back to bed.

The stranger said, "Well, that's nice, ain't it?" He threw the cigarette in the stove. "I guess we better take a look at the car. It's missing pretty bad."

AS SOON as they got it inside George knew what the trouble was. The fan was pulling the fine dry snow back into the motor and the wires in the distributor were getting wet. He lifted the hood and plugged in a droplight to take a look at it. After he had tinkered for a while, the big motor ticked over like a watch.

"I guess that'll do the trick," George said.

It was still just a minor repair job. He went back into the office to wipe the grease off his hands. When he turned around, the man in the black hat was standing in the door with a gun in his hand. "Uncle," he said, "we got to get over to Rossburg tonight and you're gonna drive us. You know so damned much about cars maybe you'll come in handy."

George stood there for a second with his surprise showing in his face. It didn't register at first. He looked at the three men for a long time, and then it dawned on him who they were. They were the three gunmen who had held up the paymaster over at Genoa. They were pretty smart, he guessed. They had headed east after the holdup, and then had doubled back under cover of the storm. And then George realized the spot he was in.

He stood there trying to think of something to do.

The stranger said, "Well, uncle, let's get movin'."

George put on his cap, and his sheepskin coat, and his mittens. He got in the front seat behind the wheel and the man in the black hat got in beside him. The other two men climbed in back. George backed the car into the street. He got out to close the big doors and the man in the black hat got out with him. They weren't taking any chances on anything, George guessed.

The storm had blown up stronger than it had been before. They breasted the hill a mile out of town with the car screaming in low gear. They were out of the brakes along the river and the wind came at them, booming across the flats. The car rocked under the impact of it.

They had the heater going but in spite of that the cold beat in through the floor boards and around the edges of the doors. It would be a hell of a night to get stalled in, George thought.

IT WAS the worst blizzard he had ever seen, but he wasn't thinking too much about the weather. He had lots of other things to think about. He was scared to death for one thing, because he didn't try to kid himself about what would happen after they got to Rossburg. They'd undoubtedly shoot him to keep his mouth shut. And even if they didn't shoot him he'd probably have to shoot himself, he guessed, because he could almost hear the way Joe Bates and Ed Aspinall would carry on if he let himself be kidnaped after the way he had talked tonight. He realized then how foolish he had been. He'd never live it down, he knew. If he ever came out of it alive people would ridicule him and laugh at him the rest of his life.

Maybe there was some way out of it if he could only think, but his mind was in a turmoil; and that was the wrong way to go about it. The way you should go about it was with a cool detached mind, and no fear. But George was shivering inside his coat and it wasn't all due to the cold.

The thing he did see was this: that if he managed to do anything at all it had to be good. It had to be foolproof, and complete, and a first-time winner, because he'd never live long enough to do anything else if it failed. But if he ever did manage to get out of this on top he'd make Joe Bates eat dirt, he guessed.

He thought about it all the time he was driving, and the more he thought the more hopeless it seemed. But he didn't give up. There had to be something they couldn't lick. There was always something you couldn't lick. There was always a weakness some place if you could only find it.

THEY were fourteen miles out of town when the car stalled on them. They were up on the Bench County Flats where the wind had a fifty-mile run over land that was as level as a floor and where there wasn't any sort of shelter within miles.

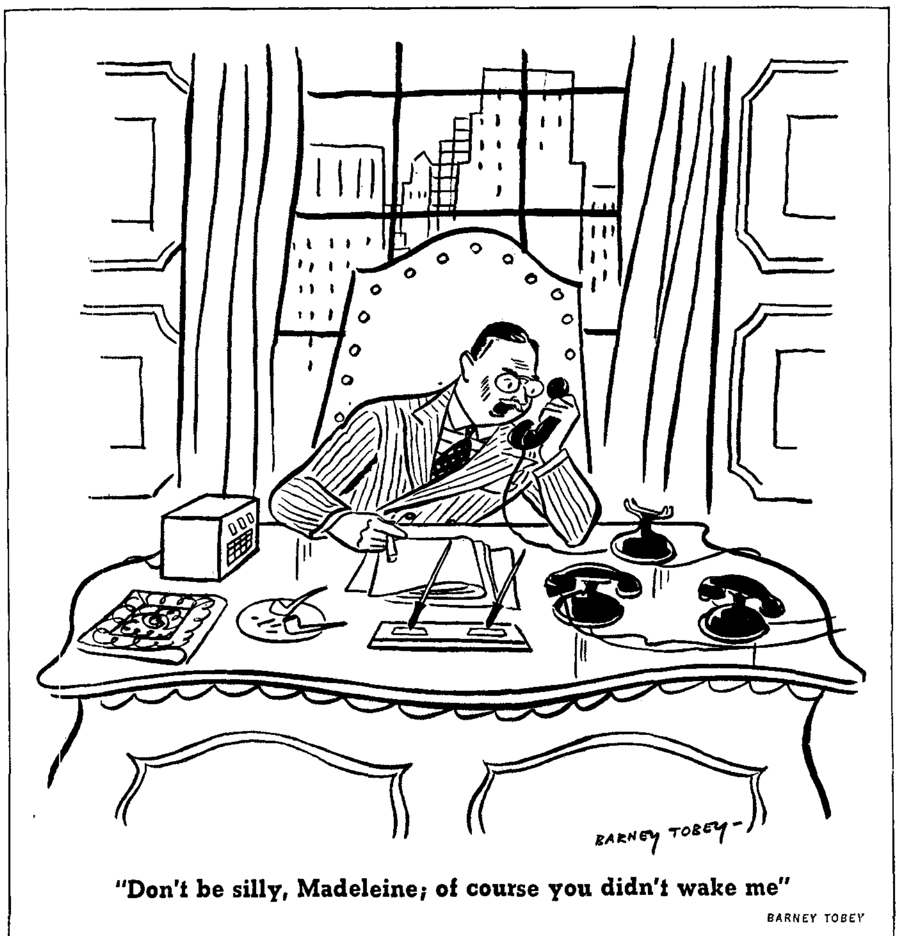
The motor sputtered for a minute, caught for a few turns, and then conked out completely. The car lost headway immediately in the heavy going. The whir of the heater cut into the sudden stillness. George snapped the switch and it seemed to him that the cold became instantly noticeable.

"I guess she's wet again," George said.

It was hard to open the door against the wind. George struggled out from under the wheel and stepped down into the storm. The shock of it left him breathless. The driving particles of snow cut his face like gravel. He ducked his head into it and fought to get the hood up and secured against the wind.

The man in the black hat had come around from the other side. He stood huddled in the lee of the car swearing almost without sound, his words carried away on the wind. Not that you could blame him, George thought. That knifing cold had him numb and aching in thirty seconds even with the clothes he had on. . . . George thought of the three men again as they had stood in the office at the garage: the light-weight coats, dress hats, kid gloves, silk socks and the low-cut shoes. And then suddenly he knew what it was they couldn't lick. He knew where the weakness was.

The man in the black hat couldn't take it. He stuck it out for a few minutes and then got back in the car. George went to work. He took the distributor apart, shielding it from the snow with his body. He dried it and held a match under it,



"Don't be silly, Madeleine; of course you didn't wake me"

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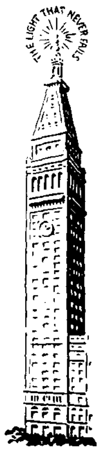
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Family Protection Policy

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She knows the secret of a **really clean** mouth

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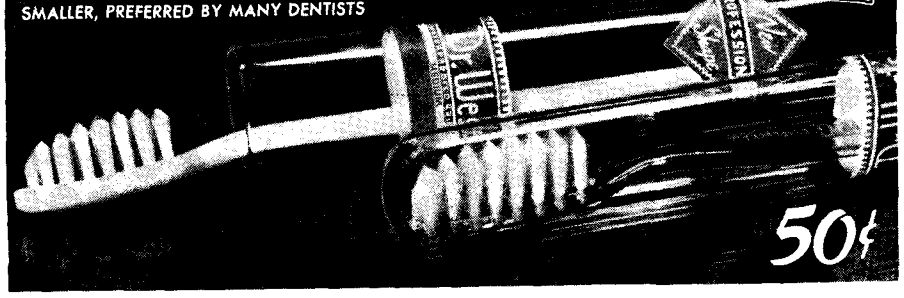

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DR. WEST'S **WATER-PROOFED** TOOTHBRUSH

cupping the flame in his palms and crouching behind the shelter of the hood. He put it back together, and got back in the car behind the wheel.

The heat was all gone inside the car and the two men in back were beating their feet up and down against the floor boards. The big man in the front seat snapped the switch of the heater on. Its whirring sound rose in the car but there was little warmth in the air that came out. He snapped it off again.

"Hurry up and get this crate started, will you?"

George stepped down on the starter. The motor turned over but nothing happened. It wouldn't fire. It didn't surprise George, but he went through the whole routine. He snapped the headlights off to take the load off the battery and tried it again with the same result. He sat there behind the wheel shaking his head.

THE cold was becoming more intense. It came in silently and bitter through the flooring and around the edges of the doors. George was glad he had on his heavy underwear, and the wool shirt, and two pairs of wool socks in his boots.

One of the men in the back was moaning, and then suddenly he stopped moaning and started screaming, "For God's sake, do something. We can't just sit here and freeze."

George leaned back in the seat. "Mister," he said, "there ain't a house in ten miles. What chance do you think you'd have outside?"

In the silence that followed his voice they could hear the booming passage of the wind. The man beside George moved in the seat. The dome light came on and George could see the gun in his hand.

"What is it, uncle?" he said. "A stall?" He reached over and hit George full in the mouth with his free hand. "That's for nothin', punk. Now get this jaloppy started before I give you the full treatment."

George wiped the blood off his mouth with the back of his mitten. He got out in the snow again. It wouldn't do any good, he knew, but he went through all the motions. He bent over the motor, working on it, checking everything he could get at, the plugs, the gas and the spark.

It took him a long time because his hands were numb and awkward with the cold, and because he chose to make it take a long time. Time was what he needed now.

The motor wouldn't start, and George knew it wouldn't. How could it when he had the rotating arm out of the distributor tucked down the top of his boot where he'd put it the first time he'd got out of the car? Kidnap a man, would they? He'd show them something that wasn't in the book!

He stalled as long as he could over the motor and the three men got out of the car. George knew what was coming then. The big man said, "I told you, punk. This is what you get for bein' a smart guy."

They kicked him around a little. George went down and lay with his face pressed into the snow, not feeling it against his flesh. He was dizzy and he felt sick, but there was no pain. He was too cold to feel pain. He lay there gasping, feeling the shock in his body as one of the men kicked him. But he didn't yell. He lay there feeling a fierce exultation in spite of the sickness and the cold. It'd be his turn soon. All he needed was a little more time.

They took his sheepskin coat away from him and left him in the snow. How long he lay there he never knew, but it was long enough. He pulled himself to his hands and knees and finally made it to the car. Nobody tried to stop him when he crawled in the front seat.

The man in the back seat was screaming again with panic in his voice. No guts, George thought. Well, he had them scared now and that was what he wanted. The dome light was on again and George saw the gun in the big man's hands but that didn't bother him now. They might have guns but he had better weapons. He had below-zero weather and a gale of wind. And these three guys couldn't lick a combination like that.

The man in back said, "Damn you, Manny, lay off him. Maybe he can do something. I can't stand it no longer."

"Sure," George said. His face was stiff and his lips were swollen and sore but he managed a smile, because he was laughing inside. "Sure," George said, "I can do something. I can fix the car. What d'you think of that?"

The man they called Manny shoved the gun into George's ribs. "You get this heap started right now or I'll blow you apart."

George just looked at him. He was trying to be tough but he was scared, and George knew he had them licked then. He'd stalled it long enough for the cold to begin to work. You might tell a guy he was going to freeze and it wouldn't scare him, but when you let him get a taste of it he began to think.

George Brady felt the drama in that moment and he made the most of it.

"Mister," he said, "the way I figure it I got nothin' to lose, but you'll be a long time freezin' after you pull that trigger. Now, damn you, go ahead and shoot!"

He sat there for a moment grinning through his broken lips, giving time for his words to sink in, and then he went on talking.

"I stopped this job from runnin' and I can start it again, but first I want some things done. I want all them guns piled here in the front seat where I can get at 'em. . . . And I want it done right now, because I'm gettin' cold. I'm gettin' so damned cold that maybe I won't be able to fix it if you don't hurry." He sat there enjoying himself in spite of the cold. It was the way he'd told Joe Bates it would be. It wasn't beef that counted always. Sometimes it was brains. "I'm through talkin' now. So you can make up your minds. You can fish or cut bait, but I'm tellin' you, I can't wait too long."

IT WAS ten-thirty in the morning when he wheeled the sedan up in front of Steve Auslander's General Store. He's done the job right. He had the three guys in back all trussed up like a bunch of chickens with belts and tow rope and anything else he could find, and he had a young arsenal in the seat beside him.

He got out of the car and wallowed through the snow and up the front steps with an armful of firearms. Steve Auslander was working in the back end of the store. George Brady made it inside and then he sat down on the floor with the guns strewn around him. "Steve," he said. He was half dead from exposure and his hands and feet ached with the torture of restored circulation, and his body ached from the bruises where they'd kicked him, but he didn't mind. "Steve," he said, "I got those three payroll bandits outside in a car. Maybe you'd better call the state police."

Steve Auslander's face fell open in astonishment. He stood there saying, "I'll be damned. Yes, sir, I'll be damned."

George sat on the floor looking up at him, but he didn't really see Steve Auslander, and he didn't really feel any pain. What he really saw was the rapt and admiring expression on Miss Minnegerode's face when he got a chance to tell her about it. She wouldn't have to feel sorry for him any more. And she wouldn't have to take up for him against Joe Bates and Ed Aspinall. He'd showed them something this time. He had something to talk about now, he guessed.

The Limitsville Limited

Continued from page 21

Limited, as they tagged him right off. His shoes made a story. In two days they were talking about how he'd go against the crack milers, Johnson, Ebbets and the Brazilian Fernandez.

Reilly kept the papers away from him so Dan never knew he was getting famous. He kept worrying about getting a job.

"Look here, Mister Reilly," he said one day, "I come on here to New York City lookin' for work. It ain't right I should be livin' off of you, jest runnin' all the time."

"What kind of work were you thinking of, Dan?" asked Ed.

"There ain't but one kinda work I'm aimin' at and that's railroadin'," said Dan.

THE first big indoor meet was only a week away and naturally Ed didn't want the Limited shoveling coal into a firebox. To keep him happy Reilly bought a book of tickets from New York to Philadelphia and every day Dan made the trip.

Just before the meet in Cleveland Reilly asked Dolan how he'd explained to Dan that he wasn't supposed to win the race.

"That was easy," said Chick. "The kid still don't know what racin's all about. I told him to run just like he always has and not to sprint at the finish."

"But there's going to be a crowd yelling their heads off tonight," said Ed. "Maybe he'll get excited and go out ahead."

"He'll be watching me on each lap. By the time he starts the last one he'll be so far behind he couldn't catch 'em on a motorcycle."

They kept the Limited in the dressing room until it was time for the mile. The crowd got a laugh when he started to warm up. There'd never been anything like it on a track before. The clump of his shoes echoed down from the second balcony. Dolan introduced him to Johnson and Ebbets and Fernandez. Dan had never heard of them although their pictures had been in the papers for the last two years. There were a couple of other starters in the field but they wouldn't figure in this company. Chick had taught the Limited how to get down for the start and he got away all right at the gun. Ebbets, a front runner, went out to set the pace and Fernandez dropped in behind him. Dan hit his stride after the first turn and followed in third. Johnson hung just behind him. The rest of the field strung out after two laps. They went that way for the first quarter, Ebbets turning in a nice sixty-one. Dolan hadn't bothered to signal Dan at all, for he was running just where he wanted him.

Ebbets, who was running by the clock, dropped the pace for the second quarter and the field slowed down but not the Limited. Running at the same pace he'd held the first quarter he passed Fernandez and was at Ebbets' shoulder when he went by Reilly and Dolan. Chick waved at him to slow down but the kid wasn't looking at him. He caught Ebbets in the back stretch and was leading by five yards when he came by again. The crowd was beginning to yell. This time Dan was looking at Dolan and he nodded. Chick sighed when the kid got his signal but on the next lap Dan held his pace the same and had opened up another five yards as they finished the half.

Each time he went by he'd nod at Chick but he never changed his pace. Reilly had to hold Dolan to keep him from going out and tackling the Limited as they started the last quarter and Dan was out ahead by twenty-five yards, running as fresh as he had at the start. The crowd was going wild.

"Fall down," whispered Dolan. "Can't the nut fall down? He'll take three seconds off the mark if he keeps this up."

With two laps to go, the veterans started their closing sprint. Ebbets had tried to stay with the Limited and was through. Johnson and Fernandez had held back and were coming with a rush but they had a lot to make up. Dan, rolling along with his hands down by his knees, never changed his pace. At the gun lap he still had twenty yards.

"If the sap don't sprint," prayed Dolan, "they might just get him."

Shoulder to shoulder down the backstretch, Johnson and the Brazilian closed in. The Limited looked back over his shoulder with a dazed look in his eyes. At the turn he had ten yards. The crowd was on its feet yelling its heart out. Dolan muttered incoherently.

Twenty yards from the tape Johnson gave his final kick and passed Dan to win. Fernandez caught the Limited two strides from the finish. Dolan fainted cold beside Reilly.

Ed ran over to Dan, put his arm under his shoulders, and hustled him off to the dressing room. He didn't think it would be such a good idea for anyone to see how fresh the Limited was looking. Dolan came in a few minutes later.

"You gimme a scare, kid," said Chick, still as pale as a sheet.

"I done my best, Mister Dolan," said Dan. "Honest."

"Yeah," said Dolan. "Why didn't you slow down like I told you?"

"You told me to run jest like always an' that's the way I ran."

"Well, Johnson had to do four, nine and five-tenths to beat you," said Chick. "And that's the fastest time he's done in a year."

THE next week they were running in Boston, and Dolan kept after the Limited to follow his instructions during the race. They wanted him to get licked once more before they let him out the following week in New York. Dan promised to run the way he was told but he didn't. He ran exactly the same way he did in Cleveland. Ebbets and Johnson, running practically a dead heat, barely passed him in the last ten yards.

"Thank God that we don't have to go through this again," said Chick, wiping his face after the race. "My heart wouldn't stand it."

The papers got pretty excited during that week. Some of the experts even went so far as to say that the Limitsville Limited was a quitter, that he couldn't deliver in the stretch. That was all right with Reilly and Dolan and between them they raised a tidy sum to bet on the race. Dolan had no trouble placing it around town.

Reilly was finding it harder and harder to keep Dan amused. Although he still took his daily trip to Philadelphia, the novelty of riding on trains was wearing thin.

"Honest, Mister Reilly," he said, one morning during the middle of the week, "I gotta get work railroadin'. Jest runnin' all the time ain't gettin' me nowhere."

"What's your hurry to get work?" asked Ed. "Aren't you having a good time here in New York?"

"Sure, you bet," said the Limited. "But that ain't it. Susie said I gotta get a job an' make somethin' of myself."

"Susie the girl you keep looking at in that snapshot?"

The Limited blushed and kicked a

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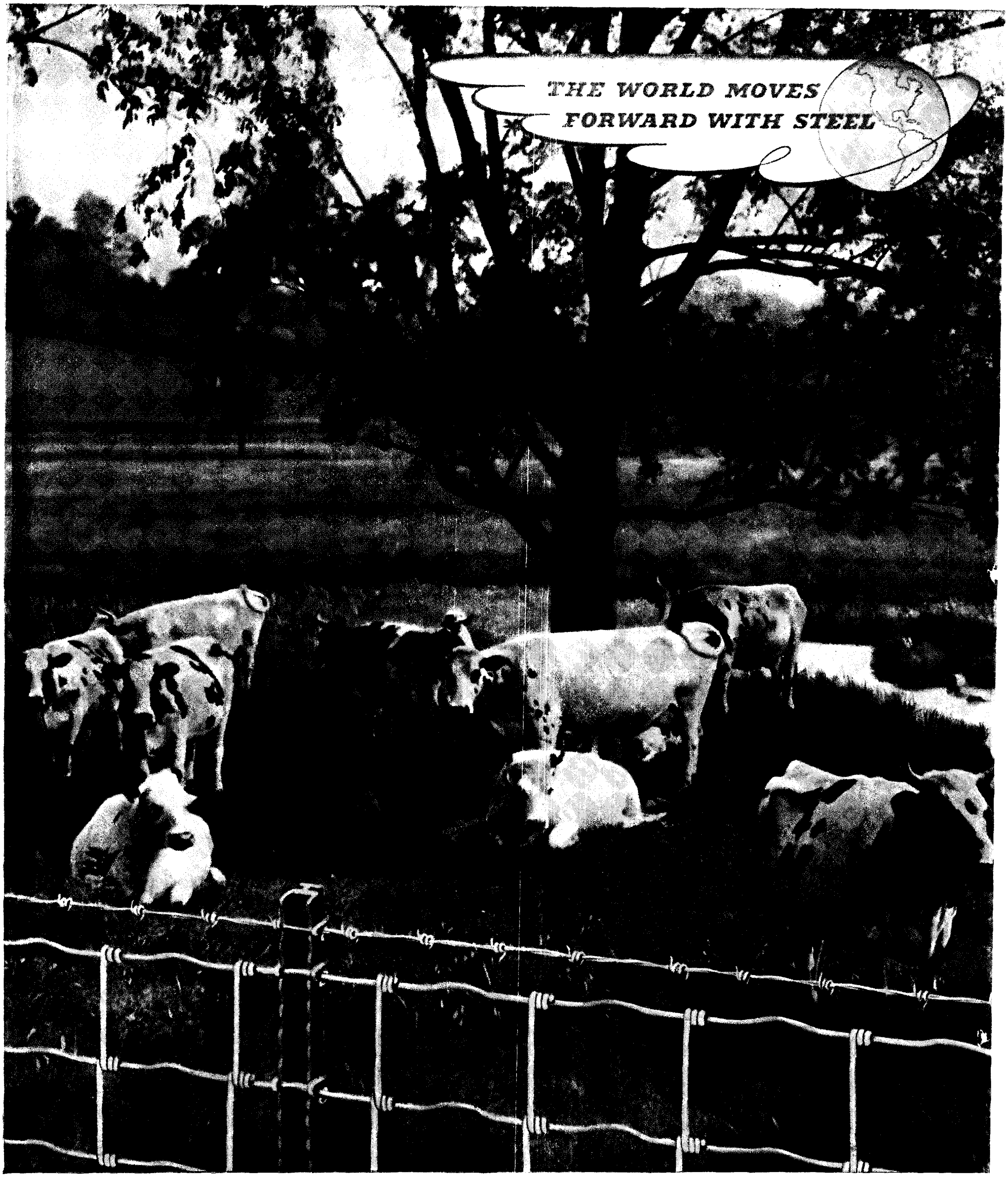

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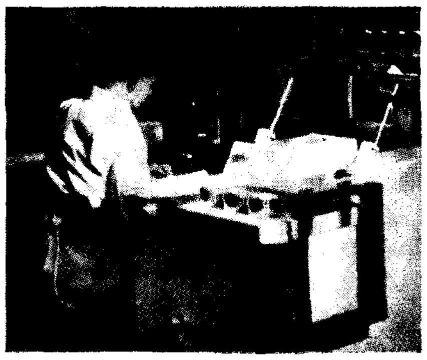

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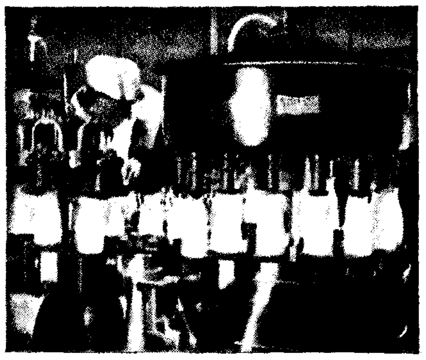

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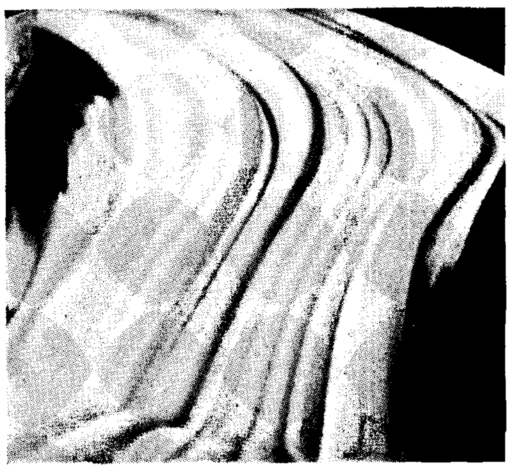

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chair. "Uh-huh, she's the one, Mister Reilly."

"That the reason you left home? Did she tell you to do that?"

Dan nodded. "She said she'd never have nothin' to do with a feller that spent his time chasin' trains over a hill an' acrost a meadow jest to see 'em go by."

"Well, you quit worrying about getting a job until after Saturday night," Reilly told him.

It was after the Limited's last workout on Friday that Dolan came steaming into Reilly's apartment. Ed could tell by his face that something was wrong.

"We're licked, Ed," said Chick, slumping in a chair.

"What's the matter, the kid go lame?"

Dolan shook his head. "It's worse than that. I don't know why I didn't see it right off."

"What's the trouble?"

"The kid can't sprint," said Chick, putting his head in his hands.

"He can't sprint?"

"Yeah, that's it," groaned Dolan. "He can't sprint. The guy's a machine, like I said the first time I see him go. I tell you he's just a machine with one gear; he can't go no faster nor no slower."

DOLAN got up and began to pace around the room.

"Me, a guy who's been training runners for twenty years," said Dolan, waving his arms, "and not to see a thing like that. All along I never bothered to see how the kid'd go when I let him out. This afternoon, I was letting him jog a half to get warmed up and I noticed he was moving pretty fast so I put a watch on him and he does a sixty-three quarter just like he's always done, only I've never noticed it. So I yells, 'Let's see you go, Dan!' and he nods his head and he does another sixty-three quarter!"

Dolan sat down again and sighed.

"So I stops him and asks can't he go any faster? I tell him how to shorten his stride and make his legs go faster. He starts out again in the same old way and I yell, 'Now sprint!' He tries. I'll admit he tries, but he falls down! Hell, he wasn't tossing those races in Cleveland and Boston, he was trying his best to win 'em!"

"What are we going to do?" asked Reilly. "I suppose we'll have to scratch him tomorrow night."

"We can't scratch him tomorrow night," said Dolan. "Those boys that covered our money are tough. He's got to go tomorrow night."

Neither Reilly nor Dolan got much sleep that night. Chick took Dan over to the Garden in the morning and tried to teach him to sprint, but it wasn't any use. Once the Limited started his stride he couldn't change it. Finally they gave it up, not wanting him to be run out before he even started.

Dan disappeared during the afternoon and didn't show up until after seven. When he came in he was smiling.

"I got a job, Mister Reilly," said the Limited.

"That's fine," said Ed, whose nerves were on edge. "It looks as though you'd need it."

"And yesterday I got a letter from Susie," he went on. "She says she's been readin' about me in the paper. I ain't never seen nothin' about me in the paper."

"Look tomorrow and you'll see your obituary. Come on, we've got to get over to the Garden."

Dolan paced up and down the dressing room while they waited for the milers to be called out. There were a flock of relays on the program and the mile was delayed.

Suddenly the Limited pulled a watch out of his clothes, looked at it and stood up.

"I'm awful sorry, Mister Dolan and Mister Reilly," he said slowly, "but I guess I won't be able to run tonight."

"What do you mean?" they asked together.

"Well," said Dan, starting to take off his running pants, "I got a job as second fireman on a train leavin' for Chicago at eleven-fifteen tonight. I guess as it is I'll have to hurry a mite."

It was Dolan who grabbed him and forced him to sit down.

"You'll run tonight, my boy, if you never run again," said Chick, holding him by the shoulders.

"I gotta go, honest, Mister Dolan," he pleaded. "I sent a telegraph message to Susie this mornin' saying I had a job an' for her to meet me in Chicago. I just gotta get that train."

"It might be better to let him go," said Reilly.

"Oh, no," said Dolan, "we'd lose anyway then. As it is, maybe all those guys'll fall down."

"I'll wait five minutes, Mister Reilly," said the Limited.

Six minutes later they called the milers. The Limited was so anxious to go that he had his sweat clothes off and was lined up before the runners had been announced over the loud-speaker.

"Remember," Chick whispered to him, "run just a little harder than you can. You've got to win tonight."

"I gotta get that train," said Dan.

"Look, Dan," said Reilly, "run just like you used to when you saw the train go by and when you had to get over the hill and across the meadow, only this train is faster than the other one. Do you get it?"

The Limited nodded his head and licked his lips. The dazed expression was back in his eyes.

"God help us," said Dolan, as they lined up.

At the gun Ebbets broke out in front as usual to set the pace. But he didn't set it long. The Limited caught him as they came out of the first turn and tore down the backstretch.

"I thought you said he couldn't sprint," said Reilly, amazed.

Dolan's mouth was open but he didn't say anything.

Instead of cheering, the crowd was silent. No one had ever seen a mile started at that pace. It looked as if the Limited was doing a 220. He was close to the quarter when Reilly grabbed Dolan's arm.

"Don't you see what he's doing, Chick?" he yelled. "He's going over the hill!"

"What hill?" asked Dolan blankly.

"He thinks he's chasing that train," said Ed wildly. "He thinks he's running uphill!"

DOLAN clocked him in fifty-one flat for the first quarter.

"When does he drop dead?" asked Chick, but the Limited had already slowed down and was back to his normal pace.

"He's over," said Reilly reverently; "he'll coast in with sixty-threes from here."

That's what the Limited did, but there was a bad moment on the last turn when the crowd was yelling its hardest and Dan tried to sprint. He faltered for a second and almost went off the track but he caught himself and coasted through the tape. He didn't stop running when he crossed the line but kept on around to the dressing-room entrance and jumped off the track. Ed Reilly's watch said three fifty-nine and eight tenths.

When Reilly and Dolan reached the dressing room Dan had his pants on and was pulling on his shirt. He hadn't bothered to take off his running clothes.

"I think I can jest make it maybe," said the Limited, grabbing his coat, "if I run."

Grab Your Bootstraps

Continued from page 15

who thought his way out when other men were running around as excited as hungry turkeys in a swarm of grasshoppers. He was congressman from Minnesota and was, in those days, looked upon as a dreadful creature. No less than a "pacifist."

This country was swept by a war hysteria. But Lindbergh, Senior, didn't believe in war and he said so. On top of this he had the audacity to declare that war would not make the world "safe for democracy." In fact, he wrote a book entitled Why Your Country is at War. It aroused so much bitterness that agents descended upon the printing plant and destroyed the plates of the book, for which collectors now pay twenty dollars a copy. People became so inflamed at this man who did his own thinking that he was pelted with rotten eggs, and once had to flee for his life from the fury of a mob.

Through it all, thick and thin, Lindbergh counseled moderation. Calmness. Reason. Logic. And now, in the very state where mobs set upon him, he is looked upon as a *prophet!* And so you can be looked upon by your friends, when the country is again back at its full powers, if you will but think for yourself and speak for yourself and not worry about the recession arias of the calamity howlers.

How to Be Braver

I want to accent again the astonishing, the unbelievable powers of such a small thing as changing your thinking, and I will tell you a true story of what happened to a sister of one of my best friends. She is Mrs. E. W. Kidder and her address is 6015 Madden Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

She was an invalid and had been one for years. Her physician told her that she had a leaky heart and that she must not, under any circumstance, allow herself to get excited. If she did . . .

One autumn day she walked into the Independent Avenue Bank, in Kansas City, Missouri, and presented a thousand-dollar bond for payment. The cashier counted out the bills and Mrs. Kidder was just about to pick them up when—

Three bank robbers burst in with drawn guns and ordered the tellers to throw up their hands and the customers to get down on the floor. And the customers did—that is, all except one!

"I'm not going to lie down," said Mrs. Kidder, "and you can't make me lie down."

"Lay down or we'll kill you," ordered one of the robbers and poked a sawed-off shotgun against her.

"You can kill me if you want to, but I'm not going to lie down," said the determined Mrs. Kidder.

The robbers conferred a moment over this astonishing state of affairs.

"Better let her have her way," the leader said. "But keep her covered."

And they did. They robbed the bank and dashed away with the loot, but Mrs. Kidder was standing up as straight as a flagpole.

She was even astonished at herself. Certainly she had been excited. Maybe, she told herself, she had been engaging in the wrong kind of thinking. From that day on she was a changed woman. She had been a retiring semi-invalid. From that she became a normal, active, busy woman. Her body hadn't changed: she had the same teeth and eyes and hair; but she *had* changed something that was even more important—her thoughts.

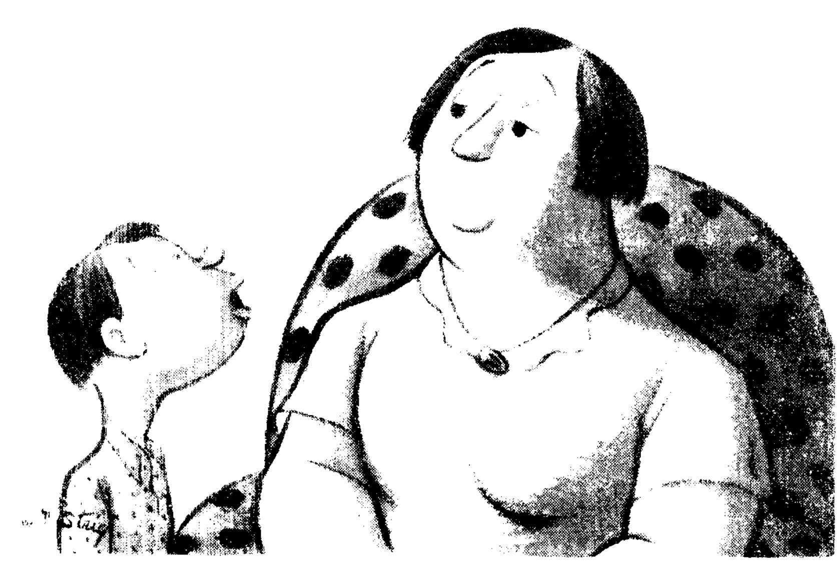
I'll close by giving you eight ways by which you can be a little braver during these troublous days:

1. Analyze your fears. Ask yourself, "Just what am I afraid of?" When you realize the basis of your fear, you will be on the way to conquering it.
2. Determine what your next step will be. A soldier who knows where his second line of trenches is is not defeated.
3. When your friends talk discouragement, talk encouragement. And you will begin to feel it, too.
4. Determine how much of your thinking is directed toward solving your recession problem, and how much of it is going over and over the same thing.
5. Act as if you were not afraid.

Basil King, who wrote The Conquest of Fear, said "Go at it boldly and you will find a myriad of unexpected forces coming to your aid."

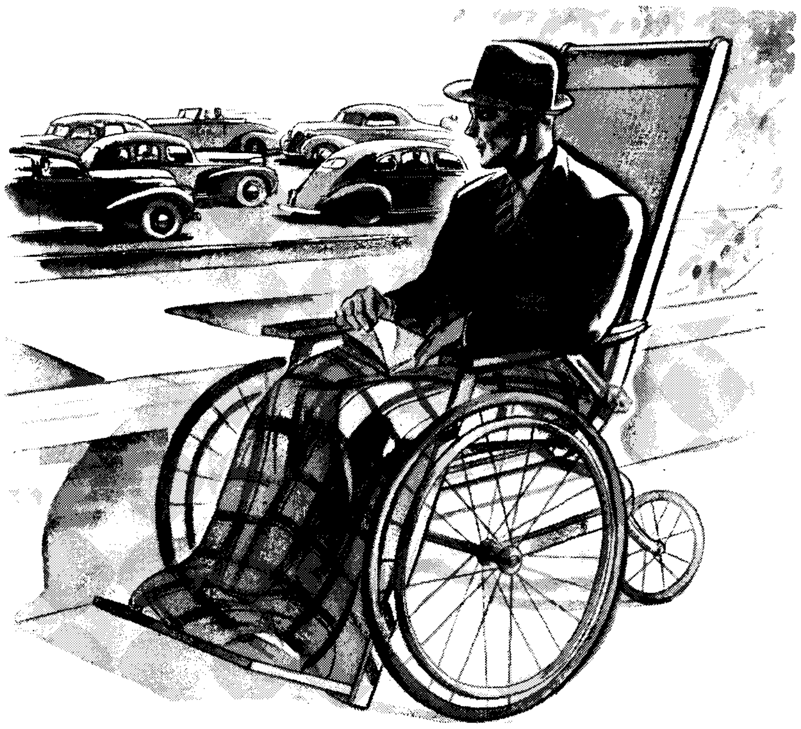
6. Don't think about your troubles at night. The Chinese have a saying which goes: "If you take your troubles to bed with you they will multiply like leaves in the wind."
7. Keep physically fit. The more discouraged you are the more golf you should play.
8. Remember the present recession will pass. Others always have.

Follow these and I guarantee instead of being tortured and wrecked by the recession you will meet it boldly and courageously—and triumphantly.



"Who do you like better—me or the old man?" WILLIAM STEIG

BLOWOUT VICTIM!



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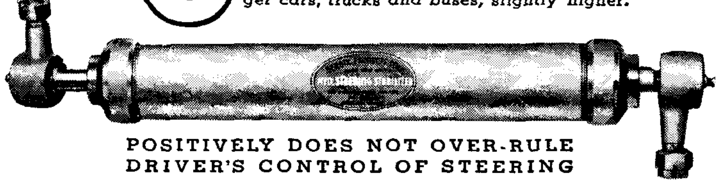

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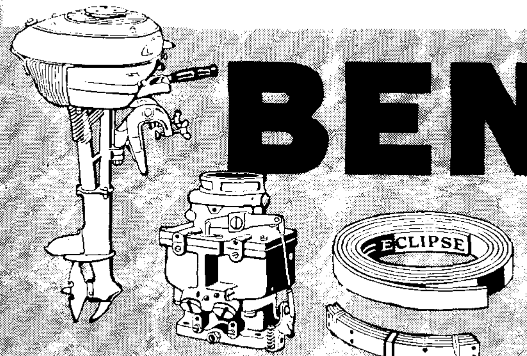

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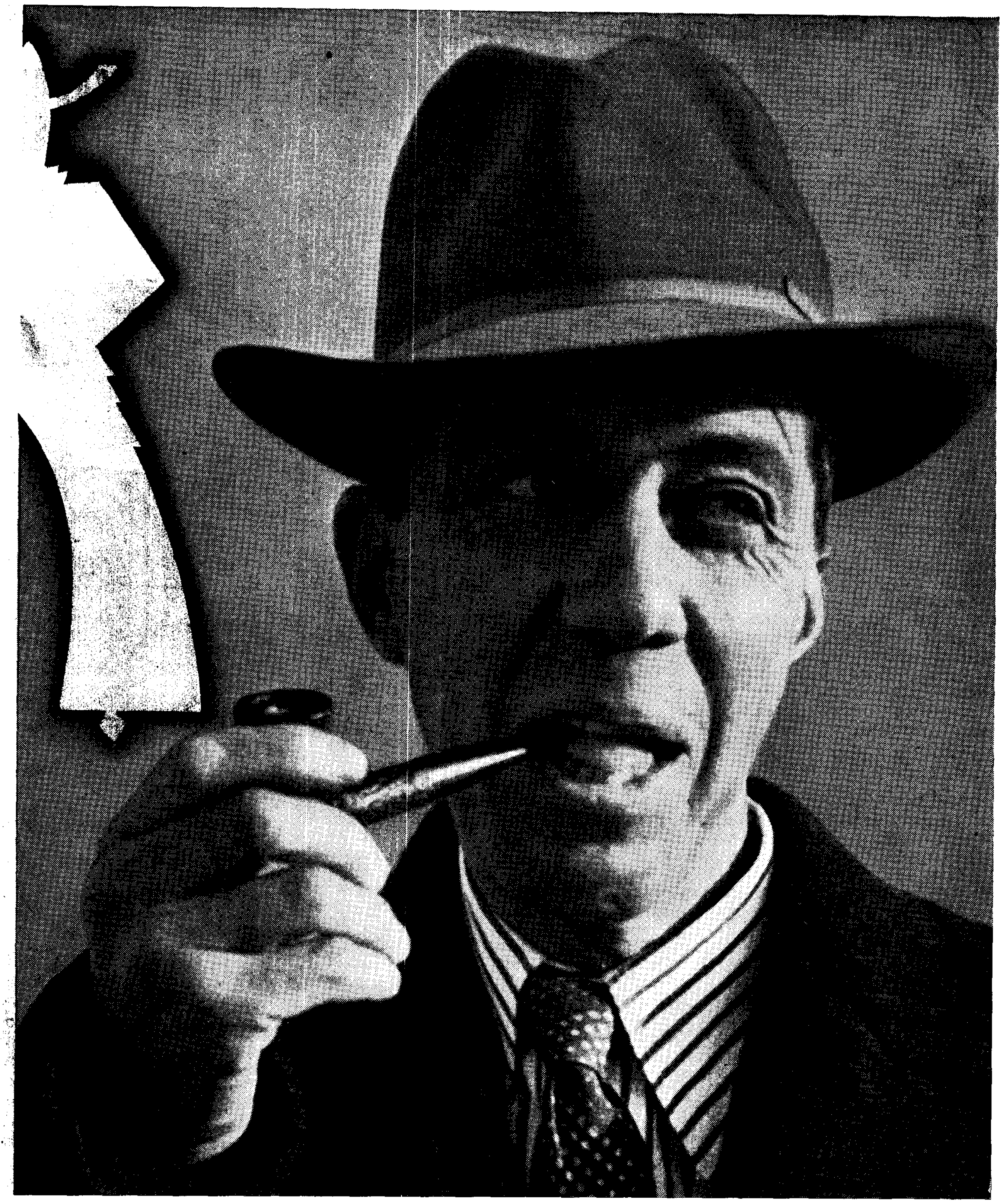


Capitol Cowboy

By Robert McCormick

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY THOMAS McAVOY

Farrington Carpenter, whose job is supervising government grazing lands and whose hobby is picking off bureaucrats

A DEJECTED cowpuncher stood in snow up to his knees, gazing at a huddled group of handsome bull calves. The vicious Rocky Mountain wind tucked bits of snow neatly into the crow's-feet around his eyes and frosted his nose a deep purple as he slipped halters around two of the calves and led them toward a slat-sided truck.

The cowpuncher was, as he put it, "a little broke." The depression hit hard around Hayden. The standard price of weaned bulls had cracked from its twenty-year level of $100 a head. The 200 fuzzy-faced young cattle before him, part of the seventh largest herd of registered Herefords in the country, had been offered for $90, for $85, for $75—and still no sale.

The cowpuncher had a desperate plan. His Colorado neighbors said it was danged foolishness, but he was hell-bent to try. He and his foreman were going to carry two sample bulls to California and through these samples sell off the calves. The folks in Routt County all said cattlemen are too smart to buy from samples, and besides no truck could get through the snow.

The old truck started grinding over the lane toward the highway—and was stuck before it got out of sight of the ranch house. From then on, up one side and down the other of the Great Divide, it was a battle between two men and fiendish February weather. Snowslides blocked the road, bridges were out, a blizzard whistled through the mountains. But at each town the calves were dug out of the snow that filled the truck and displayed to eager cowmen.

Slowly the truck wobbled through its tortuous but triumphant tour, and six days after it left home it careened up the driveway of a Hollywood home. The cowpunchers visited with their friends the Meads, and laid plans for a selling campaign all up and down the coast. Another week and the cowpunchers bounced back home. Their high-pressure salesmanship had overcome incredulity and suspicion, and netted them orders for ninety head of heifers and bulls, plus enough contacts to keep their business booming for months to come.

The skinny, bowlegged range rider who conceived and engineered the trip now reposes in a swanky federal office in Washington, surrounded by buzzers, mahogany and plush. He rules America's range. 140,000,000 acres of land, which is the staff of life for the cattle industry. But he is still the rawboned rancher who proved that cattle could be sold by sample. He sits in his swivel chair uneasily. his feet grope incessantly over desk, window sills and walls seeking a resting place as comfortable as stirrups. And that's why Farrington Carpenter has made a success out of what was supposed to be one of the New Deal's toughest jobs—the supervision of the government's grazing lands.

A Hard Range to Ride

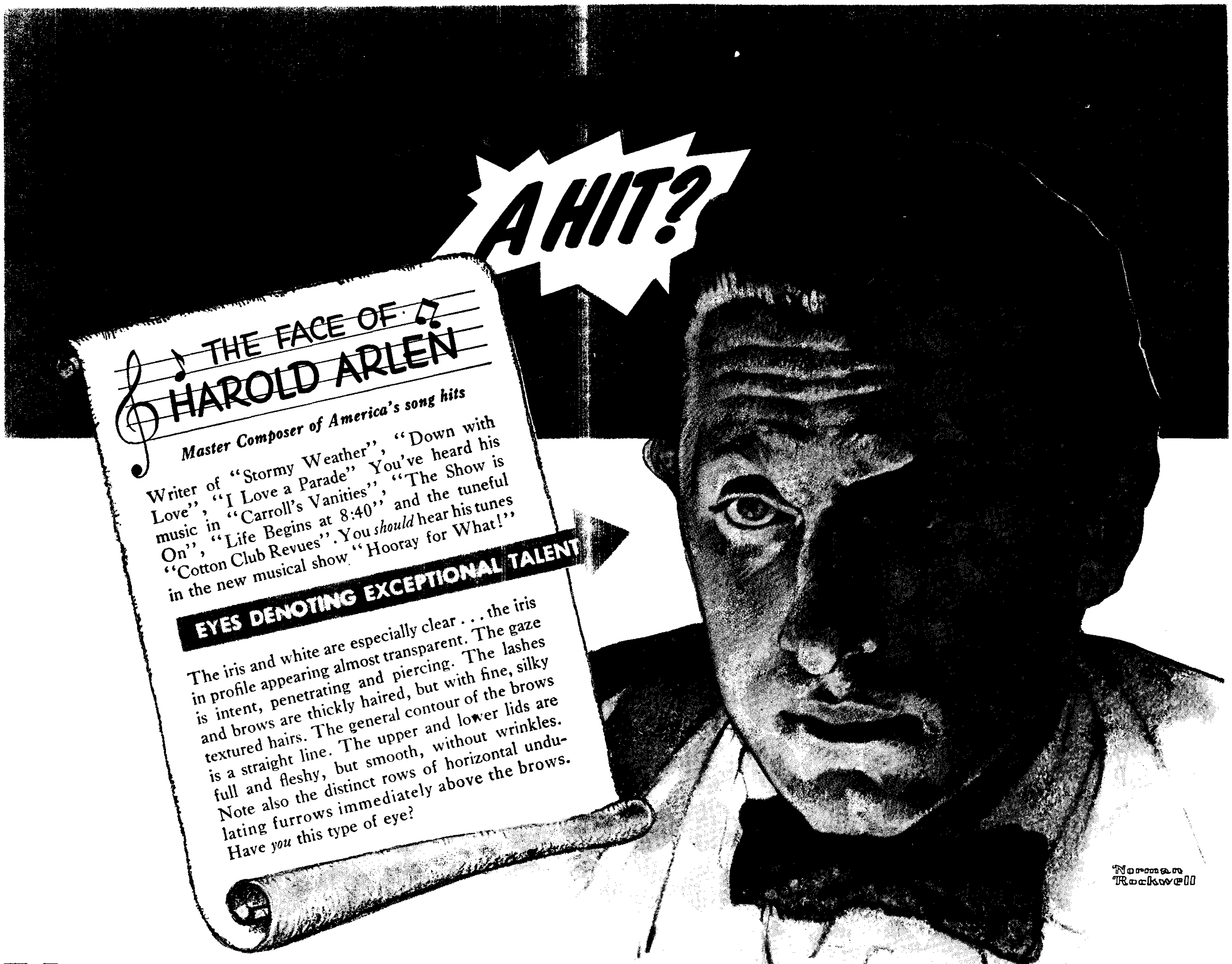
As director of the Division of Grazing in the Interior Department, Carpenter has found the Washington bureaucracy a hard range to ride. He has had to shoot it out—in words—dozens of times.

Carpenter probably saw official Washington at its worst. The boys ganged up on him even before he arrived. When the Taylor Grazing Act was passed in 1934, the range was in pathetic shape. The little fellows were having trouble getting grass for their stock because erosion was running wild and because might—as represented by rifles and six-shooters—did more to settle grazing arguments than right. The grazing act was intended to regulate grazing and stabilize the industry Carpenter agreed to become director of the new grazing division on three conditions: first, that he not be required to stay in Washington all the time; second, that politics be kept entirely out of the work; and third, that the law be administered by a system of local self-rule. The last was his one big ideal. He wanted—and eventually got—a series of local committees, composed of the range users themselves, set up in each of the eleven states that have grazing lands.

But before these things were duly promised, a sizzling row had developed in the Interior Department. Four bureaus were fighting Carpenter's local autonomy program. They wanted no self-rule; they didn't even want a separate division of grazing.

His first stay in Washington tipped him off. After getting acquainted with the department he talked briefly but honestly with the newspapermen who had pestered him incessantly. He was

(Continued on page 48)


A HIT?
Norman Rockwell

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Castle Sinister

Continued from page 19

the door to the right. He used to keep his coffin in the cabinet in front of some bookshelves. He often took a nap in it after dinner."

"It all sounds very interesting," Miss Brooke said.

"So you don't believe me?" John Thorne laughed. "I'll tell you what I'll do to convince you. I'll describe the banquet hall to you and then we'll look at it and see if I'm not right. It's forty-five feet long and twenty wide. It has wainscoting with a triglyph design and there is the same motif on the molding. It has six windows with window seats. There is a fireplace at either end. There is a medallion under each mantel, one of a Greek philosopher and one of palm trees. There is a scenic wallpaper which was designed for Mr. Budge showing a panorama of the Grain Coast, of the slave barracoons and trading ships. At least that's what the books say, and that's what I'm here for."

Miss Brooke's smile was triumphant.

"I suppose you mean the big room in back? Well, your information isn't right. The paper is an ugly brown like the woodwork. You can come and see for yourself." And she walked ahead of him down the hall.

THERE was another arched doorway at the end of the hall with a fanlight above it, the panes of which had been broken, and boards had been tacked in front of it. She had opened another interior door at the right, and they entered a long, high-ceilinged room, damp and musty, bare except for fragments of plaster on the floor, where a corner of the ceiling had fallen. The wallpaper above brown wainscoting was brown and discolored and beginning to peel with moisture.

"There," Miss Brooke said, "you see!"

"Wait a minute," John Thorne said and took a box of matches from his pocket, lighted one, and pulled back a loose corner of the paper. "See what's behind it?" he said. "Printed in wooden blocks in four colors. You can see the beginning of a beach and water and a palm tree. That's the old paper underneath—Lord Robert's paper. The brown paper can come off. I guess we need this room."

"You haven't been telling me the truth," Miss Brooke said, "you've been here before."

"No, I haven't," John Thorne assured her. "It's just because I have a memory." His voice betrayed his unexpected enthusiasm. "It's luck this house hasn't burned down. I don't know why no one ever bought it. You don't know what you have here, Miss Brooke."

"You were speaking of the room called the study," Miss Brooke said. "What does that look like, if you haven't seen it?"

"It's paneled to the ceiling," John Thorne said promptly, "on all four sides, lighted on two sides by four windows. There is one fireplace and two sunken arched bookcases on either side of the chimney. I'd like to see it, if you don't mind."

They walked into the hall again and she opened another door.

"Yes," John Thorne said, "there it is, not as good as the banquet hall, but interesting."

"And you still say you've never been here?" Miss Brooke said mockingly.

John Thorne did not answer her directly. In his interest he had hardly heard her. The room was bare and shadowy like the other room, with brown paint peeling from the panels, showing white beneath.

"Wait a minute," he said. "The room's too small."

"I'm sorry you don't like it," said Miss Brooke, "it's big enough for me."

"You don't follow me," John Thorne said. "I've counted my steps for the length of the hallway. The dining room and this room are the only ones on this side of the house. The sum of their length is not the same as the length of the hall. There is a difference of a pace somewhere, and there aren't any closets to account for it either. Do you see what I mean now?"

John Thorne was examining the sunken bookcases and the black square of the open fireplace. The idea interested him so much that he did not notice the change in Miss Brooke's expression.

"No, I don't know what you mean," she said, "but stay here and look around if you like. I've got to see about the dog. He's in the kitchen ell. I'll be back in just a minute."

"See about the dog," John Thorne answered, "but don't bring him in here."

When he was alone, he almost wished that she had not gone. The silence was oppressive in that bare, paneled room. The musty smell that he associated with old houses was all about him. He could hear a board creaking—someone was moving in the hall just outside the room. It was someone in stocking feet or sneakers moving very carefully, and he knew it was not Miss Brooke, but someone who did not belong there, someone who was being very careful not to make his presence known.

The noise stopped. He could hear someone breathing and then the door latch gave a gentle click; whoever was outside was coming into the room. He stood perfectly still as the door swung back, seized by exactly the same helpless sort of paralysis that he had sometimes experienced in a dream. The door opened wider and a lanky man in a dark, unkempt suit was facing him. The suit was covered with dust, as though he had been lying on his stomach on a dusty floor. The high, narrow forehead with the receding hair was gleaming with perspiration and there was a black smudge across his nose. It was Mr. Jacks, the man in Number Twelve, who had not been quite right.

"Don't talk." Mr. Jacks' voice was hardly more than a whisper. "Just do what I say, don't talk. Gaffney's coming in a minute. Now listen, son, don't talk." Mr. Jacks moved his heavy hand in an urgent gesture. "I'm standing right behind this door. You get me? And just you try to act natural. When Gaffney comes, you talk to him till I speak up. I'll just say 'Hello, Gaffney,' and then you go for the door, and get out of this house by a back window, and clear out and stay out. You understand?"

Then John Thorne found his voice. Since it was Mr. Jacks, at least he represented a partially known quantity.

"How can I get out when the house is being watched?" John Thorne said.

"Bust open a back window," Mr. Jacks whispered. "No one's out in back. . . . Those four gunmen Gaffney brought have moved out front. Gaffney's been waiting to take care of you."

"Just a moment," John Thorne said. "Just where do you fit in?"

Mr. Jacks turned back the lapel of his coat.

"You're stepping in fast company, son," he said. "You're not making any cocktail shakers out of old churns today. Maybe you won't make another one unless you do as I tell you. I'm from the Department of Justice. I landed on this yesterday."

"You mean you're a cop?" John Thorne asked.

"Keep your voice down," Mr. Jacks whispered. "He's coming in a minute. That woman in the overalls went out to get him."

"She said she was going to feed the dog," John Thorne whispered.

Mr. Jacks nodded tolerantly.

"She was double-crossing you, son. Gaffney told her to find out what you knew. You told her plenty. I was waiting right upstairs."

JOHN THORNE experienced a species of excitement not unlike the vicarious thrill he sometimes felt at the ringside.

"You're not going to get him by yourself?" he whispered. "He has at least four others with him. Are you here all alone?"

Mr. Jacks nodded again. His face, with the black smear on its nose, looked gray and bleak and tired.

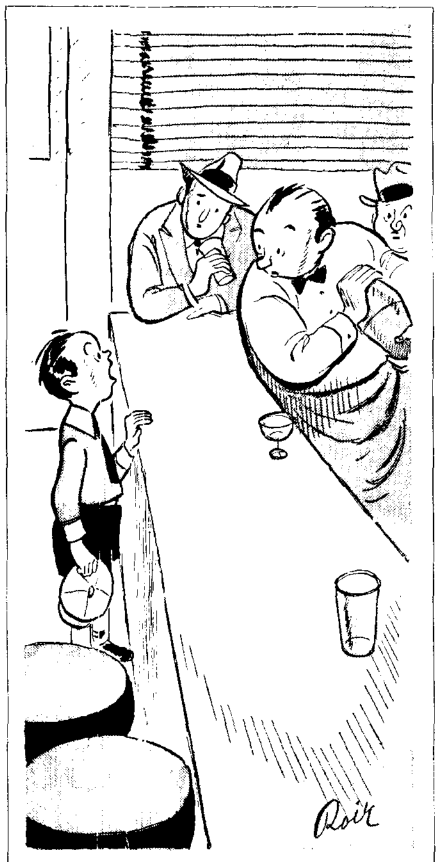
"I'm alone, all right," he admitted. "You can do a favor for me, if you want." He reached into his inside pocket and drew out an envelope. "If you get back to town, call up this number. Tell them you're speaking for Number Five. Tell them to send up a plane to get out to this damned island. Tell them I'm onto Bugs Tonelli. Do you get that—Bugs Tonelli?"

"Who's Bugs Tonelli?" John Thorne whispered.

Mr. Jacks looked surprised.

"Never mind," he answered, "never mind. But when you say your prayers tonight, you might pray that you don't meet Bugs Tonelli." He stopped. Somewhere in the house a door had slammed, and there was an echo of footsteps. Mr. Jacks slid behind the door.

"Do what I tell you now," he whispered. "When I say 'Hello, Gaffney,' you light out of here."



"Mom says don't throw Pop out too early tonight—we're having company!"

I. ROIR

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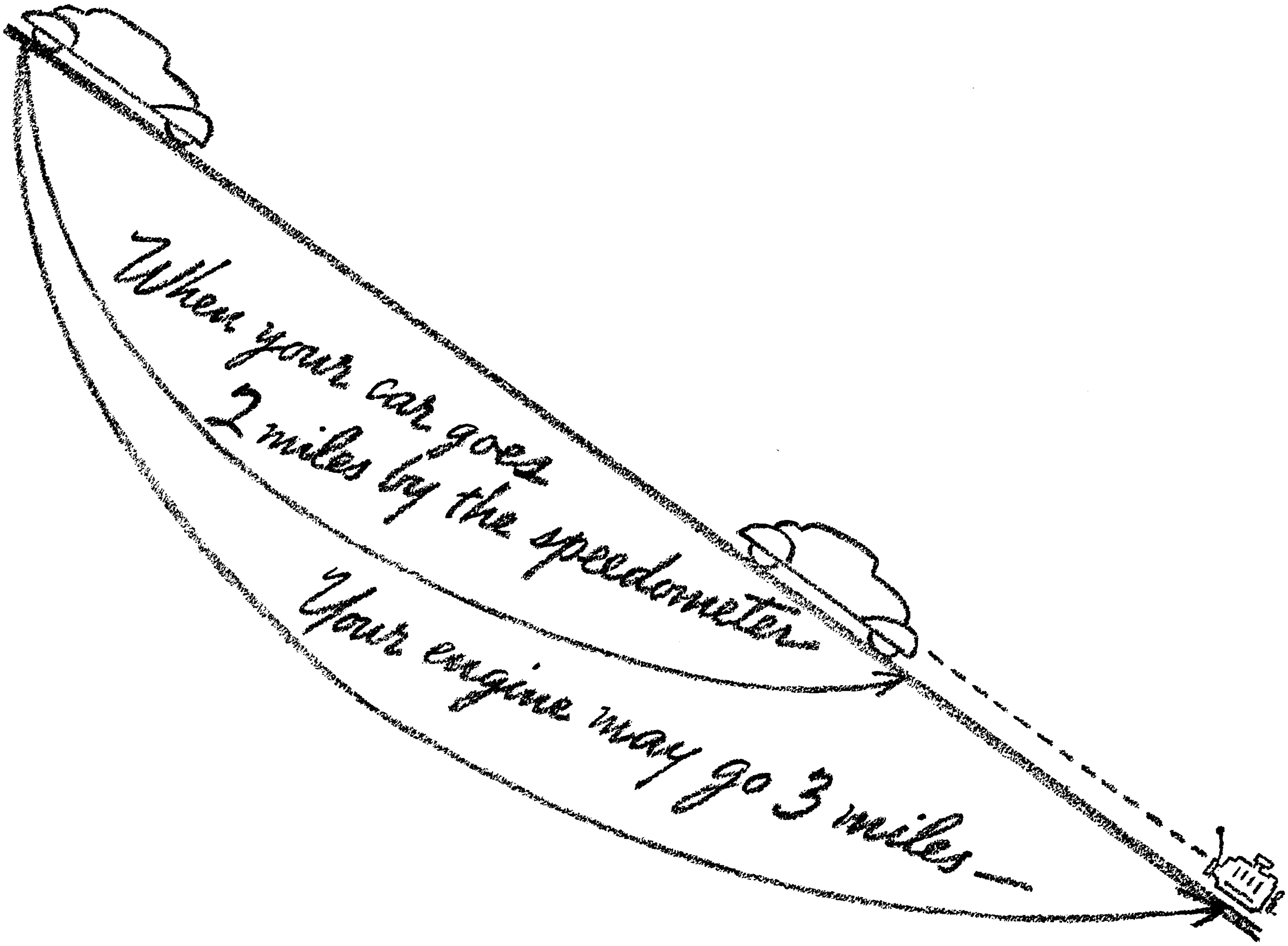
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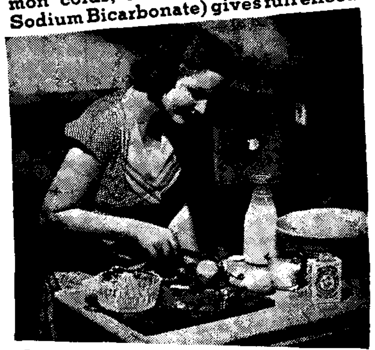

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(Please print name and address)

The footsteps were approaching rapidly, carelessly, clattering on the bare boards of the hall.

Mr. Gaffney's voice came from the hall, speaking loudly and cheerfully.

"It looks like we're getting a break," Mr. Gaffney was saying. "The boys say they beat it in that boat. I sent the boys down the road. It looks like it's all clear. You done fine. All we need's a little time now. The boys will handle everything."

Mr. Gaffney walked quickly into the room and Miss Brooke moved more uncertainly behind him. The merry expression still lingered at the corner of Mr. Gaffney's lips.

"So," said Mr. Gaffney, "so—"

"So what?" John Thorne asked him.

Mr. Gaffney's voice grew louder.

"You got a nerve, bud. I'll hand it to you. So you never saw this house before, didn't you? And now the little lady says you know it inside out. You even know what's back of the paper on the wall. So you still say you come from a museum, do you? That's your story, is it?"

"Yes," John Thorne answered, "that's my story."

"Well, it's a nice one," Mr. Gaffney said, "and it got me and it got the little lady here. You thought you could snoop, did you, while I was around outside? How do you think I've lived so long, if I wasn't wise?"

Mr. Gaffney's yellow-green eyes looked ugly.

"I'm sure I don't know," John Thorne answered, "and I don't much care."

"You will, though," said Mr. Gaffney. "You came here to get it. Well, go and get it now. Get it quick—but hand it to me and not Tonelli."

"Get what?" John Thorne asked.

"You know what's coming to you," Mr. Gaffney said. "You're going to get it for *me* now, and not for him, or do you want me to call the boys?"

John Thorne's instinct told him that it was necessary to keep calm, that calmness and composure were elements that Mr. Gaffney understood.

"Don't you get excited," he said. "If you tell me what you mean by 'it,' I might be able to help you. Right now you're just a puzzle, Mr. Gaffney."

Mr. Gaffney smiled cynically.

"Wise guy, ain't you?" he said. "Excited, am I? Dutch said it was in the old cellar. What does he mean by the old cellar? I'm asking you, and you know."

"Perhaps the cellar was changed sometime," John Thorne suggested, "but I still don't know what you're talking about."

"Can it," said Mr. Gaffney gently. "You're going to take me down to it right now. Why do you think I left the little lady in here with you? Because I wanted her—"

MR. GAFFNEY'S voice stopped as suddenly as though it had been checked by an invisible soundproof wall. Mr. Jacks had stepped from behind the door with an automatic in his hand and it was directed at Mr. Gaffney's midsection. Mr. Jacks' voice was quiet and precise with the impersonal politeness of a waiter's.

"Hello, Gaffney," Mr. Jacks said.

For an instant time seemed to have stopped in Lord Budge's study and they all stood there like the figures in a tableau at a church social. Doris Brooke stood white and motionless at Mr. Gaffney's right hand. John Thorne could see the handle of the pistol in her overall pocket, and he remembered wondering if Mr. Jacks had noticed it. Whether he had or not, Doris Brooke was in hot water. He saw Mr. Gaffney glance at Doris Brooke for just an instant and he even had time to wonder what Mr. Gaffney was thinking. Mr. Gaffney's lips curled up and after the first instant he did not appear surprised.

"What's your business, mister?" he asked. "How do you know my name?"

"Department of Justice," said Mr. Jacks. "You got four killers outside. You're going to get rid of them—and then we're going to talk."

Mr. Gaffney seemed relieved. The tenseness eased about his shoulders. He tossed his hand forward in a careless, welcoming gesture.

"Is that so?" he said. "I thought you was working for somebody else."

Then John Thorne had visual proof of why Mr. Gaffney had lived so long. The man must have had the quickness and the eye and the timing of a snake. There must have been an opportunity in some fraction of a second revealed to his eye alone, for he moved in a flash, so quickly that John Thorne never saw when he started. In one instant Mr. Gaffney had been relaxed and cheerful; in the next he was in front of Mr. Jacks, holding Mr. Jacks' wrist with the pistol directed downward.

"Get out of here, Wonderful," he was calling. "It's the pay-off." And Mr. Gaffney and Mr. Jacks fell crashing to the floor.

"Get out," called Mr. Gaffney again. "I'm giving you your break."

Mr. Gaffney had done a brave thing, and Doris Brooke must have realized it. She had not started to run when he told her; instead she was pulling at her overall pocket.

"Tom," she called. "Here, Tom." John Thorne wrenched the pistol out of her hand. He shoved her aside with a sweep of his arms, and bent over the two men on the floor. Mr. Gaffney and Mr. Jacks were struggling for possession of the weapon, grimly, scientifically, each keeping a grip on the other's wrist. Holding the pistol that he had taken from Miss Brooke, John Thorne pointed it at Mr. Gaffney's head.

"Hold still," he said. And Mr. Gaffney saw him. He let go of Mr. Jacks.

"Beat it," he shouted again.

SHE ran out of the room. John Thorne heard her running down the hall, as Mr. Jacks scrambled to his feet.

"Give me that gun," he said.

Mr. Jacks' words came in short, breathless gasps. "Go out and catch that girl. Get her out of here; I'll handle this one, son. Git! Don't stand here. Git!"

"There're more outside," began John Thorne.

"I'll handle them," said Mr. Jacks. "Now beat it."

It would have taken the combined points of view of several witnesses to have described that scene, and moreover, his viewpoint had no perspective of experience. It had all occurred too swiftly to set the seconds into sequence. All sorts of thoughts crowded into John Thorne's mind without reason or order as he darted into the hall. He saw Doris Brooke at the same instant; she was struggling with the door at the rear of the broad hallway. She had just managed to get it open before he reached it, and he followed her out into a damp tangle of weeds and a gray world of fog.

She was not ten yards ahead of him, running, but the fog was so heavy that she was indistinct already. He started after her, stumbled and fell and picked himself up. She was running across the remains of the old garden, straight to the north, away from the house. She must have been frightened, because without bothering to pick her way, she ran blindly into a tangle of rosebushes. He thought they might stop her until he reached her, but she wrenched herself free. He thought that he was going to catch her again a few moments later; instead he was tripped up by a log in the long grass to fall headlong with his breath half knocked out of him. She had almost disappeared in the fog when he was up again.

THEY were alone between gray curtains after that, running through a nightmare world, past a ruined summerhouse, through an orchard the trees of which seemed dead, through a hayfield and out into barren upland pasture. He did not seem to be gaining on her for a long while. There was a time when he thought that she would outrun him, but finally he saw her falter. He gained a yard and another yard until he could hear her gasping for breath.

"It won't do any good to keep this up," he called. "I can catch you."

She ran on more slowly and still more slowly until he got his hand on her shoulder.

"Stop," he said. "This doesn't do any good."

She must have understood him, because she stopped, and both of them stood for a while struggling for breath. Then John Thorne had an impulse to laugh, but he checked it when he looked at her.

"So that's what comes of playing with naughty boys," he said.

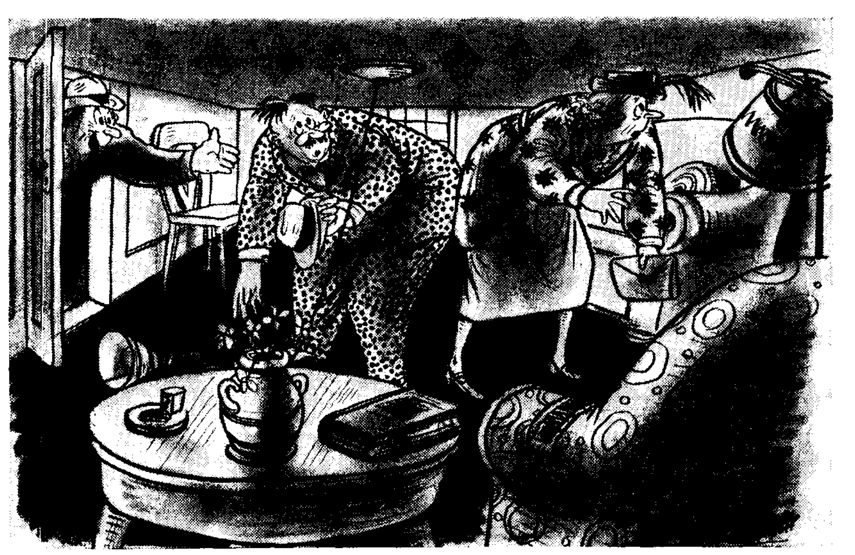
There was a kind of stolid hopelessness about her as she stood there struggling for her breath.

"Go ahead and take me back," she said. "I suppose I'm under arrest."

"You flatter me," John Thorne said. "I have never been taken for a cop before."

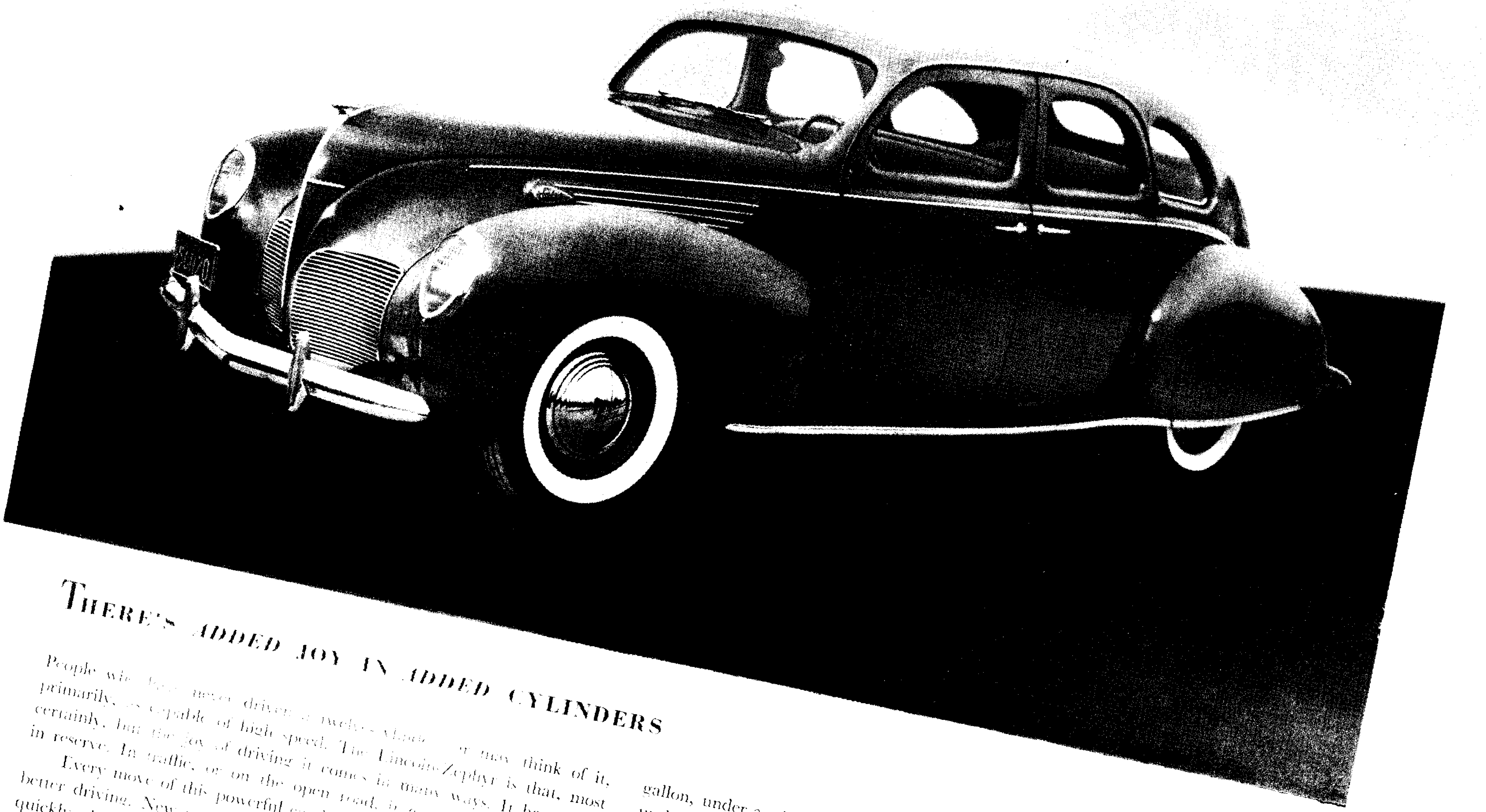
She turned toward him with a patient sort of expression.

"Then who are you?" she said. "Why are you here sticking your nose in this if it's none of your concern?"



"You can have this one a little cheaper—the people upstairs put in a sunken living room"

FRANK OWEN



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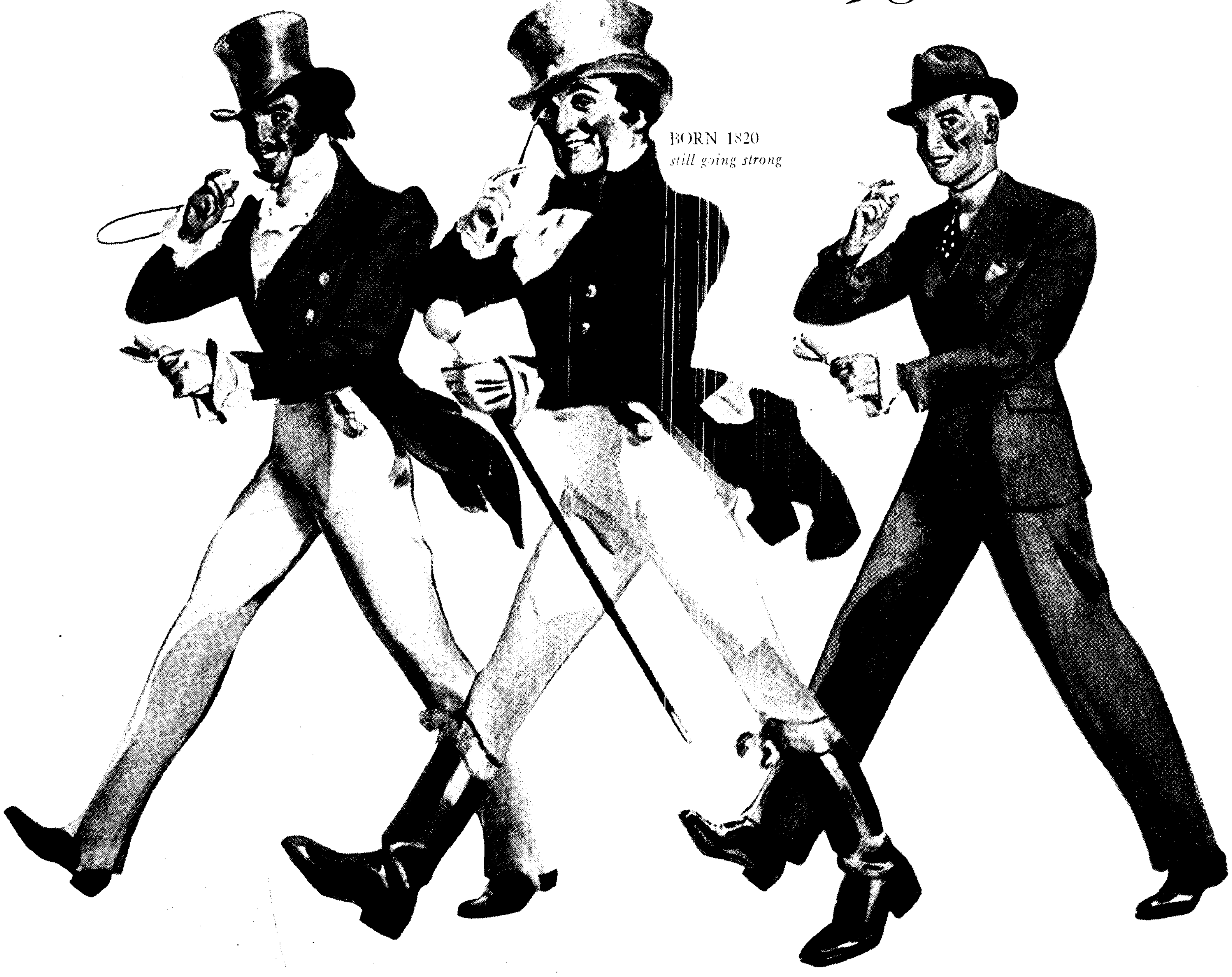

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"You never will believe me, will you?" John Thorne asked. "Does everyone lie to you, Miss Brooke, or have you got a guilty conscience? I am exactly what I said I was. Mr. Godfrey Brindox—you remember Mr. Brindox, don't you?—wants a Federalist dining room for the American wing of his museum. I didn't know the house had you and a nest of gunmen in it."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"That's a silly question," John Thorne told her. "You wouldn't ask it if you knew me better. I'm going to get away from here as soon as I can. I've got a car on the other side of these marshes, and I'm going to take you in it to the railroad station, Miss Brooke. Then we're going to take the first train out."

"Why?" she asked. "You needn't worry about me."

"I know I needn't," John Thorne admitted. "We never know what we'll do in a given situation, do we? I suppose we're the same type of person, a superficial type, but sympathetic, and besides I like you, Miss Brooke—pure accident, I suppose. I liked you the first time I saw you. I never thought I'd see you again."

"I never thought I'd see you either," she answered.

"So you remembered me?" John Thorne asked, and the question seemed important. "You did remember?"

"Yes," she answered, "I remembered. You were just as sure of yourself then as you've been today."

"Not really," John Thorne said. "Don't you know that people who are sure of themselves are never really sure? . . . Ready to start walking?"

"Yes," she said.

"How can we get to the main road?"

"You'll have to cross the causeway," she answered, "unless you want to swim. There's a salt creek all around the island."

"All right," John Thorne said. "Where's the causeway?"

SHE looked around her, but there was nothing to see except a few square yards of rocky field and bayberry bushes. The fog had shut out everything.

"I don't know where we are," she said. "I've never been here in the fog."

She had lowered her voice, perhaps unconsciously, and he could understand why. The fog had produced a sense of solitude and mystery; there was a clammy, dreamlike silence in it, which contained nothing but uncertainty. They were lost, as far as he was concerned. There was no landmark to guide them; he could not even recollect the direction from which they had started.

"The marsh is straight ahead," John Thorne said. "Come on."

They walked into the gray curtain, down an uneven slope, and as far as his eyes could tell him they might have been in Africa, or nearing the Persian desert. He had never realized before the importance of familiar landscape as a background. Now, when it was gone, all the things that one half noticed but subconsciously relied upon were gone with it. He remembered the philosophical theory that nothing existed except what was in range of the individual's sight and touch and hearing, and now almost nothing existed. He could certainly vouch for nothing, except for an occasional rock or shrub and for a few feet of ground beneath their feet, and for Miss Brooke who walked beside him. Yet that morning he had started out on a perfectly rational errand.

HE HAD spoken confidently about the marsh being straight ahead, but he began to doubt his sureness as they kept on walking. He remembered that persons who were lost always wandered in a circle. There must have been acre after acre of upland, which had been used for grazing once and which was now a half-abandoned wilderness.

"Are you sure you're going toward the marsh?" Miss Brooke said.

"The sea is over there," John Thorne answered, "and the road is over there. Where else could we be going?"

She did not answer, and they walked on for a while without speaking.

"So you're really going to help me?" she said.

"Yes," said John Thorne. "I don't think you are able to help yourself here any longer, and you don't have to thank me."

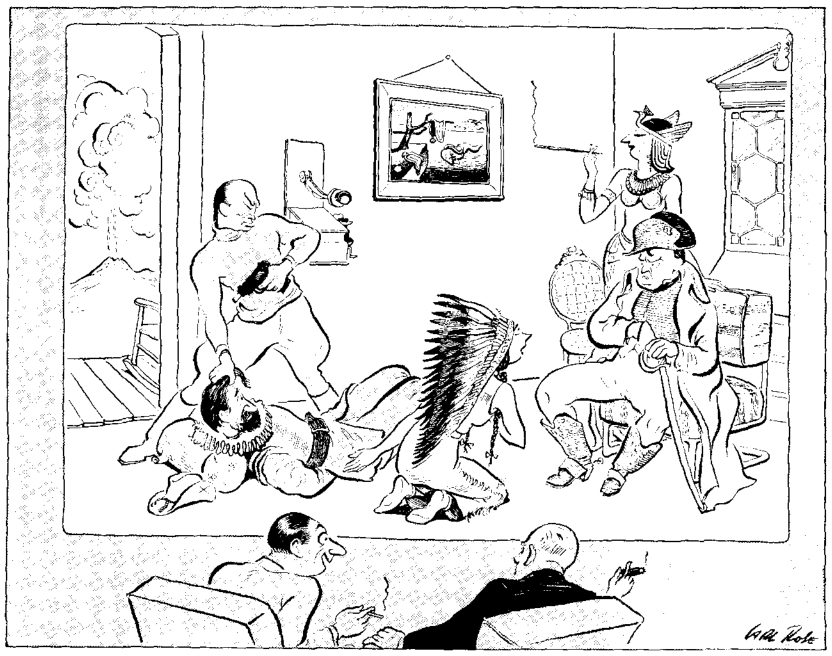
"I don't suppose you'd believe it if I told you that I don't know much more than you do," she said.

"Don't bother," John Thorne told her.

"All right," she said, "if that's the way you feel."

There was another silence. The ground was growing more level and boggy underfoot, and John Thorne paused and faced her.

"I suppose I'm making a fool of myself," he said, "but you can send me about my business, if you want to. Are you in love with that fantastic friend of yours, Mr. Gaffney?"



"From here on, we threw the script away and began to improvise"

CARL ROSE

He thought she would be angry, but instead she smiled at him, one of the few times he had seen her smile.

"Does that really worry you?" she asked.

"It's worried me," John Thorne replied, "ever since I set eyes on Mr. Gaffney. I hope it isn't true, that's all."

"You needn't make fun of Tom Gaffney," she said. "He's one of the best friends anyone ever had. Don't run him down."

"He handles himself well," John Thorne said. "He's like an acrobat."

"He's probably worth two or three of you," she answered. "If you're curious, suppose I tell you I met him in a speak-easy. I met him quite a while ago."

John Thorne began to laugh. "I almost forgot that nice girls once went to speak-easies. I suppose nice girls met lots of funny people then."

"Yes," said Miss Brooke stiffly, "it used to be a liberal education, even in the places right off the Avenue. I don't suppose I went there more than anybody else. We all used to go there. It used to be fun."

"Yes," said John Thorne, "lots of fun."

Miss Brooke sniffed, and her eyes and mouth looked dangerous.

"Excuse me," John Thorne said with exaggerated politeness. "If I don't see the charm of Mr. Gaffney, it's because I'm obtuse. I suppose that crook is just a boy at heart."

And then he staggered backward with his hand against his cheek. Miss Brooke had slapped his face.

"So that's the way you feel," John Thorne said.

"Yes," she answered, "that's the way I feel."

John Thorne shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said, "I'm through. Go on back to Gaffney." And he turned on his heel and walked away.

A strange mixture of emotions made him walk rapidly for a minute. He had acted out of infantile pique, but he knew that cold reason would not have stopped him. It was incredible, but it was the truth that he was jealous of Mr. Gaffney. He walked for another minute before he stopped. He could still feel the smart where her hand had met his cheek.

"So she met him in a speak-easy," he muttered. He hoped that she might be following him, but there was no sign of her in the curtain of the fog.

"Well," he said, "that's that." And he walked on for a while across the soggy ground toward a clump of alders before he stopped again, and then he saw her.

"Hello," he said.

"Were you coming back to look for me?" she asked.

WHEN John Thorne did not answer, she moved toward him quickly and put her hand on his arm.

"Don't go away," she said; "please don't go away again."

Her voice sounded like a child's that was afraid of the dark. It spoke to him of all sorts of things, of fear and of relief.

"Were you looking for me, too?" he asked.

"Of course I was," she answered. "I'd rather not go back."

His arms were around her without his knowing how they got there and her head was on his shoulder and she was sobbing.

"It's going to be all right," he found himself saying. "Everything's all right."

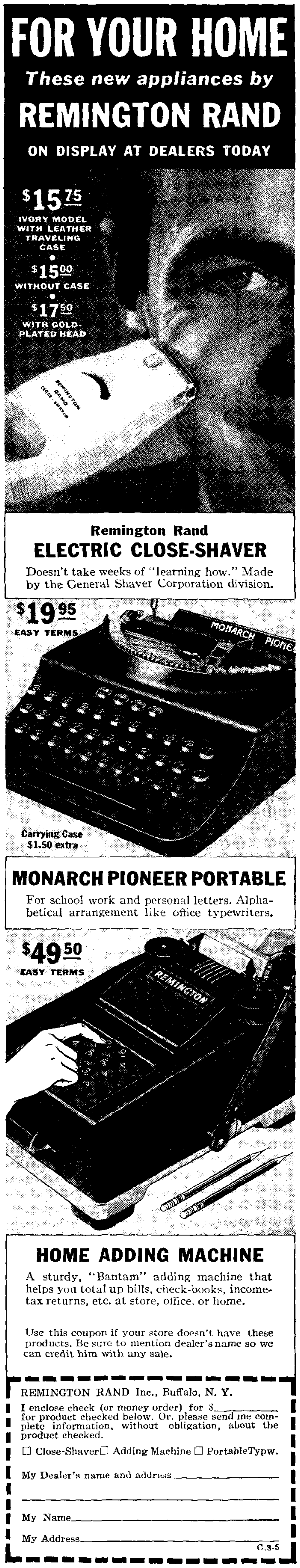
She tried to steady her voice while he held her.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she said.

"There's nothing the matter," he told her, "you're being sensible for the first time in a long while."

She drew away from him.

"I don't know how this ever hap-



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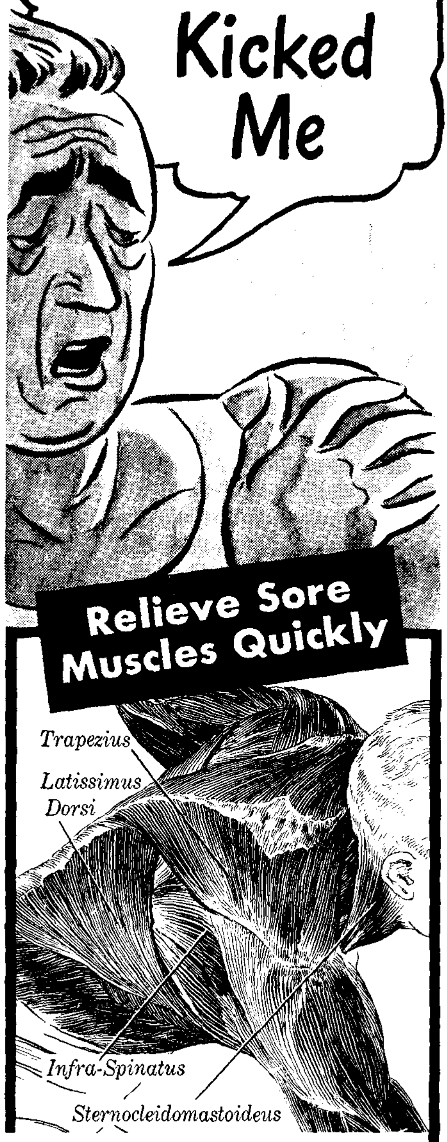

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pened," she said. "You don't think it's because we're both overwrought?"

"No," John Thorne said. "I was never calmer in my life."

"You don't look so," she said. "I always liked the way you looked, but just the same I was probably right."

"About what?" John Thorne asked her.

"About Tom Gaffney. He's probably worth three times what you are. Don't say anything mean about him. He lent my father fifty thousand dollars when nobody else would, nobody at all. It meant we didn't go into bankruptcy. It meant—"

Her words continued so hurriedly that he could not stop her.

"I ought to tell you. Everything will be better, if you only let me tell you. I've always tried to be honest with everyone. I want you to know I've been, no matter what happens afterward."

"Of course you're honest," said John Thorne. "I've got a lot of things to tell about myself, too. We can tell each other some time later."

"No," she insisted. "I want to tell you now. It's like life insurance, in case anything happens. You remember George's in the Fifties, off Fifth Avenue? We used to go there sometimes, a whole crowd of boys and girls, the year after I came out. It used to be fun, going there and talking to strange people. Everybody spoke to everybody else. Tom Gaffney used to come there in the late afternoon. The boys in our crowd used to think he was funny. Did you notice how pleased he was when you spoke about his clothes? He always wanted to do the right thing, and to be correct. He used to pay for everything when he was there. He always wanted to buy champagne and caviar, just so he could talk to us, and he was never rude. He always tried to be so polite, and everybody laughed at him behind his back, except me. He was just like a little boy sometimes. He called me 'Wonderful.' "

She paused and then she imitated the drawling coolness of Mr. Gaffney's voice.

" 'Wonderful,' he said, 'if you're ever in a jam, here's my private phone number. Say who you are and that you want to speak to Gaffney. It would be a pleasure to help you if you were ever in a jam.' "

"Like Aesop's Fables," John Thorne remarked, but he could understand her.

THERE was an honesty about her that would not have stopped at social differences, and he understood Tom Gaffney even better. He could sympathize with that romantic and lonely longing to be different.

"So that was all," he said. "You never knew a thing about him?"

"No," she said, "I never really knew a thing. He never talked about himself. He was always polite and quiet, never forward, never pushing. He disappeared like all this life when prohibition was over, and I never saw him after that. I never even thought of him until—you remember when all the banks were closing—my father needed fifty thousand dollars. It was something about bank stock and everything he had was up as collateral. I hadn't seen him for a long while, but I called up Tom Gaffney's number. It was a chance—the only one that I could think of. He met me on the corner of 44th Street in five minutes. He was in a big, black limousine. He had a cane and chamois gloves, and he was wearing a gardenia in his buttonhole. I told him that my father needed fifty thousand dollars."

"And what did Gaffney say?" John Thorne asked.

"I won't ever forget him. He didn't bat an eye. He just waved his stick toward the limousine."

" 'Get in, Wonderful,' he said. 'If your old man wants fifty grand from me, I guess he wants it quick. I don't want a note. I said I'd help you when you were in a jam, didn't I? Some day you can help me, maybe, when I am in a jam.' "

"Was that all?" John Thorne asked.

She nodded.

"He lent it the way you might lend a friend a dollar. When I telephoned a week later, his number didn't answer. I never heard from him until two months ago when he called me up and asked me to meet him downtown. Of course I met him. You would have, wouldn't you?"

She paused again and stared into the fog.

"I don't go back on friends. I never go back on friends. I haven't begun to explain to you what that money meant. Of course, I met him. I had to see him at any rate. I had to tell him that we weren't able to pay that money back."

"What did he say?" John Thorne asked.

"He was awfully nice about it. He told me to forget about it, that it was just a favor. And he said I could do him one in return right now, a big favor."

" 'I want you to buy a house for me, Wonderful,' he said. 'I want you to front for me. It won't get you in wrong.' "

"SO THAT'S why you came here?" John Thorne asked.

"Yes, that's why," she said. "I've been here for two weeks, because he wanted me to stay. He was anxious for me to start fixing the place up. And then I had a wire from him saying that he was arriving this morning with friends, just for the day. You may not believe me, but that's all I know about him. There was some reason why he didn't want to buy the house himself. I don't know what he wants it for, I still don't. But there's one thing—"

"What?" John Thorne asked.

"I'm sure he didn't expect any of this to happen. He told me so."

"Who killed that man named Dutch?" John Thorne asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "I don't know any more than you."

John Thorne frowned.

"Are you still going to try to help me?" she asked. "Do you believe me or don't you?"

John Thorne sighed. "I believe you," he said. "No one could make up a story like that. It's too impossible not to be true. Besides, I would believe you anyway."

"Why?" she asked.

"I don't know why," he answered, "but I would." He paused, and then he added. "You certainly are in trouble."

"I know I am," she agreed, "but I'd do it all over again, if I had to. It only makes us even. I try to pay my debts."

"It looks as though you more than paid them," John Thorne said, "but you're all right now. I'm going to take you home, and you'd better start forgetting everything as quickly as you can."

"Not everything," she said. "You're being very nice."

"Oh, no, I'm not," John Thorne said. "I'm having a good time. It's different from making churns into cocktail shakers."

"Making what?" she asked.

"Never mind," he said, "it's worth remembering."

NOW that he was leaving the island it occurred to him that everything was worth remembering—Doris Brooke and Mr. Gaffney, everything. It all was getting farther behind them every step they took, and every step they took gave value to the memory. It had been something to have lived through, and for once he had been alive. He might see her afterward, but when they met in their ordinary lives it would not be the same.

"You're still afraid of him," he said. "Don't be frightened any more."

"I'm not as much as I was," she said. "I hope I didn't act like a coward."

It was strange how quickly values changed. A little while ago he had been seeking some kind of security, and now he no longer wanted it. He had actually enjoyed those moments of hazard that had passed by him in the palace of Lord Robert Budge.

They walked for a long while without speaking. They knew they were near the marsh before they saw it, for a cloud of mosquitoes came to meet them. Buzzing and biting, they prevented all further talk, but John Thorne was glad to see them, because he knew that the causeway could be reached by skirting the marsh edge.

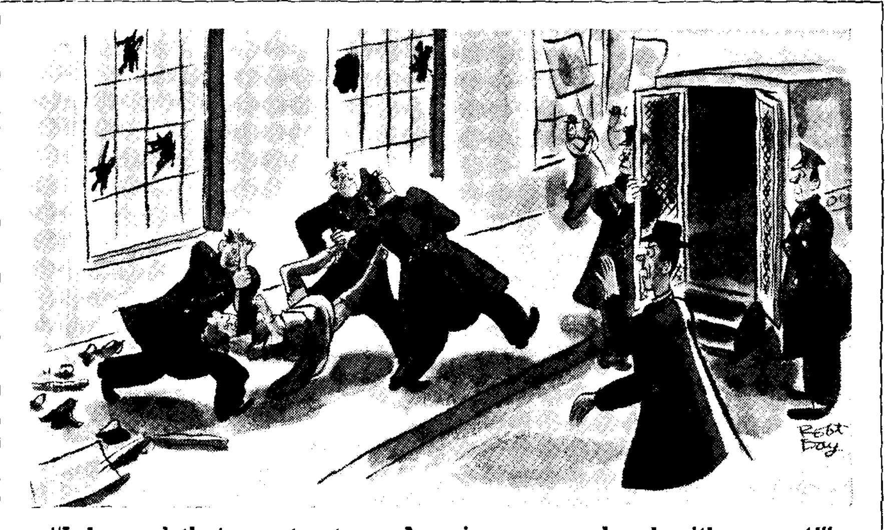
He could see the marsh stretching level into the curtain of the fog and the outline of the island stood at his left hand, as blurred as a Turner watercolor. The trees and rocks seemed to move backward and forward as they walked by. A pair of wild ducks rose from a misty pool in front of them, and he started childishly at the sound of their wings.

It must have been fifteen minutes before they reached the causeway, the same lonely, rutted track that he remembered, stretching straight across the marsh. They were off the island, and he did not know whether he was glad or sorry.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked him.

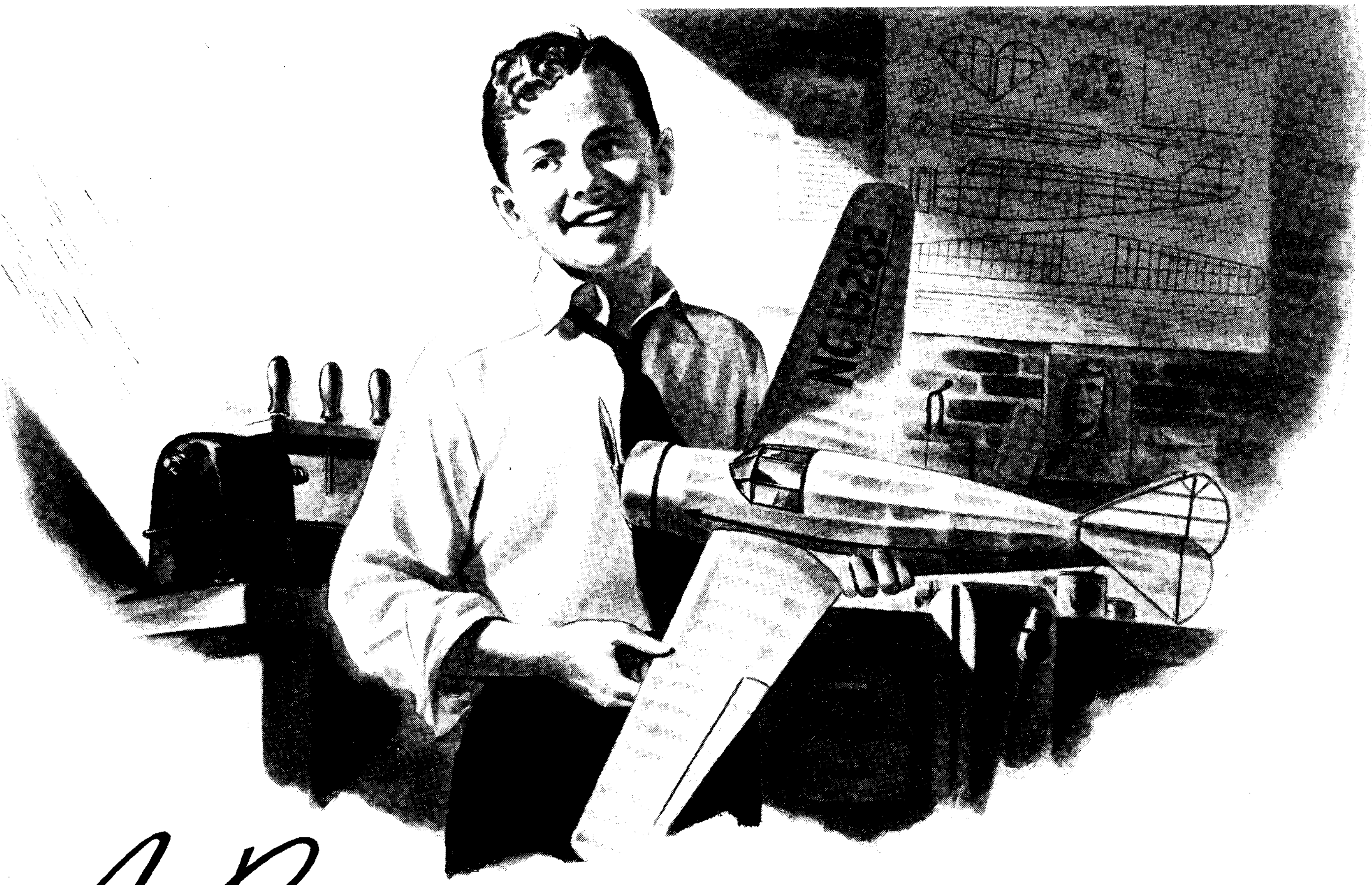
"Just about the future," John Thorne said. "Mr. Brindox offered me a job if I would get him a Federalist dining room, and there it is in back of us, waiting for him, and now I don't know that I care. I don't know that I want the job."

(To be continued next week)



"I demand that you treat our American womanhood with respect!"

ROBERT DAY



A Boy . . . TEN THOUSAND YEARS OLD

"Hey, Dad! Come 'ere quick! Look . . . It'll FLY! Don't you believe it? I'll SHOW you!"

DON'T listen to the statesmen, the economists, the diplomats—read the future of America in the eyes of that boy of yours. For, packed between his ears is the wisdom of the ages. In his brief span he has been more places, seen more things, *lived more years* than the whole of mankind before him.

With all his mathematics, did Euclid ever figure out the dihedral angle of an airplane? With all his wisdom, could Solomon flip a switch and turn midnight into day, or twist a knob and hear a whisper from the other side of the world? Well—young America HAS!

Just wait till these mechanical-minded little shavers of ours get into our laboratories and our factories and start doing their stuff—shucks, this country hasn't even started!

◆ ◆ ◆

America has forever proved the power of mind over matter. Early in the game, we realized that cogwheels don't get tired—that it's plain stupid to do anything with your hands that you can do better and cheaper and faster with your head—that the whole theory of a muscle-bound civilization is all wrong. So we turned the heavy work over to machinery, and sat down to THINK!

Result: Living standards above and beyond the wildest imaginings of man! Labor, glorified! A whole nation, expanded by mass production, into one great *privileged class!* And, withal, a steel reinforced social system, too tough and sound for any man or circumstance ever to topple over.

◆ ◆ ◆

Down in the basement, tinkering away at his workbench, there is a bright-eyed, mechanical-minded youngster, with the America of tomorrow in his hands. To him, the future is just a beautiful, high-powered plane—perfectly engineered—perfectly built—full of gas and ready to go—to heights and to distances never before dreamed or dared by man. And LINK-BELT, for one, isn't afraid to ride with him.

This is the third of a series of advertisements published in the belief that there is more to Business than just selling goods—

LINK-BELT COMPANY

The Leading Manufacturer of Equipment for Handling Materials and Transmitting Power

CHICAGO • INDIANAPOLIS • PHILADELPHIA
ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO

7290

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Capitol Cowboy

Continued from page 38

summoned to the office of the Secretary of the Interior. Ickes then proceeded to put the wide-eyed cowhand on the carpet, reprimanding him for having dared to speak without getting proper bureaucratic authorization.

Later Carpenter made a speech at Reno, Nevada, explaining the grazing act to an audience of leather-skinned gents from the prairie. He thought he would talk their language, inspire confidence by demonstrating that he was one of them. "Boys," he began, "I've just come back from the big county seat down on the Potomac, and . . ." Among other homilies, he opined that "trying to speed up a bureaucrat is like throwing sand in the gears—it stops him cold." The speech was a roaring success, but "Ferry's" satisfaction died ingloriously when he got back to the big county seat. He discovered he'd been fired. He was accused of insulting the department.

He was accused also of not hiring enough employees and of not spending enough money. The charges were not phrased that way, of course, but that's what they meant, and in Washington they constituted two heinous offenses. The dismissal might have stuck anyhow, such was the rancor against him, had the cowmen not whooped up one big crescendo of complaint, and had the 1936 presidential election not been right at hand. Ickes had to take it all back.

Subbing for Cupid

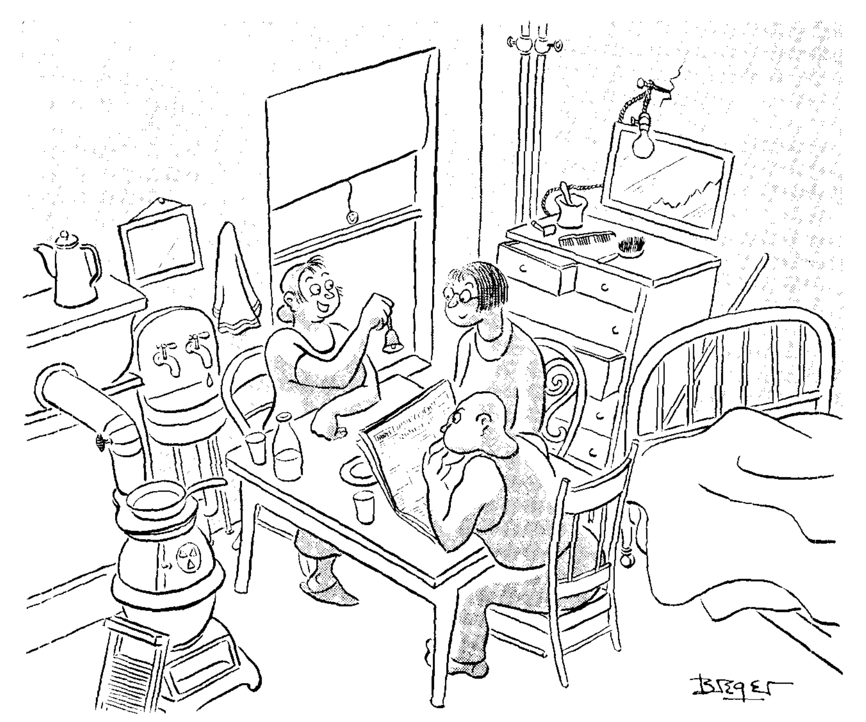
Seldom do federal officials minimize their own importance, but Carpenter definitely debunks himself and his position. His job, he says, is not particularly tremendous nor was the range in such bad shape when he got it. Further, he actually told Congress he had been given too much money and was grateful when his budget was cut $100,000.

Carpenter is a self-made cowboy. He had every opportunity to be a dude. He was born in Evanston, Illinois, in 1886, when it was little more than a fashionable Chicago suburb. He was in high school when he first began to feel the call of the pastureland. He spent his summers on ranches in New Mexico and Colorado and found himself completely at home. Still struggling feebly to be a white-collar man, he went to Princeton. He never quite belonged, however. He could sing endless verses of "Goodby, Old Paint," fiddling his own accompaniment, but he couldn't seem to master the rhythm of "Old Nassau."

As soon as he was twenty-one, Ferry filed a claim on the 160-acre homestead that is the nucleus of his present holdings. With his own Princetonian hands he built a log house, a barn, fences and corrals. He still lives in the house. Then he tried once more to reform, going to Harvard for a law course. But he returned to the ranch and admitted his downfall by putting up his lawyer's shingle in Hayden. From this dizzy background Ferry evolved the ideas that Washington found so hard to grasp.

And in his own home town, once desolate and forsaken, he has been the inspiration and energy behind the construction of a sewer system, a modern high school and a hospital. For a while he was even running the disguised equivalent of a matrimonial bureau, persuading young Eastern girls to come to Hayden to teach in the new school, and helping them fall in love with lonely cowpunchers. He succeeded so well subbing for Cupid that he got a wife himself from the system. He organized everything from Boy Scouts to school boards, and became such a very prominent citizen that he was elected district attorney of four counties. Having established a record for roughing up criminals, he quit the $3,000 post in 1932 to run for the $800-a-year job as attorney for his home county of Routt. The sacrifice was a flop, however, because he was an independent Republican and he "got the pants licked off me in the Roosevelt landslide."

Two years later he was brought to Washington. The town's starched-shirt flumdiddles choke him. He himself wears the most violent clothes. He once appeared before a committee in a red shirt and yellow tie, and was promptly accused by other Interior officials of attempting to be picturesque to please the congressmen. Nothing could have been farther from his mind. He was just being himself.



"Just lookit this bell he bought me in case sometime we have a maid!"

IRV BREGER

"SAY SIS— HOW DID THEY EVER GET ALONG WITHOUT KLEENEX*?"

● Everybody's using Kleenex Disposable Tissues for handkerchiefs during colds; to remove face creams and cosmetics; to dust and polish; for kitchen use; for the baby; and for countless other uses.

During colds, Kleenex soothes tender noses—saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. These disposable tissues tend to hold germs, thus check the spread of colds through the family. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all. . . . Buy Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box to end tissue waste and mess. Life's too short to fumble with clumsy boxes—to tolerate inferior tissues that can't compare with Kleenex. Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue Box . . . contains 200 sheets, now 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room and for your car!

New! KLEENEX LIPSTICK TISSUES for handbag and dressing table. End lipstick stains on towels, gloves, hankies! 12 packs, Cellophane-wrapped, only 20c.

BUY KLEENEX* IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

it Saves as it Serves—one double tissue at a time

Pull a double tissue...

next one pops-up ready for use

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

Sunset Voyage

Continued from page 23

"Okay, pal. *Arigato,*" said the operator.

Larkin went to change his clothes.

The door of his cabin resisted his first attempts to open it. The jamb seemed to be swollen, sticking near the threshold. He applied his shoulder, pushed. The door gave a few inches, but something was still dragging against the bottom. Larkin pushed again, opened wide enough so that he could step inside the cabin. Then he saw what had been holding the door.

General Juan Rodriguez was lying on the floor. He appeared to be wearing a crimson shirt. His white beard was flecked with crimson, and there was crimson splashed on the blankets of the lower berth. In the angle of the general's outstretched arm was a dark stain, wet and glistening on the rug.

Larkin jammed his thumb against the bell until he heard the footsteps of the steward on the deck.

He bent over the inert figure of the general, slipped both hands under his shoulders, propped him against the edge of the berth. As he did so, the gleam of metal caught his eye. The general had been lying on an open straight-edge razor.

Larkin snatched up the razor, examined it closely.

"I'll be damned!" he exclaimed.

A FAINT gurgling sound came from the doorway.

"*Koroshimashita!*" muttered the steward, staring goggle-eyed into the cabin.

"Call Dr. Bioki!" Larkin ordered.

At the same moment, General Rodriguez groaned. His eyes fluttered open, fixed Larkin with a blank look of horror.

"*Ladron!*" he murmured. "*Asesino!*"

"Take it easy, General," said Larkin.

Plump, squat Dr. Bioki bustled over the threshold, made a series of clucking noises as he began his professional examination of the groaning general.

A group of passengers had begun to gather in the passageway outside. Larkin saw Willowby, Cuttle, Mrs. Greeve, two Japanese passengers, the steward, two sailors. And above their heads, at the open porthole of stateroom "D" across the passageway, he saw the face of Dorothy Bonner.

The girl's long gray-blue eyes, straining to see past the crowd at the cabin door, were almost round with an emotion Larkin could not quite define. Horror, perhaps. Surprise, certainly. And, more than that, dread, apprehension. . . .

"These man," General Rodriguez moaned, "these man ees trying for keel me! These man ees robbing me."

Larkin turned to see whom the general was accusing. He saw a shaking, bony finger pointing straight at himself.

"*Shizaku-ni!*" Dr. Bioki cautioned his patient. "Not talking, now, please. For cut necks, talking is not goot."

He gave an order in Japanese, and two sailors came in, lifted the wounded general, carried him into the passageway that led to the dining saloon.

Dr. Bioki remained behind an instant. He stood in front of Larkin.

"Please," he said. "Give."

Then Larkin realized for the first time that he was still holding the blood-reddened razor. He handed it to the grizzled doctor, who bowed and bustled out.

Larkin immediately stepped across the passageway. The porthole of stateroom "D" was closed. Larkin rapped.

Dorothy Bonner pushed open the port with the palm of her hand. The fingers held a lipstick.

"All right, Dorothy," said Larkin. "Tell Glen. Who did it?"

"Who did what?" The girl's look of innocence was almost convincing.

"Who," Larkin asked, "has been trying to perform a tonsilectomy on General Rodriguez?"

"How should I know?"

"You have a pretty good view from this porthole."

"I've been changing into some dry shoes and stockings," said Dorothy. "I haven't been watching the neighbors."

"Are you sure you didn't see anybody go into my cabin? Not even me?"

The girl didn't reply at once. Using the thick glass of the port for a mirror, she applied a final deft stroke of lipstick.

"I'll take my third guess now," she then said. "You're a detective."

"Wrong."

"Then why are you so interested in what happened to General Rodriguez?"

"Because the instinct of self-preservation has always been very strong among us Larkins. And, after all, mayhem has just been committed in my stateroom."

"How does that affect you?" the girl asked.

"I'm very much afraid," said Larkin, "that whoever took a swipe at General Rodriguez has the mistaken idea that I'm mixed up in whatever business is taking the general to Japan. He went through my luggage last night, looking for confirmation. And not finding any, he thought he'd play safe by making it look as though *I* carved up the general."

"How do you know all this, Glen?"

"I don't *know*," admitted Larkin. "But it's a good guess. The deadly weapon used on the general happens to be my razor—stolen by someone who broke open my suitcase."

The girl stared at him. "Last night?"

"Yes, last night."

Dorothy reached one slender hand through the port to touch his cheek. The tapering fingers lingered a brief, caressing instant before they withdrew. She lowered her eyelids. Larkin noticed that the long lashes curled slightly.

"Then how," she asked softly, "did you manage to shave this morning?"

LARKIN laughed. "I use a safety razor," he explained, "but since I have a lifelong habit of running out of blades whenever there's no drugstore or barbershop within fifty miles, I always carry an old-fashioned straight-edge for emergencies."

"I see. And what is this emergency of General Rodriguez's that you're suspected of being mixed up in?"

"I don't know," said Larkin, "but I think you do."

"I?"

"You. The first thing you did when we sailed from San Francisco was to look up General Rodriguez."

"That was a purely social call. I—"

"Yes, I remember you explained. A friend told you to look him up—at 1:30 in the morning. Who was the friend?"

Dorothy hesitated. "It's really none of your business," she said, "but his name is Pendenning."

"That wouldn't be Grover Pendenning, the New York attorney, would it?"

"Wouldn't it?" There was a trace of challenge in the girl's voice.

Before Larkin could meet the challenge, he felt someone tap him on the arm. Dr. Bioki was standing behind him, Larkin's razor clutched in his hand.

"Please," said Dr. Bioki, "we will on captain small visit ge-make."

"How's your patient, Doc?" Larkin asked.

"Not bad," said Dr. Bioki.

Morning-After EYES...

You can avoid them this *BEFORE* and *AFTER* way

MORNING-AFTER misery shows in your eyes. They look the way you feel . . . dull, heavy, sick. Why not *avoid* this agony—wake more clear-eyed and keener?

Take Bromo-Seltzer BEFORE you go to bed. While you sleep, it counteracts the causes of a morning-after headache . . . settles an overburdened stomach . . . soothes jumpy nerves . . . ALKALIZES!

Usually it helps you wake without a headache. AFTER you wake—to feel peppier—take another Bromo-Seltzer. It checks the effects of fatigue from late hours.

At drugstores and soda fountains everywhere. Keep Bromo-Seltzer on hand at home, too!

BROMO-SELTZER'S 5-WAY ACTION DOES IT
Helps Prevent—or Stop—Morning-After

RELIEVES HEADACHE
SETTLES STOMACH
SOOTHES NERVES
ALKALIZES
REFRESHES
EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

THEY USED TO CALL HIM "OLD SOUR PUSS"

LOOK at that healthy, happy grin! You'd never guess that just a little while ago he, too, was one of those dull, logy, irritable, unhappy victims *of constipation. Then he turned to* FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative—and what a difference it made! And no wonder—for FEEN-A-MINT not only removes waste, but guards against upsetting digestion too—in these 3 important ways:

1. **NO STOMACH UPSET** – With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there's nothing to burden digestion.
2. **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. **ACTS WHERE IT SHOULD** – FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine and works where it *should* – easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

You'll *enjoy* taking FEEN-A-MINT—and there's no griping, nausea, or weakening after-effect. Wonderful for the whole family—ideal for children. Get FEEN-A-MINT today at your druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 11, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

NO OTHER TYPE OF LAXATIVE CAN DO EXACTLY WHAT FEEN-A-MINT DOES

"I want RED HEART'S 3 Flavors"

● Taste variety helps to stimulate your dog's appetite . . . aid his digestion. He'll love all three flavors of RED HEART . . . beef, fish, and cheese. *Feed them in rotation.* RED HEART is laboratory-tested and kennel-proved, rich in essential vitamins and minerals. Contains Fleischmann's irradiated yeast. No cheap fillers! Start your dog or cat on RED HEART . . . now! John Morrell & Co., Ottumwa, Ia.

Guaranteed as advertised in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

RED HEART DOG FOOD

Three Flavors ● *Beef, Fish and Cheese*

TUNE IN BOB BECKER NBC RED, SUNDAYS 2 P.M., E.S.T.

"He lost a lot of blood," said Larkin.

"Bloot," countered Dr. Bioki with professional unconcern, "is for ladies scaring. Now, to captain, please."

"Yes, of course," said Larkin. As he walked away, he noted the fascinated gaze of Dorothy Bonner following the razor in the doctor's hand.

Larkin and Dr. Bioki mounted to the bridge, where three Japanese officers were squinting through sextants, trying for sights on the elusive, cloud-hidden disk of a recalcitrant sun. Beyond, Captain Fujiwara was in the charthouse. The master of the Kumo-maru was a dapper little man with small, apparently lidless eyes that sometimes glittered with canny humor. He was at the moment engaged in disbudding the potted azaleas, which shared the charthouse with a collection of night-blooming cereus.

The captain listened to Dr. Bioki's long discourse in Japanese, punctuated by impatient gestures with Larkin's razor, but he did not look at the ship's physician. His small, almost feminine hands continued their business of disbudding the azaleas. Flowers, Larkin had already noticed, were very important to Captain Fujiwara. The dining saloon was given over, horticulturally, to begonias and citron-scented nephrodium fern. The single bathroom that served first class was encumbered with hanging orchids and a potted Otaheite orange. . . .

"Ah, so-des'ka!"

The doctor had stopped talking.

The captain looked up from his azaleas at last and there was no longer a humorous gleam in his eyes.

"You attack General Rodriguez?" he said to Larkin in precise syllables.

"I did no such thing."

"General say you attack him," repeated the diminutive commander. "He say you rob him."

"The general must be delirious."

Again Captain Fujiwara inhaled sharply. He said: "This not your razor?"

"That's my razor," Larkin admitted. "It was stolen from my luggage."

"General say you rob him of package of commercial papers. You permit search, of course."

"Why should I?" protested Larkin. "On the back of my ticket it says your line is not responsible for valuables unless deposited with the purser. Why didn't the general put his valuable papers in the safe?"

"Safety of passengers cannot be deposited in safe," said the captain testily. "Am also responsible for safety of passengers. You refuse search?"

"If you give me a description of what you're looking for," said Larkin, "I'll be glad to prove I haven't got it."

THE captain and the ship's doctor conferred briefly in Japanese. Then the captain said: "Missing document contains signature of General Rodriguez. It is agreement with Pan-American Vanadium Corporation."

"Go ahead and search," said Larkin.

A brief but thorough examination of Larkin's wet clothes yielded nothing.

"I'd like to be present when you search my luggage," said Larkin.

"Luggage just now being searched by purser, Mr. Yamata," said the captain, picking up a telephone. He called "*Moshi-moshi!*" into the instrument several times. There was a long silence during which the receiver vibrated shrilly. The captain said: "Ah, so-des'ka!" in a puzzled tone and hung up.

"Search is completed," he said. "Mr. Yamata find nothing."

"Then I'm exonerated?"

"For present," said the captain.

Larkin left the bridge and went down the steep, ladderlike stairs. As he set foot on the main deck, the steward handed him an envelope.

"Why-aress, Mistah Rah-kin," said the steward. "Japanese say: '*Dempo*.'"

Larkin snatched the envelope, ripped it open eagerly. It was Beasley's reply, of course. He unfolded the radiogram—then frowned at the text. It read:

LARPIN, STEMSHIP KUMOMARU
SODIRUP KAW AGLN BUSLEQ

Larkin re-read the message a dozen times, trying to make sense of the cryptic words. So far as he knew, Seven Seas Newspaper Alliance had no special code. The unequal length of the meaningless combinations of letters made it seem unlikely that Beasley was using one of the standard telegraphic codes. Very probably the message had been garbled in transmission. "Busleq," for instance, was undoubtedly "Beasley."

He clumped back to the stern of the ship, poked his head into the wireless cabin, thrust the message under the broad nose of the owlish young operator.

"What is this?" he demanded.

The operator blinked. He looked at the radiogram and grinned.

"Okay, pal," he said.

"That's what you think," said Larkin. "But it doesn't make sense. Can't you get me a copy that does?"

The operator's grin disappeared. He blinked again. "*Wakarimasen*," he said.

"I'm beginning to suspect," said Larkin, "that your English just misses."

"Yes," said the operator. "Notto very undah-stando Ingurish."

Larkin sighed and reached for another blank. He wrote:

BEASLEY SEVSEANEWS SAN FRANCISCO
REPLY RE BROTHER ARRIVED HAYWIRE, REPEAT GIVING CODE IF ANY ALSO NEED BIOGRAPHY GENERAL JUAN RODRIGUEZ EX-PERU
LARKIN

"See what you can do with this," he said, as he tossed the form over.

"Okay, pal," *said the operator.*

THE Kumo-maru's second-class accommodations were just aft of amidships and a deck below the first cabin. Otherwise there was little material difference, except that the staterooms were a trifle smaller and the cockroaches a trifle larger. But to Dorothy Bonner, as she went down the dingy second-class stairway, her heart pounding violently, it seemed that she was invading a strange and hostile domain. The public room at the foot of the stairs had the same bare white walls, the same green baize on the long table. The same insidious, sulphurous smell pervaded the atmosphere, yet there were other odors, too—a reek of strong tobacco and sour beer, and the incongruous, cloying scent of cheap perfume.

DOROTHY looked about her in the hope that she would see Charles Frayle at once, but he was not there. Two men sat at one end of the table—a turbaned Hindu and a gaunt, Slavic-looking giant, arguing volubly in broken English. At the other end were five women. Four of them instantly caught Dorothy's attention. They were young, pretty in a dark, coarse way, each with a carelessly vivid make-up, each with the same resigned air of bored abandon that was reflected in the powder smears on the shoulders and collars of their gaudy, sleazy lounging pajamas, in the run-over heels of their stained, feathered slippers. Two of them, elbows on the green baize, were playing a listless game with large Spanish cards. One was winding up a portable phonograph. A fourth was drinking beer and talking to a woman Dorothy recognized with a start as Millicent Greeve.

Before Dorothy could retreat, Mrs. Greeve came forward to greet her.

"Why, darling, what are you doing over here?" she gushed. "Slumming? I mean, you must sit down and meet my friends."

"I . . . I just came down to ask if you'd heard the news about General Rodriguez," said Dorothy. "Someone tried to kill him."

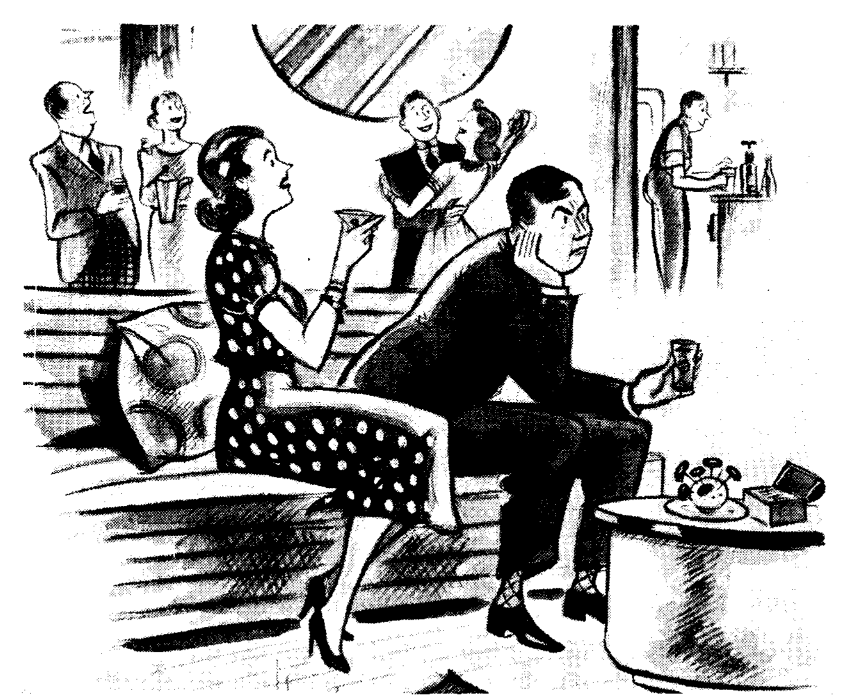
"That old goat," said Mrs. Greeve.

The two girls stopped playing cards. One of them laughed and said something in Spanish.

"Paquita says she hopes it's nothing trivial," Mrs. Greeve interpreted. "The girls don't like the general. I mean nobody does, much. He's known in every . . . in all the countries of Latin America, and . . . Darling, pardon me for not introducing you. This is Paquita and Dolores and Lola. And that's Rosita. Girls, this is Dorothy. We bunk together."

"How do you do?" said Dorothy.

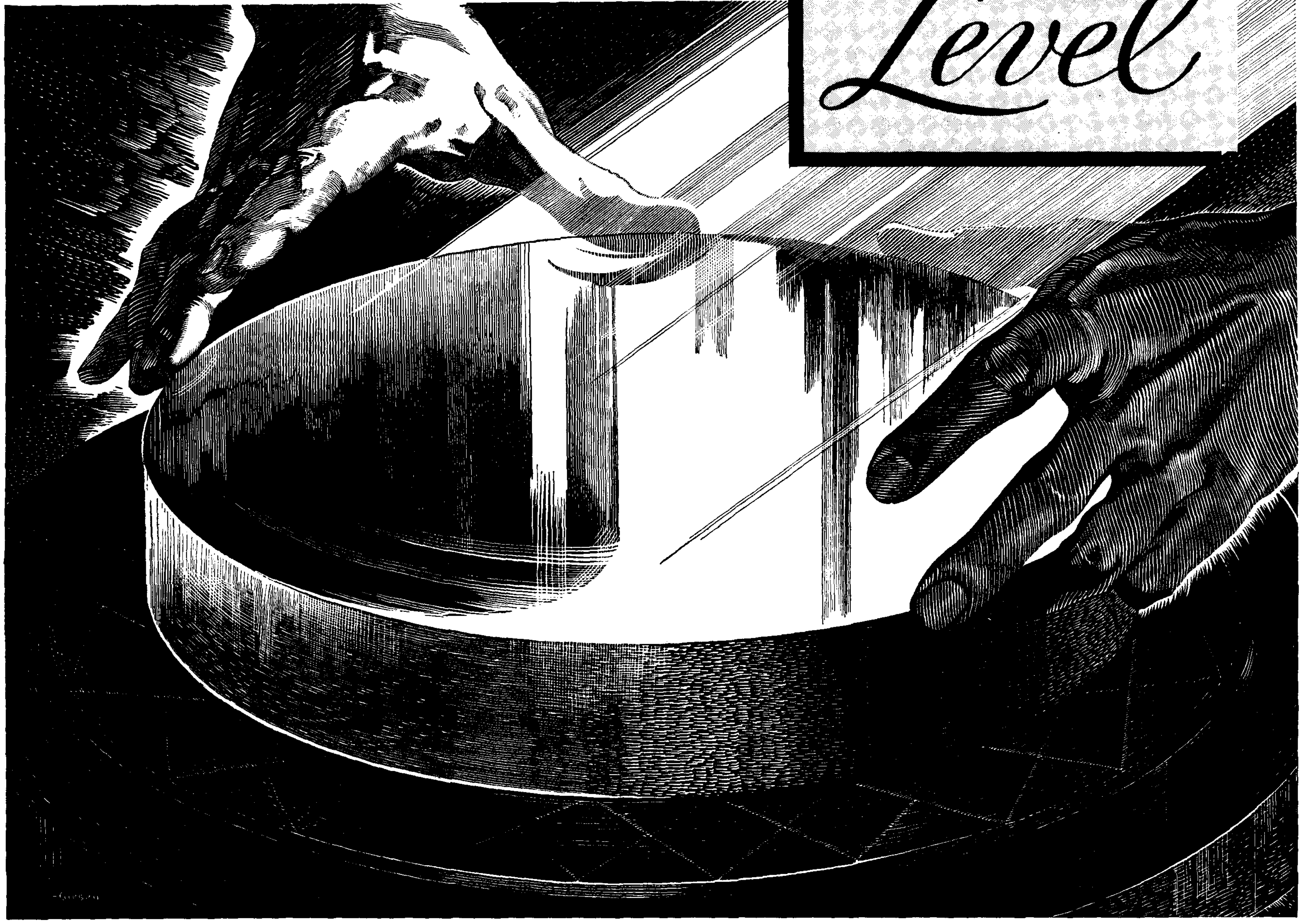
Rosita started the phonograph. The metallic strains of an *orquesta tipica* filled the smoky air with the rhythm of *Cielito Lindo*.



"Why don't you have a good time instead of worrying about how you're going to feel tomorrow?"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

ABSOLUTELY ON THE *Level*



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Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world

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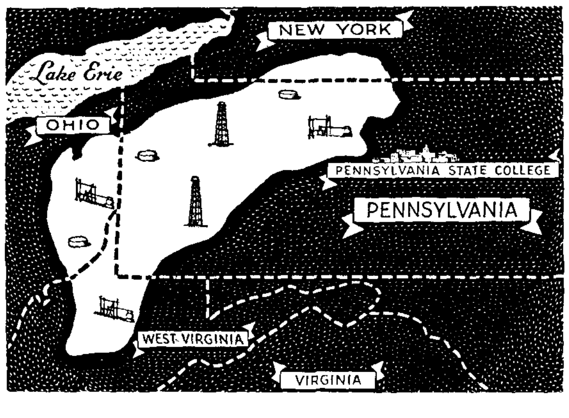
The symbol at left is not a brand. It is an emblem guaranteeing source and quality. Its use is permitted on many brands of Pennsylvania Motor Oils — but only on those certified under bond to be 100% Pure Pennsylvania and up to the quality requirements of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association.

The area below, touching four states, is the only district in the world producing Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, which is known to be the best raw material for motor oil.



CAN YOU IMAGINE a surface so completely flat that it does not deviate from a true plane by more than *one five-millionth* of an inch? This modern wonder does exist! It is the "Quartz Flat", Uncle Sam's official standard of flatness, kept in the National Bureau of Standards guarded vaults at Washington.

And here is a standard equally reliable—Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, the raw material from which Pennsylvania Motor Oils are refined. Not on just one count, but on *every* count, this crude oil surpasses other crudes.

BETTER TO START WITH

Motor oils refined from this nature-favored crude are better to start with! . . . For instance, Pennsylvania Oils flow more freely, save battery drain—yet fluid as they are, they don't cook away. On the contrary they fight heat and last longer!

Pennsylvania Motor Oils need no chemical "additives" to bring them up in one respect or another. On *every* known basis of rating, they are found to be superior. Every one of the qualities in a Pennsylvania lubricant are there *because Nature put them there.*

FOR MODERN MOTORS — MODERN OILS

These facts are vitally important to you because modern cars with smaller bearings running at higher speeds demand more efficient lubrication than ever. So watch what you put in your crankcase! Above all the confusion of claims and counter claims for this and that oil, one fact stands out—that oils refined from Pennsylvania Grade Crude have a *natural* advantage over all others.

Fine oils from this region are identified by the emblem of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. There are many brands of emblem-protected Pennsylvania Motor Oils. All will give you thorough, safe and dependable lubrication.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

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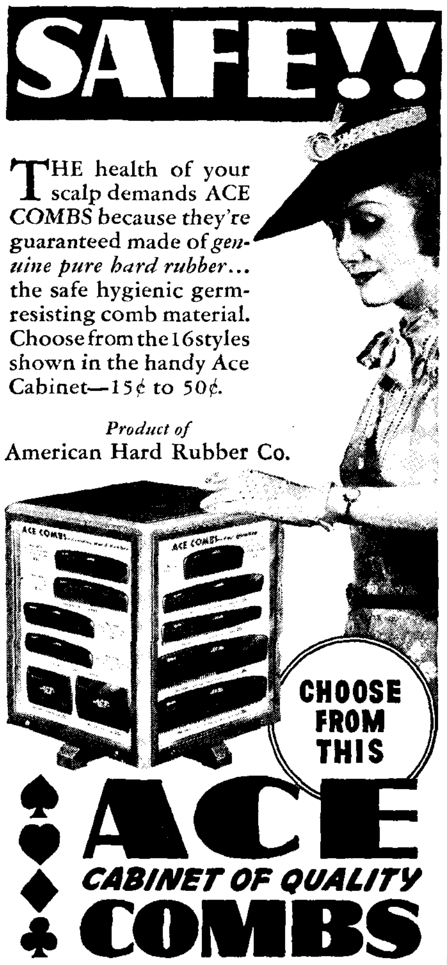
FREE! *Write for interesting booklet containing more information about Pennsylvania Motor Oils.*

BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!


SAFE!!

THE health of your scalp demands ACE COMBS because they're guaranteed made of *genuine pure hard rubber*... the safe hygienic germ-resisting comb material. Choose from the 16 styles shown in the handy Ace Cabinet—15¢ to 50¢.

Product of
American Hard Rubber Co.

CHOOSE FROM THIS

ACE
CABINET OF QUALITY
COMBS

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

Complete Electric Plants

Onan A. C. plants furnish same current as city lines, 110 Volt, 60 Cycle. For **farms, camps, construction jobs.** Operate radios, water systems, all appliances. **New models, 350 to 5000 watts.** 6, 12, 32 and 110 volt D.C. Models $57.50 and up. Also combination A. C. - D. C. units.
Shipped complete, ready to run.
Write for details.
D. W. ONAN & SONS
812 Royalston Ave., Minneapolis, Minnesota

COUGH COUGH COUGH

Get quick, soothing cough relief the "MOIST-THROAT" way

Cough—cough—cough—dry throat—watery eyes—head swimming—no wonder you feel awful. Don't neglect your cough—it'll wear you down.

Get quick relief with Pertussin! This safe, pleasant herbal remedy stimulates the glands in your throat to again pour out their natural moisture. Annoying, sticky phlegm is loosened and easily raised. *Your throat is soothed, your cough relieved.* Many doctors have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years for children and grownups. Millions have relieved their coughs by this "moist-throat" method. Pertussin is safe, acts quickly. Economical, too. On sale at all druggists.

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"The girls are old friends," said Mrs. Greeve, raising her voice above the phonograph. "I mean, I'm an old friend of their families in Panama. I promised their mothers I'd sort of look out for them on this trip. Chaperon them, I mean. They're going to Shanghai. Or they were. I don't know what they'll do now, poor things, with those bombs dropping all over the place. They're entertainers, I mean. Dancers. And Paquita plays the accordion and sings. Maybe we . . . they . . . can go on to Hong Kong. Mr. Greeve knows some theatrical people there. Although Hong Kong is so awfully English. Dull, I mean. They say Saigon is quite gay. They may go on to Saigon. They're really very clever entertainers."

"I'm sure they are," Dorothy murmured.

"You will sit down and smoke a cigarette?" said Mrs. Greeve.

"I really can't," said Dorothy. She caught sight of Charles Frayle standing in the passageway across the room, his feet wide apart, his elbows extended at an angle of jaunty nonchalance. He motioned to her with a nod of his head, turned and walked away. Dorothy added: "I have an appointment. . . . Pleased to have met you. . . ."

She hurried after Frayle. He was far ahead of her, going down the corridor with long, imperious strides.

Frayle disappeared around a corner. Dorothy hurried on, past the open door of the oilers' and firemen's mess, bare tables with wooden tubs of steaming rice, dried fish, odorous *daikon* like huge yellow radishes; past the engine-room hatch with its steel gratings, its greasy smell of hot metal, its whir and thump of machinery.

AS SHE rounded the corner, Charles Frayle swept her into his arms and kissed her. She closed her eyes and let him kiss her again.

"Cold waters to a thirsty soul," he said.

She opened her eyes. He was smiling complacently.

She said: "Charlie, someone tried to kill Rodriguez."

His smile did not change. "I know," he said. "What of it?"

"Rodriguez says whoever did it stole his Pan-American Vanadium contracts," the girl said.

"That's nothing to weep about."

"But if someone is trying to break up the deal, they may try to get our copies next. They may try to kill you next, Charlie."

"It's been tried before," Frayle said.

"Charlie, I'm afraid! They're going to turn this ship inside out, looking for those Rodriguez documents. Suppose they find my copy—on you?"

"All right. Suppose," said Frayle.

"Rodriguez will claim it," Dorothy said. "I'm sure now he's going to freeze us out—he or whoever tried to kill him. Charlie, I can't let that happen. It's all I've got."

"Except me," said Frayle, smiling.

"Of course, you, Charlie, but— Charlie, give me the envelope. I can take care of it so they'll never find it."

Frayle hesitated. The tiny shrewd lines deepened at the corners of his eyes. Without a word he reached into his breast pocket for a long envelope, watched the girl fold it before she slipped it into the bosom of her dress.

"Feel better now?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Still afraid, though?"

"A little."

"You won't have to be any more." Frayle put his arm around her shoulders. "I'm moving up into first cabin. I've fixed it with the purser."

"Had you better, Charlie? After all the precautions we've taken, not to be seen together . . . you traveling in second? Hadn't you better wait until after Honolulu?"

"No," said Frayle. "The situation has changed. I've arranged a cabin for the two of us. The captain will marry us. Tonight."

"Charlie, no! Not tonight." The words tumbled out. Dorothy was surprised at her own vehemence, more surprised than Charlie Frayle, apparently. She wondered why she had been so spontaneous in her contradiction. She knew she was going to marry Charlie Frayle. They had decided to get married after they had arrived in Japan. She was terribly fond of Charlie—and terribly grateful to him. She didn't know what she would have done, after the brutal tragedy of her father's death, without that sure, confident, decisive way of his.

CHARLIE was the only man she had ever known who regarded her as a personality of her own, not merely as Pongee Bonner's daughter, a walking bank account. Charlie was a darling. Why this sudden, strange resistance to his proposal for an immediate marriage?

"What's the matter?" Frayle was saying. "Don't you love me any more?"

"It's not that, Charlie. You know how I feel about you. But you promised I'd have time to reconstruct my emotional ego—after the shock of Father's death."

"The time's up," said Frayle. "We'll have to be married before the ship reaches Honolulu. And the sooner the better."

"Why, dear?"

"Sentimental and biological considerations aside," said Frayle, "I've discovered that you'll have to be protected—from yourself. You told that delightful brother of yours that we were sailing in this ship, didn't you?"

"I . . . may have," Dorothy admitted.

"You must have," said Frayle. "Because he's aboard."

"Arthur? Aboard? He can't be. Why, he can't get a passport. You know that."

"I know he's aboard." Frayle's smile became unpleasantly smug. She'd never seen it that way before. "He came to my cabin at two o'clock this morning."

Dorothy felt faint all over. Glen Larkin was right, then; he must have seen Arthur.

"What did he want?" she asked.

"Morphine," said Frayle. "He must have come aboard in a hurry without a proper supply of his precious dope. He expected me to get some for him. . . ."

"But why you, Charlie? He knows you don't—"

"He wanted me to go to the ship's doctor and complain of pains that kept me awake. Arthur had the medical name. It's something chronic. The doctor was to give me morphine and I was to turn it over to Arthur. Lovely fellow. I threw him out, of course. I'm surprised he hasn't called on you yet."

"What . . . what will he want?"

"Nothing pretty, you can count on that. You can also count on his wanting something. He's not aboard for nothing. That's why we'll have to get married right off. He'll get around you; he always does."

"What will you do, Charlie?"

"I know what I ought to do. I ought to kill him. It would be a pleasure to strangle a man like that with my bare hands. He's no damned good to anybody—not even himself."

"You wouldn't do anything like that, Charlie."

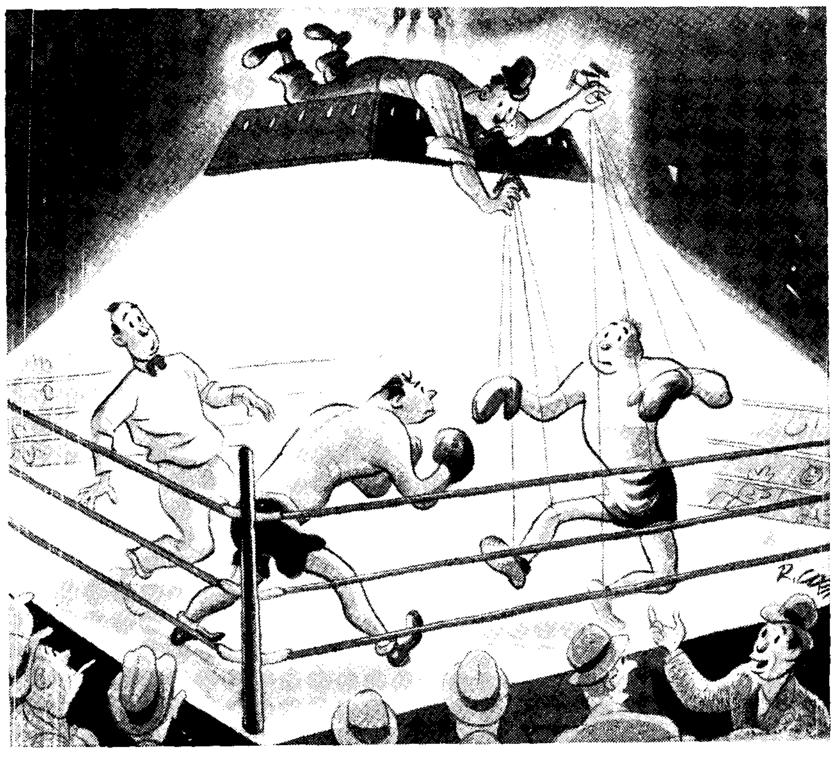
"Not unless I had to. I don't suppose I could strangle my own brother-in-law. Will he be my brother-in-law tonight?"

"Tomorrow," said Dorothy.

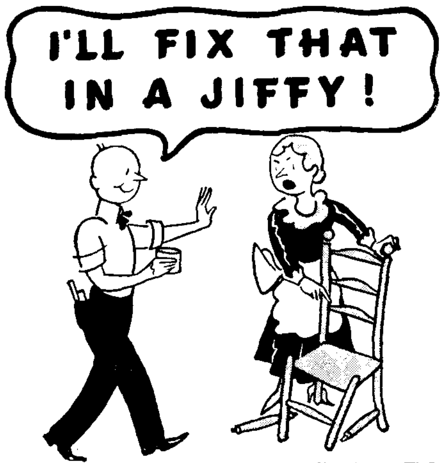
Frayle took her in his arms again. His cheek was cool and rough against hers. He chuckled contentedly. Then he kissed her.

BEASLEY'S answer to Glen Larkin's second radiogram came through that evening while the cabin passengers were at dinner. The wind had shifted and the Kumo-maru, weary of pitching all day, was rolling languidly through an arc of forty-five degrees. The fiddles were on the table, the cloth had been dampened to prevent the dishes slipping, and Millicent Greeve's bottle of beer lay supinely on its side, awaiting her pleasure.

Larkin was the last one in. He took his seat next to Mrs. Greeve, nodded to Dr. Bioki at his end of the table, and to Captain Fujiwara at the head. He smiled at Dorothy Bonner who sat opposite him, between George Willowby and William Cuttle. As he unfolded his napkin, he noticed that General Rodriguez's seat was vacant, as was that of Jeremy Hood, who had not yet made his appearance since sailing. Larkin also noticed that the four men at the captain's end of the table had already finished a Japanese meal. Over empty lacquer and porcelain bowls, the purser



"His fighter can't follow instructions!" ROLAND COE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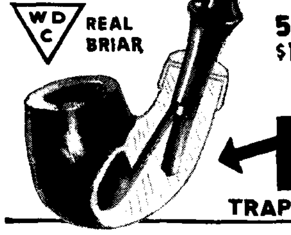

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and Mr. Izumo of Guayaquil were picking their teeth in unison with the captain. Mr. Izumo—squat, swarthy, round-faced, with prominent teeth, and a huge yellow diamond in his cravat—seemed to be the handiest with a toothpick. Mr. Shima of Callao, a slim, aesthetic-looking Japanese with an oval face that might have belonged to a Samurai by Toyokuni, was not picking his teeth; he was staring at Larkin with a curious, supercilious smile. Larkin stared back—until the steward placed an envelope in front of him.

Larkin opened the radiogram—and his worst fears were realized. He was cut off from his base. The miracle of Marconi had been undone by a solemn, bespectacled young Oriental. The message read:

LARGIN STEWSHIP KUMOMARU
FINS NONSKA DIFOL PSLONG FROO HONOLULU HVHPEWS

Larkin's dismay must have shown in his face, because Millicent Greeve asked: "Bad news, Mr. Parker?"

"Very bad," said Larkin.

"Things not going right at home?"

"I wouldn't know," Larkin said. "That's the trouble. I've been trying since this morning to get an answer to a simple question, but our wireless operator can't seem to get the hang of his shiny new gadgets."

George Willowby put down his fork in what appeared to be alarm. He swallowed with difficulty as he turned to Captain Fujiwara. "He's joking, isn't he, Captain? Our wireless is working?"

The diminutive master of the Kumomaru poised his quill toothpick in mid-air with a precise movement.

"Wireless," he declared, "is working. Wireless operator also is working—to best of ability, which is not great. He is No. 2 operator. Chief operator is very ill."

"But, Captain—"

"Have asked Toyo-maru of same line for loan of new chief operator in case our man is not better by Honolulu," concluded the captain, resuming operations with his toothpick.

LARKIN looked down at the plate that had just been set before him.

"Mr. Larkin." The captain was speaking again. "I am making public apology—for General Rodriguez."

"I understand the general is practically recovered," said Larkin. "I hope he's got over his delirium. What's his latest story?"

"He agrees now you did not attack. Very sorry for mistake."

"Who is he accusing this evening?"

"Investigation now pending," said the captain.

"Say, I bet I know who laid the general out," volunteered Millicent Greeve suddenly. "I mean, I'll bet it was the stowaway."

"What stowaway?" demanded Larkin.

"I mean he *must* be a stowaway," said Millicent, "because I know all the through passengers, and I've seen all the people that got on at San Francisco, and he's not any of those. So he must be a stowaway. . . ."

"Who?" demanded the monosyllabic Mr. Cuttle.

"Why, the man who looked in my porthole last night," said Millicent. "Or rather this morning. It must have been after two. I was just putting out the light. It scared me half to death. I mean just seeing that face in the porthole. Of course it was gone in a jiffy. I didn't even have time to scream. He looked exactly like—" Mrs. Greeve paused, leaned across the table. "Dorothy, have you a brother?"

Dorothy Bonner gave Larkin a quick, questioning glance. "What is this—a conspiracy?" she asked in what she intended to be facetious tones. "What have you two been cooking up?"

Mrs. Greeve turned eagerly to Larkin. "Did you see him, too?"

"I couldn't have," said Larkin, watching the girl across the table. "Dorothy says she hasn't any brother."

"But he was the spitting image of her," Mrs. Greeve insisted. "I mean I had a good look at his face, and it's amazing how much he looks like Dorothy. But, of course—"

She stopped. An awkward silence settled over the table, broken only by the crash and clatter of dishes in the galley pantry as the ship listed sharply to starboard, remained heeled over for an alarmingly long moment. Dorothy Bonner seemed intent upon her food, but two spots of color glowed on her high cheekbones. They faded as the captain began talking to the purser in Japanese. Mr. Willowby gaped at the girl with unreserved curiosity.

"What about it, Captain?" said Larkin at last. "Is there a stowaway?"

CAPTAIN FUJIWARA cleared his throat and carefully put down his quill.

"Unlikely," he said.

"In view of the fact that there seems to be a razor wielder among us," continued Larkin, "don't you think it might be a good idea to make a special inspection?"

"Very good," said the captain.

"Then if I may make another suggestion," Larkin said, "I'd say that the inspection should start by opening the coffin that was hoisted aboard just before we sailed."

A queer expression came over the captain's face.

"Useless beginning, I fear," said the captain. "Chinese gentleman is dead."

"Maybe," said Larkin, "but I have a strong feeling that the gentleman is neither Chinese nor dead. Why not let Dr. Bioki have a look at him?"

"Disturbing corpses," said Dr. Bioki, "is not regular procedure."

"No," said Larkin. "And neither is throat-cutting regular procedure on any passenger ship I've traveled in."

"Very good," said the captain. "Tomorrow morning."

Dorothy Bonner put down her napkin, stood up. "You'll excuse me," she murmured. "I'm—I'm not feeling well." She walked quickly to her stateroom.

"Well," commented Millicent Greeve, "another casualty. By the way, Doctor, what's wrong with that Mr. Hood? He hasn't been out of his cabin once."

Dr. Bioki raised his fork, made a spiral motion in front of his forehead. "*Funayoi arimasu*," he said. "Seasick."

"Nonsense," declared Mrs. Greeve. "You should see the trays full of fodder the steward carries into his cabin. And they come out empty. He's no more seasick than I am."

"Maybe he has termites," said Larkin, staring down at his black lamb chop. "I hear they eat almost anything."

"Maybe he has house guests," added William Cuttle dryly.

Surprised heads turned to look at Mr. Cuttle, who promptly lapsed into silence, as though exhausted by his loquacity.

"I bet you never get seasick, Mr. Cuttle," said Millicent Greeve. "You're probably a good sailor like me. Poor Mr. Greeve is a terrible sailor—"

"If you'll pardon me," interrupted Larkin, "I'm going out to get some air. It's stuffy in here."

He arose, started for the deck. He paused, however, in front of Stateroom "D." He rapped lightly on the door. There was no response. He was about to rap again when he heard a noise inside, the faint sound of convulsive breathing, as if someone were laughing—or crying

(To be continued next week)

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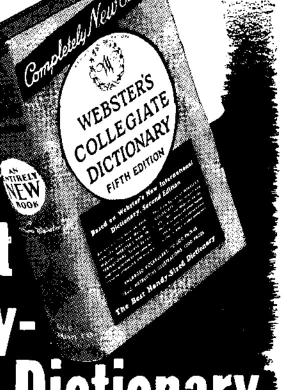

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Marse Jeff Davis

Continued from page 24

the first pair of homemade brogans at Shaver's shop, and it tickled his Negroes mightily to see him stepping high, like a rooster in deep mud. They laughed at him and he laughed back at them.

The household grew steadily and it was a rare week when they did not hear the rasp of saws and the bang of hammers, for the master constantly added to his residence because of sisters who married and lived or visited here with their broods. His wife bore no children but he adopted several girls to be reared at Hurricane, educated and provided with homes.

Vicksburg was twenty-seven miles to the north over unspeakable roads, which didn't hinder the carriages from rolling down there, full of guests, and a Negro band to play for the dance. Hurricane needed plenty of room, and busy Joe Davis kept building more accommodations. So when Jefferson Davis came here on his first visit he found a mansion of many, many rooms, vastly different from the stockade that his father had built for protection against varmints.

As a rule Hurricane never prepared for anybody. Guests tumbled in when they chose, took what they found, and went home when they couldn't help it. But when Joe Davis got word that his beloved little brother was coming home on furlough he set the plantation by its ears. He had never given up hope that Jefferson would become a farmer and now he wanted to show country life in its most attractive light. Busier than a bumblebee, he kept men at work around the house, clearing away undergrowth, trimming the trees and carving out vistas of the majestic river.

The Only Woman in the World

The girls, womanlike, imagined that Brother Jeff's taste might run to ladies, for Brother Joe's proclivities in that direction had been well known. So they consulted together about the advisability of filling the house with charmers. Brother Joe abetted this scheme, hoping that Jefferson might fall in love with a neighborhood girl and settle down on the plantation.

The plantation waited breathlessly and grew excited at the smoke of every packet that rounded the bend from St. Louis. Three boats gave them false alarms, but on the fourth Joe Davis saw his little brother standing erect at the guards, a dragoon's uniform marking him among the other passengers.

"Here he comes," the eager master shouted and Hurricane Negroes swarmed to the landing.

A pair of spanking bays drew up the Davis carriage while impressive Uncle Jack sat bolt upright on the box, a small black ape beside him, and the excited sisters thrusting their hats from every window.

The stage plank had scarcely been lowered when an alert young dragoon moved across it, tall and every inch a soldier. At the shore he met Brother Joe, caught a hand in both his own, then hurried on to the impatient sisters in the carriage. Curious strangers were watching from the boat, yet the girls grabbed Brother Jeff and pulled him half inside their carriage for hugging and kissing and exclaiming.

The decision was largely left to Mary whether or not they should fill their house with girls, music and dancing. Mary and Jefferson were nearer the same age, she having been his companion in their daily trudges to and from the log-cabin school near Woodville. After feeling him out, tactfully, on the subject, Mary's instincts warned her that a swarm of giddy girls would annoy Jefferson because of one girl whom he had left behind in the Northwest. More from what he didn't say the sister realized the tensity of his feeling for Sarah Knox Taylor, daughter of his colonel, Zachary Taylor. Sarah Knox to him was the only woman in the world and he didn't want any others.

There was no sense baiting their trap with a girl, so Joe Davis used his extraordinary powers of persuasion in showing Jeff the possibilities of this country and the boundless career that it held out to an ambitious young man. Every day on thoroughbred mounts they rode over the plantation, seeing what had already been accomplished while the master spoke of plans for the future.

"For instance, see that stretch of wild land?" Joe Davis checked his horse and with a gesture of his whip indicated the forests and canebrakes that lay about two miles from Hurricane House. "That soil is just as fertile as my best fields. At your age you could take a thousand acres of it and in ten years be rich." Then, as Jefferson didn't seem so keen for money, he added: "Besides being absolutely independent, without a superior officer on earth to give orders."

DEPT. OF HISTORY & ARCHIVES, JACKSON, MISS.

Young Jefferson Davis, destined to become President of the Confederacy

Neither of them would have believed that an Army girl would be the motive that made a cotton farmer of Jefferson Davis.

Tired Negroes had plodded in from the fields and through the long, still evening lounged about their quarters. Old folks puffed at corncob pipes as they squatted on doorsteps and argufied high p'ints of Scripture, paying no attention to the skylarking of noisy youngsters. Florida and a girl named Cornelia were playing catch with some boys in the moonlight when suddenly a child shrilled out, "De stars is fallin' down!"

"Gawd A'mighty!" Granny Harper wailed and covered her face with an apron. "Dat's de end o' de worl'."

Terrorized blacks milled about the street and gazed upward, the men dumb with fear, the women calling on God to save them from heavens that blazed with fire. Shooting stars crossed one another's paths, and flaming meteors lighted the sky.

"Yon's a big un! Aimin' right at me!" Florida yelled and darted for the nearest cabin, where Parson Johnson, her tall brown godfather, was standing at his door.

"What you run for?" The long-legged preacher stopped her.

"I'm skeert! Skeert!"

"Don't run. Stand!" The brown man halted in his doorway, spraddle-legged like the Colossus of Rhodes, and lifted a hand, calling upon his congregation to "Pray, people! Pray!"

Florida's Trousseau

Florida didn't trust in prayer but, swifter than a small brown bug that scuttles beneath a chip, she dived between the preacher's legs and crawled far back under his bed. There she lay while huge stars crossed the sky, stars with fiery heads and spreading tails. A rain of fire fell with a pop-pop-pop like a burning canebrake.

Fearless old Johnson preserved the faithful, for shooting meteors grew fewer and fewer until near daylight, when Florida crawled out of doors and saw the same old stars now steady in their places. White folks at the Big House had been just as badly frightened. They ran out on the porch, and Lucy caught her brother's arm, "Brother Joe! Brother Joe! What's going to happen?"

"I don't know. Apparently this planet is passing through a meteor field."

That was the astronomical phenomenon of 1833, and, after more than a century, old Florida tells vividly what she saw.

"Hold still, Florida," Miss Mary ordered sharply. "Hold still. I'd rather try to fit this dress on a jumping jack."

The giggling slave girl stood on a low hassock in the middle of Mary's room—Mary, the sister who was called Polly—while the young mistress knelt beside her with a mouth full of pins as she adjusted the length of Florida's bridal skirt. The black girl was to wear a white chemisette at her bosom, white tight undersleeves covered her arms, while long white oversleeves flowed downward.

With a critical eye Lucy walked round and round little Florida, finally deciding, "It hangs perfectly. Graceful as can be. But, Polly," she burst out, "I'm mad as hops. Who is this high and mighty person, Colonel Zachary Taylor? Upon what meat hath this our Caesar fed that he objects to his daughter marrying Brother Jeff?"

"Now, Lucy! Now, Lucy!" the gentle Mary calmed her. "Stop fuming over Jefferson's letter. We can't help matters one bit If Miss Taylor has any spunk she'll marry without permission. Or Jeff will be well rid of her."

"I'm mad," Lucy repeated, "and the more I think about it the madder I get."

"I agree with Colonel Taylor," a cool voice spoke from the doorway and both sisters whirled to see Brother Joe looking in amusedly at Florida.

"You don't mean it," they answered hotly. "Isn't Jefferson good enough—"

"I didn't say that," he interrupted. "Jefferson is more than good enough for any woman alive. Yet the colonel is absolutely right."

"Why? Why?"

"Because any woman who marries a junior officer must endure continuous hardships. Be separated for long intervals, or dragged around from one desolate post to another. She can have no home, and her children won't be allowed to grow up with their father. As Jefferson wrote us, Colonel Taylor's objection is not personal; he simply does not want his daughter to marry any soldier."

"But, Brother Joe, but—"

Their arguments always ended in futile protests, for stubborn Joe Davis never once backed down.

"It's dis way, sisters." Withered Granny Harper bent forward, rested both hands on top of a cane, and brought her kinky head closer to the other two midwives. "Ef Florida craves brandy, den Marse Joe better give it to her, 'cause when a 'ooman gits in de leanin' state, an' you denies her what she craves, de baby sho will come wid marks."

"Sho will," Aunt Sarah agreed, and so did Mom Ella.

"Y'all 'members Sissy Coates. Sissy begged an' begged for a piece of bear meat but her husband was skeered to go in de canebrake an' kill a bear. Derefore Sissy's chile was born wid a big claw mark on his left shoulder."

"Ugh! Ugh!"

"You sees heap o' chillun carryin' strawberry marks which it's so easy not to have."

"Co'se. All you got to do is feed de ma on strawberries."

"An' den—an' den—" Mom Ella kept licking her lips to talk. "Dere was dat black gal in Wilkinson County named Sue Daisy. She craved snowballs in summertime an' never got none, so her chile was born mighty nigh white."

"Snowballs!" sniffed the wicked Granny Harper. "Snowballs. Dat's what Sue Daisy say."

Before the Court

The master knew their superstitions and always humored his women while they were in the "leanin' " state, humored Florida by pouring a bucket brimful of brandy, which she had never before tasted. And Florida now insists that her baby showed on its side the scalded signs of brandy, not from drinking too little but from drinking too much.

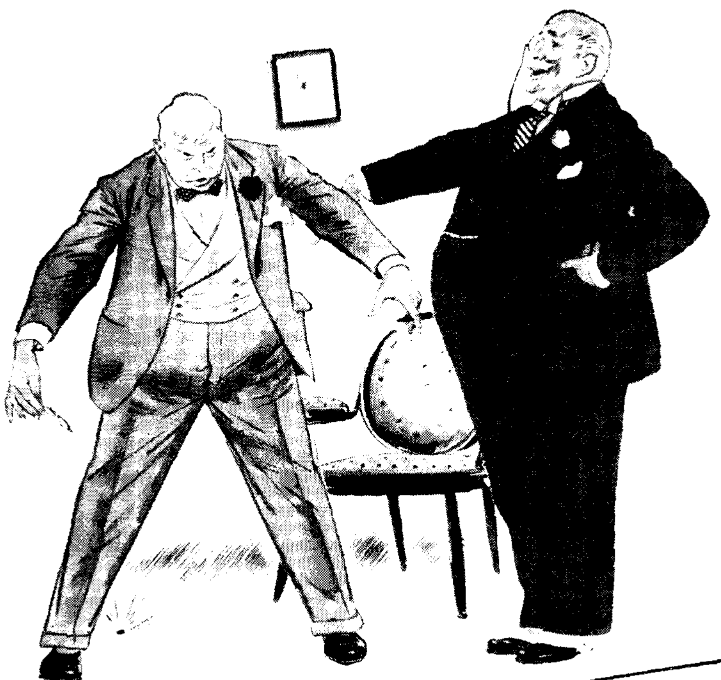
Florida birthed her first baby with the ease of an experienced old cow. The happy event occurred in summer, so that by cotton-picking time the mother was strong again.

When bolls burst open with fluffy lint and snowy teardrops hang from the stalks, all other plantation activities are shoved aside while everybody goes out to harvest the crop. One evening when the fields that surrounded her cabin were blanketed in white, Florida sat dressing her baby in a dainty pink slip that Ma Eliza had given her, and the manager rode up, checking his horse long enough to call in at her doorway:

"Florida, leave your baby in the nursery tomorrow and come out with the picking squad."

"Yes, suh, Mr. Boney," she answered, then mumbled as he trotted off, "Put *my* baby in de nussry. Ain't goin' to do no sech thing."

Next day when Florida failed to obey orders the overseer reported her for trial. The judicial system on Hurricane was a harking-back to first principles, back to the early courts of *pied poudre* where dusty-footed suitors appeared before the English magistrate and got quick justice. Every Sunday morning at nine o'clock Mr. Davis convened his court on the front porch of a small office building where he and the jury sat in chairs while the accused, witnesses and audience stood about on the ground. The practice was valuable because it



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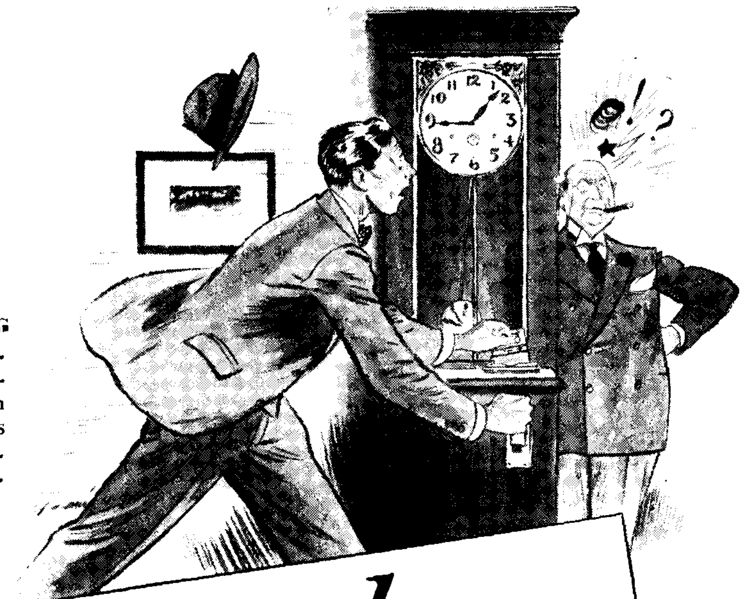
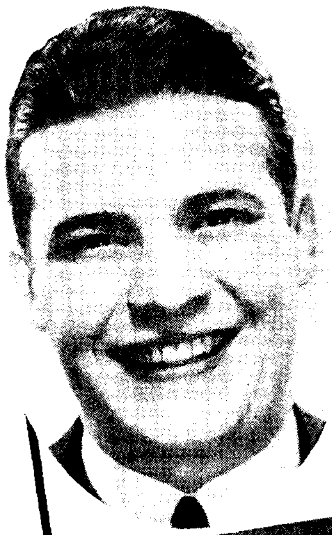


IT SPEEDS DRESSING

The TALON slide fastener is *one* fastening instead of *five*. One motion opens it . . . one closes it. It's quicker, easier . . . a more logical fastener.

"It ought to be *Compulsory* on Pants!"

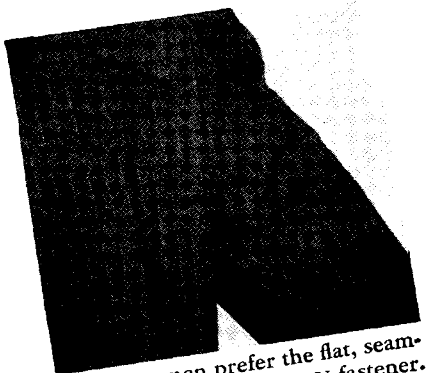


Millions of men now demand the ease, security, neatness of the **TALON** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *trouser fastener on all their suits*

NEVER A SLIP

There's nothing to overlook or forget when you close your trousers with a TALON slide fastener. You're always *sure* of a neat and invisible closure.

AS YOU WERE... The old-style pants closures often gap and bulge.



TODAY...men prefer the flat, seam-like closing of the TALON fastener.

LOCKS

You never have to worry about the appearance of your trousers with the TALON fastener. It locks securely at the top—can't come open by accident.

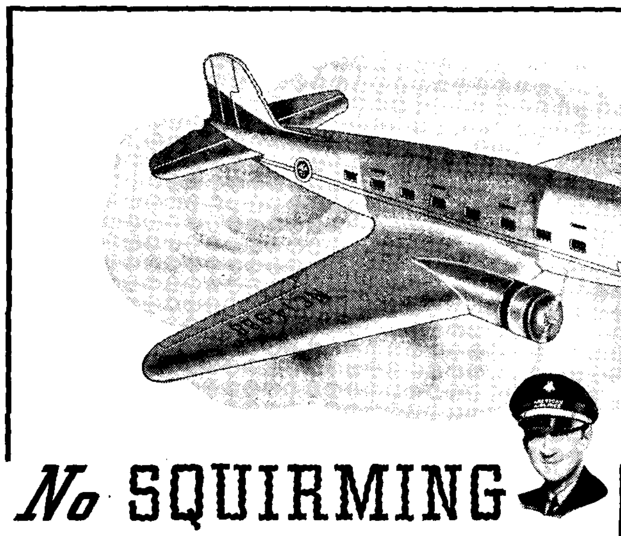
"WHY should a man struggle with five fastenings on his trousers?" writes a man from Washington, D. C. "Why risk untidy gaps . . . or take chances with fastenings that might break off?"

Millions of men who now wear Talon trouser fasteners say the same thing. The Talon fastener is quicker, easier, always neat. It can't open by accident or break off. It's the *logical* fastener for trousers.

Introduced in expensive clothes, the Talon fastener now comes on better-made suits of all prices. Ask for it!

TALON Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. **Slide Fastener**
made by TALON, Inc.

TRY THE **TALON** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*



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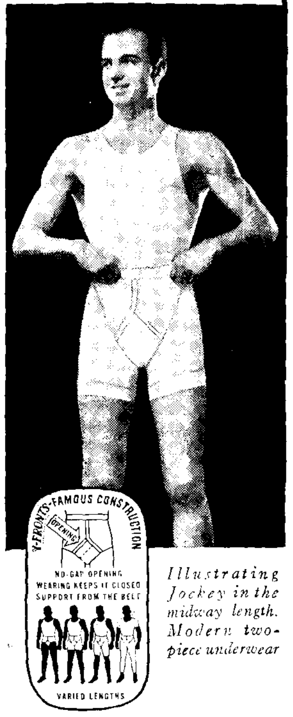

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EARLY TIMES KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

A BROWN-FORMAN QUALITY PRODUCT

kept the master in touch with the temper of his hands and promoted good feeling.

Three interesting cases were to be tried this morning and half the black population assembled. The master sat on the porch in his rocking chair smoking a long Spanish cigar. Ben Montgomery had now become an established institution and usually served as foreman of the jury, maybe with another Negro or two to help advise. Two of these solemn black men sat on straight chairs, looking important, while Ben occupied a rocker like the boss and smoked the same kind of cigar.

"Court is open," the master announced. "Battiste, step forward."

The crowd parted to let a slouchy Negro pass through.

"Battiste," the master told him, "my people say you smell bad."

The unwashed Negro answered complacently, "Ev'ybody do."

Mr. Davis couldn't help laughing, but for one old woman who stood in the crowd the odor of Battiste was no joke. She made a commotion among the bystanders and pushed up to the porch.

"Marse Joe," she volunteered, "dis man stinks wuss'n a polecat. Co'se us folks gits sweaty in de field, but he 'lows it to sour on him an' stay sour all de year. Huh! Us always goes from cote to church, an' 'tain't no pleasure lissenin' to de preacher ef Battees comes in de room."

"Amen," came a chorus from good old sisters, so the jury made short work of Battiste.

"Aleck," they ordered, "you an' Punk an' Will Henry take Battees down to de ribber an' scrub him good, wid lye soap, sand and a corncob. Den make him set a tub in de middle o' dis street an' wash ev'y rag o' his clo'es; wash 'em public."

A Letter from Jeff

When they had disposed of Battiste, Mr. Davis queried, "Where's Florida?"

"Here me," she answered briskly and stepped up on the porch, carrying the baby in her arms, little Retta with eyes as bright and shiny as shoe buttons. Mr. Davis sat in his rocker trying to keep a straight face while Mr. Boney, the manager, held a strap half concealed behind him. All the Negroes knew that Mr. Boney was jest prankin' with the strap as the master inquired, "Mr. Boney, what's that you've got?"

"Strap."

"Hold up that thing and lemme see the build of it."

Mr. Boney sheepishly let fall the long leather thong while half hiding the handle.

"What you aim to do with that?" Mr. Davis asked.

"I was told that we might have some work this morning."

"Fixin' to whip me? Or Ben?" the master chuckled and turned to Florida: "Florida, they tell me you wouldn't go out and pick cotton."

"I didn't go right away, suh, 'cause I wasn't ready until I finished dressin' my baby."

"Dressing your baby?"

"Yes, suh. Ma Eliza made Retta sech a pretty slip dat I was puttin' it on her."

"And reached the fields very late?"

"Master," the slave girl spoke up, "you always trained me not to tell no lie. I warn't sick an' I warn't tired. Nothin' ailed me 'cept I had to dress my baby."

"Why didn't you leave your child at the nursery as all mothers do?"

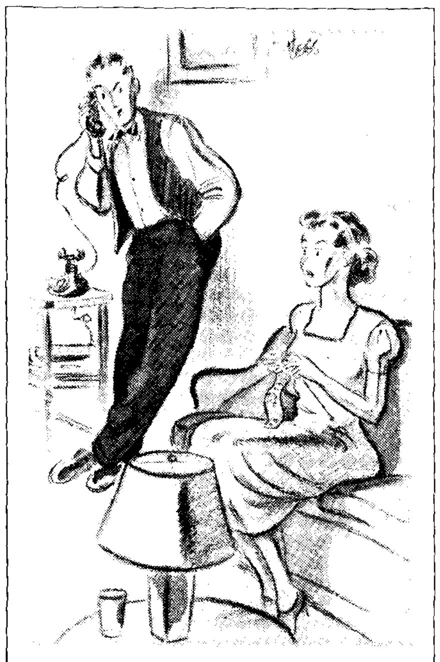
"Lord, Lord, Master! I stopped at de nussry door an' peeped in at all dem cribs an' boxes, wid babies crawlin' round de floor, same as a passel o' cockroaches. An' squallin' 'cause dey wet. Sech a mess o' chillun dat I tilted my nose in de air an' toted little Retta to dat shed in de fiel'. Toted her in a box on my head an' sot her in de shade. Went ever so often an' dried her. Master, dat zackly what make dem wimmen complain. See 'em out dere right now in de crowd! Aunt Clay, Aunt Becky an' Mary, all of 'em got young chillun an' poutin' 'cause I had my baby wid me whilst dey lef' deir'n at de nussry."

"Well, Mr. Boney, what about it?" the master asked his manager, who stood there rubbing a bristly chin and didn't answer. "*Ben, what does the jury think?*"

Ben and the other two Negroes shuffled their feet on the floor, grinning frankly when Mr. Davis burst out laughing and broke up the court.

"Mr. Boney, I think we'd better let Florida alone. She's just like any young heifer that won't leave her first calf."

The greatest happiness of his life came to Joe Davis during the spring of 1835 and by an unexpected messenger. An Ohio boat that he had never seen before put in at Hurricane Landing and her captain, a square-built Kentuckian, came ashore, reading from an address on an envelope, and asking, "This is Mr. Joseph Emory Davis?"



"Sorry, Bob, not tonight. The old battle ax says no!"

A. ROSS

"Yes, sir," the planter answered, "at your service."

"I am Captain Thorp of Cincinnati, and bring this letter from your brother, Lieutenant Davis."

"Ah. Jefferson?" Brother Joe's face lighted with joy. "So you have been to his Army post?"

"No, sir, Lieutenant Davis is now in Louisville, Kentucky."

"Louisville? What's he doing there?"

"To git married."

"Married?"

"Sartin. The lady's pap, Old Rough an' Ready, wouldn't give in, so they's goin' to hitch up anyhow. It's all in the letter, sir. They'll be here on the first boat they can catch."

The delighted planter could scarcely wait until Captain Thorp went back to his deck, then tore open the envelope and read. Mounting his horse he galloped madly to the porch and shouted: "Amanda! Lucy! Mary! Run! Run! Little Brother has married Miss Taylor and is coming here to live. Think of it, he's going to *live* here!"

The fourth article of this series will appear next week

A Light for the Flag

Continued from page 11

Danny was just pouring his second cup of coffee out of the battered silver pot and the second was meditatively clinking the ice around in the bottom of his almost finished drink when someone knocked on the door. Rather timidly.

"Come in," Danny said.

Nobody came in. But the knock came again, a nervous tattoo.

Danny got up and, crossing the room with a couple of angry strides, stuck his face out the door—almost bumping noses with Marian. For a startled second, at close range, her face was large and white and strange. With a compelling and urgent tightness of lip he had never noticed before.

"Danny, come here," she said. "Close the door."

HE STEPPED out, closing the door, and stood beside her.

"Listen," she said. "Do as I say and don't stop to ask me any questions. De Cunha has gone down into the engine room to make photographs. You get down there right away and—"

"Hey, wait," he said. "You— Now wait. I—"

"You idiot!" she wailed. "Can't you believe me?"

"No."

"Well, all right then, don't," she said. "But do as I tell you. Go down into the engine room and don't let de Cunha see you—but keep him in sight every second. And *hurry!*"

"Why?" he asked. "What's the—"

"Never mind," she said. "*Hurry!*"

She gave him a push and came along with him, hustling him along. A deck steward watched them curiously. And as they came out of an alleyway onto the promenade deck, Danny saw the barges coming out from the city with the refugees—a string of unlighted barges, away off, across the gray reaches of the harbor.

At the door of the engine-room companionway, he made a last stand.

"Now, here," he said. "All this—this damned nonsense. I'm not going to help you any more with your perfumed little intrigues with—"

"Danny, you *fool!*" she said. "Get down there. Hurry!" With a final shove, she pushed him through and closed the door behind him.

Alone, Danny felt like a fool and ground his teeth, but he went on below, down a series of slippery steel ladders, with electric lights burning all around him among pipes and gleaming intricacies of huge machinery. The third assistant engineer stood on the starting platform, under the big dial of the telegraph. He was chalking up some figures on a smudged blackboard.

"See anything of a passenger come down here to make pictures?" Danny asked.

The third looked around.

"Yeah," he said. "That half-caste big shot. Shooting off flashlight bulbs. Ass. . . . Last I saw of him, he was poking around back there aft, toward the shaft tunnel. Why?"

"Never mind," Danny said, and slid down the last ladder and went aft, keeping as much as he could in the shadows and out of sight.

He finally saw de Cunha, adjusting his flash-bulb apparatus beside the thrust-box. And there was something about the way he was acting, peering around his shoulders with nervous little jerky motions of his lowered head, that made Danny slip into the deeper shadow of a tool locker and begin seriously watching him on his own account.

He saw de Cunha pause, remaining motionless for a moment as if listening. Then he stepped swiftly to the thrust-box. Out of a pocket of his belted sports jacket he took a crescent wrench and began unfastening the manhole bolts on the thrust-box. Danny started forward, but caught himself and shrank back even farther into the blackness behind the tool locker, watching.

When the last bolt was loosened, de Cunha stopped to listen again, looking around with his hard, darting eyes. There were only the throbbing of pumps, the vast steamy sounds of the idle engines, the clang of a tool dropped somewhere away forward.

De Cunha lifted off the little manhole cover, and laid it down carefully, ready to be shoved back into place. Quickly he unfastened the front of his box camera and poured something into the thrust-box manhole. Something that shimmered and tinkled as it fell through the little black hole, into the thrust. Eightpenny nails. A cameraful of them.

"*Hey!*" Danny yelled, and was in the air, midway of a long jump as de Cunha whirled, crouching. And the blunt ugly snout of an automatic was in de Cunha's hand, and his lips were wrinkled back in a scared snarl.

But he cowered for just a split second under Danny's leaping bulk, and it was that fraction of a second that made all the difference. Because by the time the first dirty little orange flame stabbed out over de Cunha's knuckles, Danny was closing with a hurtling sidewise dodge and the bullet went spanging and whining all over the engine room.

And Danny, with the most viciously ecstatic feeling of his whole life, was sledging his left fist into de Cunha's face. He didn't hit him quite right—too eager—and the jarring impact shot an electric numbness clear up to his elbow. But the right that he slammed into de Cunha's middle wasn't really necessary. De Cunha's eyes had rolled upward in a swift, awful stare, his lips had pulled back from his teeth in an unconscious grimace and he was sagging forward on his way down.

DANNY picked the automatic up and was looking at it when the third and an oiler arrived with a hurried thumping of running feet along the steel deck plates.

"Say," the third said, "what the devil's going on in my engine room? Hey, mister?"

"Look in your thrust-box," Danny said.

The third peered down at de Cunha, and then with a doubtful glance at Danny, took an electric torch out of his pocket and peered into the manhole. He grunted, and reaching in, pulled out a handful of nails.

The oiler, goggling, said: "Gee."

"Been kind of tough when you turned your engines over, wouldn't it?" Danny said.

The third pushed his cap to the back of his head, said, "Yeah. Tough enough," and thrust his arm into the manhole again, scooping out loose nails with a sort of horrified earnestness. Danny took a handful from him and, dropping them into his coat pocket on top of the gun, started away for the bridge.

"Hey!" the third straightened up to yell after him. "What shall we do with this?" He stirred de Cunha's inert limbs with a doubtful and rather wistful kick.

"Treat him," Danny said, "with special consideration."

When Danny came out on deck, the barges full of refugees were close

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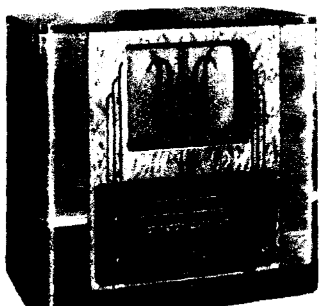

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Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

aboard, in the gathering dusk. He could see they were crowded with people.

Marian wasn't anywhere in sight. So he hurried forward and ran up the bridge ladders.

"Where have you been, mister?" the skipper said. "I've had two men looking for you."

"Sorry, sir," Danny said. "May I speak with you a moment? Privately?"

"Very well," he said, moving off toward the wing of the bridge with Danny beside him. "What is it, mister?"

"Look," Danny said, and hauled some of the nails and the gun out of his pocket.

Quickly, but in detail, he told the old man what had happened. When he finished, the old man said: "I see. Thank you, Mister MacLaren."

THERE was a little flurry of bumps and scrapings along the promenade deck and suddenly the ship's orchestra—five college boys from Stanford—crashed raggedly into a dance tune. The banjo led the way, screaming harshly: "*Margie, I'm always thinking of you, Margie*—" and the rest of the orchestra found their beat and took up the monotonous thumpety-thump of dance music, trying to make this like a regular gala sailing for the refugees.

"What shall I . . . do with these?" Danny asked the old man, making a little gesture with the hand that held the gun and the nails. "Put them in the safe for evidence?"

"No," the old man said wearily. "No, mister. We shan't be wanting any evidence."

"Oh," Danny said. "I—I thought perhaps—"

"No," the old man said again. "I'm afraid we'll have to forget it, mister."

Danny didn't say anything, and the old man went on in a tone of voice that Danny had never heard him use before: "A congressional investigating committee itself could never find out which of four or five governments this—this de Cunha is working for."

"I suppose not, sir," Danny said.

"And if they did find out—no one in all this madhouse South Pacific could ever figure out why they wanted to break this ship down and hold her here. There's no reason for anything much, out here today. *No reason in all these* . . . millions of vicious, conflicting cross-currents. It's hell, mister, for plain, everyday ships' officers. But there it is."

"Yes, sir," Danny said.

"And suppose we did know all about it?" the old man added. "Then what? . . . Things being as they are."

"Thank you, sir," Danny said. "I wish I . . . could be of more help . . . and all. I—"

"You're help enough, mister," the old man said crisply, as if a little ashamed of himself for having shown his burden to anyone. "Now. That will do."

He turned and walked toward the open chartroom door. Inside, under a green-shaded light, the second mate, as navigating officer, was plotting a course on a clean new chart. As the old man stopped behind him and peered over his shoulder at the lines he was plotting with the parallel rulers, a frightful disturbance of stertorous snorts and heavy breathings came laboring up the port-bridge ladders; it was the chief engineer, shaking the bridge with a bull-like charge toward the chartroom. With empurpled face and a strangled bellow, he shook both fists under the skipper's nose. Both fists were full of nails, which dribbled out and rattled on the chartroom floor.

"In my thrust-box," the chief roared. "Do you hear me, sir? The—"

"Now, Gus," the old man said quietly. "Let's take it easy."

The chief stamped a massive foot and the green-shaded light trembled. He raised his fist above his head, still roaring, and a nail or two dropped on the chart. The second officer picked one up and looked at it with a detached and scientific curiosity.

"Shut up, Gus!" the old man said quietly. The chief subsided with deep internal rumblings, but as he caught sight again of his fists, full of nails, he said with a profound sigh of satisfaction: "I've got the rat in irons. Chained to the starting platform."

"Well, turn him loose," the skipper said mildly. And before the chief could roar again, his voice, hard and reasonable, went on: "Now, Gus, I know all about it. More than you do. So wait a minute."

The first assistant engineer had followed the chief to the bridge and was standing beside Danny in the chartroom door, an efficient and scholarly man whose eyes were wide in earnest indignation behind his rimless glasses.

"Mister Chadwick," the old man said to the second mate, "I will check your course in a moment. Meanwhile, you might lend a hand with the refugees. Mister MacLaren, go put the searchlight on the flag and see that it's made fast. Mister—ah—"

"Get below, Frank," the chief growled to his first assistant. "See we've got sailing steam and keep it up."

"Yes, sir," Danny and the first assistant said together.

And as they went away with the second officer, they heard the old man whistle into the engine-room speaking tube and order de Cunha released with apologies. They also heard him begin on the chief: "Now, Gus, you've been out here long enough to know that we can't—"

The three junior officers went on down the bridge ladders in silence, one behind the other. And on the promenade deck, the second said: "Well, it's surprising, gents, the things that aren't in the books."

The first assistant, unexpectedly, said, "Hey, hey!" in his scholarly voice.

Danny didn't say anything.

Marian was leaning on the rail, smoking a cigarette and watching the refugees coming up the side from the barges. She turned as Danny passed, and slipped her hand under his arm.

"*May I come along?" she asked.*

"Sure," Danny said. "Glad to have you." He added, in her ear: "I haven't figured it out, of course, but I . . . I'm sorry I was—"

"How silly!" Marian said. "Where are we going?"

"To the boat deck," Danny said. And bitterly, "To turn the light on the flag."

"Okay," Marian said.

THEY edged their way through a crowd of refugees straggling along the deck; refugees who talked, when they talked at all, in every tongue of Europe, in every dialect of the Americas. Marian and Danny climbed up the ladder to the boat deck, and Danny said again: "I'm sorry. I . . . didn't . . ."

"That's all right," Marian said.

On the empty boat deck, on top of the ship, Danny turned and looked at her.

"I guess I'm pretty dumb, all right," he said. "But I—"

"Never mind," Marian said.

"Well," Danny said, "I—"

"Okay," Marian said. "What are you supposed to do up here?"

"Oh," Danny said. "Yes, of course. I'd almost forgotten."

He left her standing there, and started for the ladder to the after bridge, above the flag. But she said: "Danny! Look!"

He stopped and looked aft, where she was pointing.

Out of the murk, the gray Pacific dusk, he saw a vague shape looming up astern. An aircraft carrier, by its huge lopsided shape, with little busy destroyers cut-

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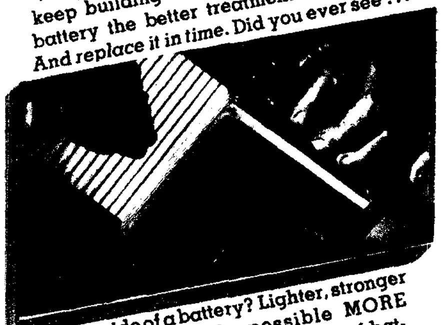
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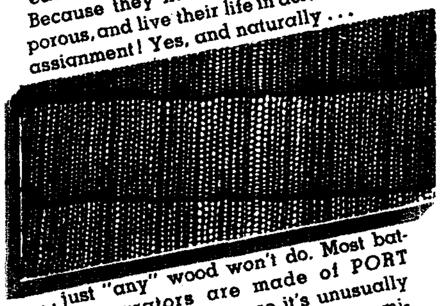
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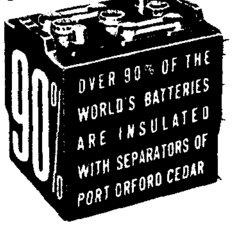
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ting paths of white upon the gray sea before its course. It was still a long way off, but the dusk magnified its bulky deadliness. It was coming in from sea, to support the cruisers in their attack upon the city.

As it came along, heading into the wind, its planes were taking off in a quick, dark, thundering flow; pursuits, then bombers, on wavering, wobbling wings, until there were whole squadrons in the dusk, circling and climbing to keep rendezvous in the air above the gray sea.

"Yeah," Danny called back to her. "I see! Big stuff—hey?"

He went on up the ladder and, groping along the rail, felt for the switch—and then with the click, a flag shone suddenly in the darkness, outspread, on the boat deck. Like a rug, to be— No. Not like that. Like a—

And Marian was beside him, her fingers slipping over his cold knuckles.

"Danny," she said.

"Yes?"

"That man—de Cunha—"

"Dirty spy," Danny said. "The low, dirty—"

"Will it make any difference, Danny," Marian said, "when you know that I am an espionage agent, too?"

After a long, hard time, Danny said: "No."

And Marian let her breath out and said: "That's fine, Danny."

THE aircraft carrier still was coming up astern, until the escorting destroyers were cutting white wakes on dull gray, almost under the Whampoa's high counter. And suddenly, with a fluttering buzz of steam at the top of her first funnel, the Whampoa's siren roared in hoarse, sullen bass, and the big bronze bell under the forecastle began clanging hurriedly, meaning, "*At anchor. Stay off.*" The aircraft carrier didn't answer. She still kept coming up, slowly, with the little theatrical-looking destroyers circling, rolling as they turned impudently, leaving drifting stains of oil smoke in the gray dusk, until, with a rusty roar of chain cables, the carrier let go her anchors, right behind the Whampoa, in the protection of the shining flag.

Danny was still only halfway down the ladder from the after bridge to the boat deck, where the flag was fastened down. Marian stayed above, with an expression that Danny couldn't see because her thin figure was outlined as if in bronze against the blinding foggy glare of the searchlight. But it didn't matter. Danny was piecing together things he had always known of, but never really thought about before:

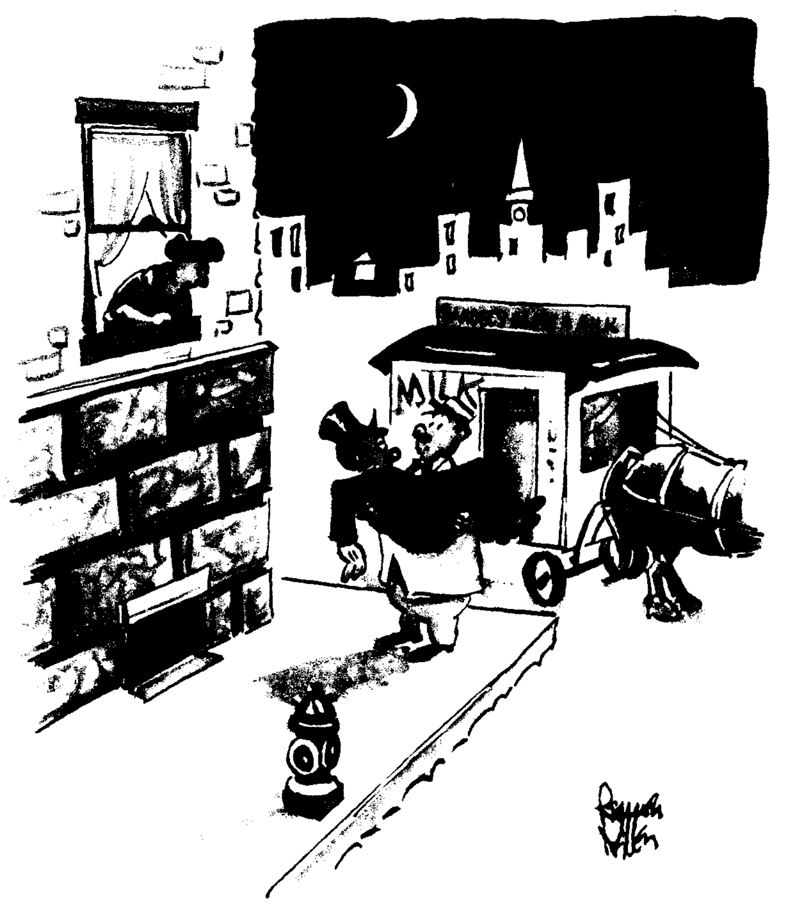
Blood-tinted footprints along a snowy road that led to Valley Forge, left by rag-wrapped feet that were following a dream; the nasty, jolting crack of little guns, cast by the smithy at home, answering the sonorous rolling broadsides of British frigates; the gritty sound of a homemade plow, cutting a furrow in buffalo grass that had blown forever in the winds that coursed wild prairie horizons; the nasal twang of illiterate debate in wilderness statehouses under gray skies that dripped rain from the fir boughs of a not yet conquered wilderness. And out of those tobacco-dripping debates—yet so far beyond them—came a voice that said: "*With malice toward none, with charity for all. . . .*"

And beyond that, even: night winds whispering in the dried prairie grasses where pioneer men and women, those dreamers, had laid down their bones. And a greater voice, the voice of a nation of dreamers, raised out of the corruption of too-easy money, out of all the faltering, quickly betrayed hopes: "*A war to end war.*"

Those things were in Danny's mind, as his feet hit the boat deck.

A corner of the flag was fluttering loose in the wind that blew out from that city. That city of death and intrigue and horror.

Danny fumbled for a moment, and then he took the gun out of his pocket. And a nail. And kneeling, with the gun for a hammer, he nailed the flag down, while the bombing planes roared above him, one after another, in the murk.



"Throw him down the coal chute. I'll pick him up in the morning"

REAMER KELLER

"Here's a pay load of flavor..men ...Velvet"
Velvet
—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both
Velvet
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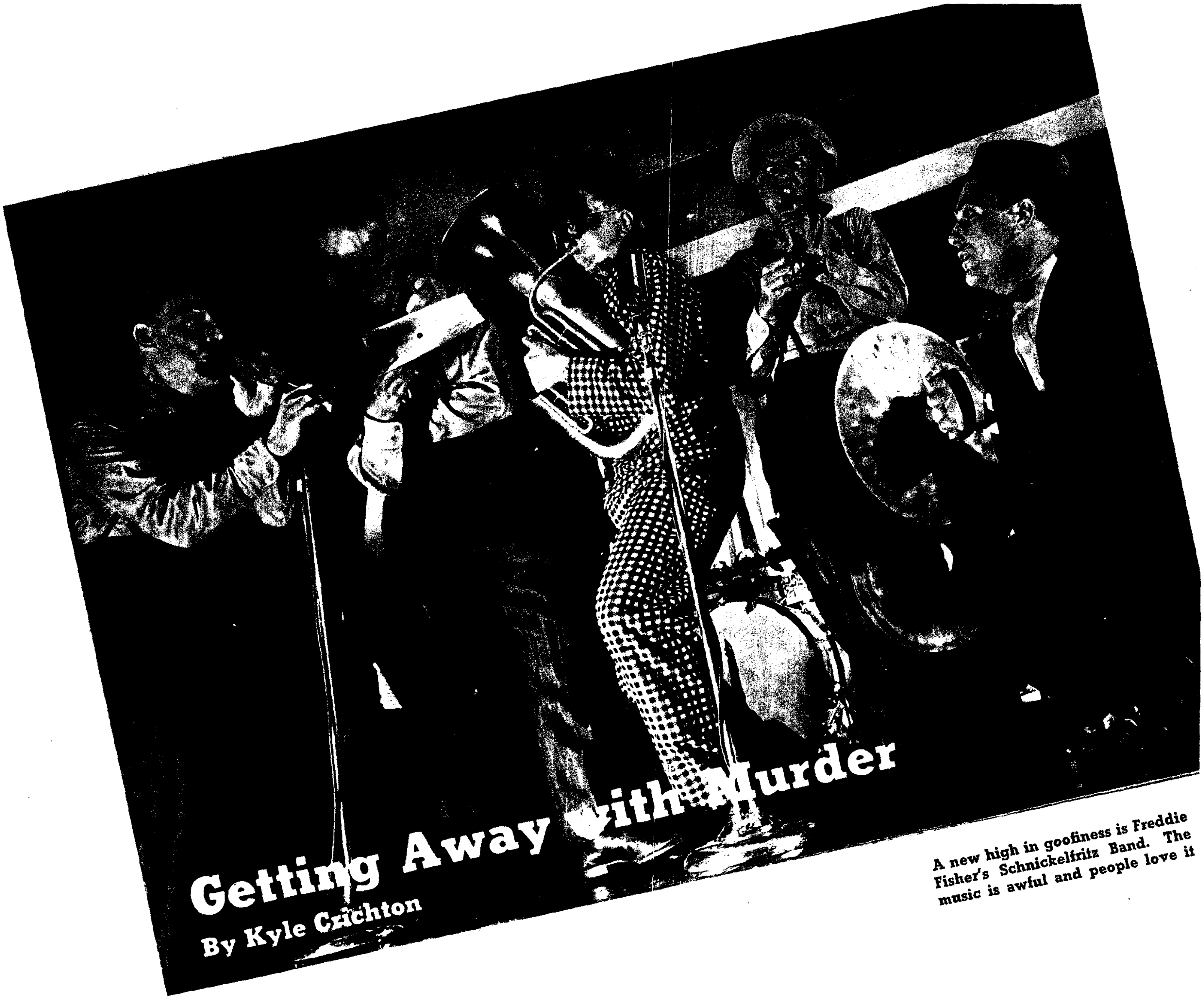

Getting Away with Murder

By Kyle Crichton

A new high in goofiness is Freddie Fisher's Schnickelfritz Band. The music is awful and people love it

SARRA

WITHOUT the slightest lingering shadow of a doubt, without any doubt whatever, Freddie Fisher's Schnickelfritz Band of Winona, Minnesota, is the corniest outfit that ever massacred a tune for the delectation of an American audience. As an indication of what Mr. Fisher means in the cultural life of the nation, it may be reported that when Freddie and his five companions wind up and proceed to slaughter Tiger Rag, tristful matrons from the Eastern Star have been known to climb upon chairs and begin to kick soda bottles off the table through the skylight.

About eighteen months ago, Mr. Fisher and his assassins were making $19.50 a week each at Sugar Loaf Tavern outside Winona. At the moment they are in Hollywood playing in Golddiggers of Paris for Warner Brothers at a salary (for six weeks) of $25,000. Last winter in Minneapolis they were taking a weekly grab of $1,500 from the Coconut Grove and there was one fabulous period of seven days in November when they grossed $6,225.85 from an engagement at the Orpheum Theater, two private parties and the Coconut Grove thing.

Freddie and his murderers are, in brief, an American saga. Virtue is its own reward. A stitch in time saves shame. Better mousetrap . . . path to your door. Save the pennies and have your pockets full of copper. A rolling stone gathers everything including bumps.

As for Freddie, he merely snaps his suspenders, wags his head bewilderedly and says it's the durndest thing he ever seed. When visited in Minneapolis last winter, he was living with his wife in the Foshay Tower in a furnished apartment. "Towels, maid, hot water, what d'ye think of that?" reports Freddie. "Just like a hotel, that's what." At Winona he had lived in a trailer. "Winter and summer, sure," says Mr. Fisher. "Five bucks a month rent; light and water, three bucks; made the oil burner myself out of a lot of old tin; like to fool around with things like that there oil burner."

When Freddie and his boys begin their night's work, they fool you. They play sweet. They play straight. All unsuspecting, people begin dancing to the melodies. Just when it is apparent that the Schnickelfritz boys are a good small outfit, they suddenly go corny. For the unknowing it may be explained that corny music is that form of technical inefficiency which consists in doing everything just a little worse than natural. The trumpet player begins to tripletongue and make blats that assail the ear; the trombone player starts making the slides and grunts and blares that were once held to be the essence of originality in jazz bands; the clarinet player (which is Freddie) adds his squeaks, honks and bleats; the bull fiddle is being thumped with hand, arms and ankles; the pianist is running up and down the keyboard like one possessed and the drummer is slamming bells, cymbals, conch shells, tomtoms and stray waiters passing by. It is one unholy bedlam of vicious sound done in rhythm and if you aren't careful, it is likely to get you.

It's Crazy But People Like It

"You don't jest do that stuff offhand," Freddie says. "It's worked out rotten."

Along with the corny playing go the monkeyshines. The boys put on strange hats—straw hats, cowboy hats, derbies. As a climax Freddie has a hat of his own invention which consists of a derby rim, a stovepipe and a blazing fire. Yes, sir; the flames shoot up, the smoke comes out and Freddie walks around with this burning contraption perched nonchalantly on his dome. Nels Laakso (the big Finn who plays trumpet and looks like Robert E. Sherwood, the playwright) is singing a little something with pants leg rolled up. Stanley Fritts is working frantically on his combination washboard-autohorn dingus. He strums the washboard, he honks the horns (all chromatically in tune) and yells at intervals to show that the mood of the thing is in him. Back in the corner Charlie Koenig is thumping the guts out of the bull fiddle (an electric fan is trained on the fiddle to keep it cool, being as Charlie, we hate to say it, but Charlie he perspires and without the fan the strings would rot and then where would Schnickelfritz be?). Paul Cooper is pounding the piano and at intervals breaking into song. Ken Trisko ("He was terrible; he made me give him the job," says Freddie, "but now he's one of the best.") is riding the drums like an engineer bouncing around in the cab of the midnight choo-choo bound for Alabam.

This number is supposed to be the Wreck of Old 97 and at about this point it sounds like a wreck. Suddenly Freddie blows a whistle like a train nearing a station and yells: "Short pause at Newport for water!" Stanley gives him the water—a deluge poured all over Freddie and the fire in the stovepipe hat. There is a roar, a climax of sound and

(Continued on page 63)

You've simply got to drive it!

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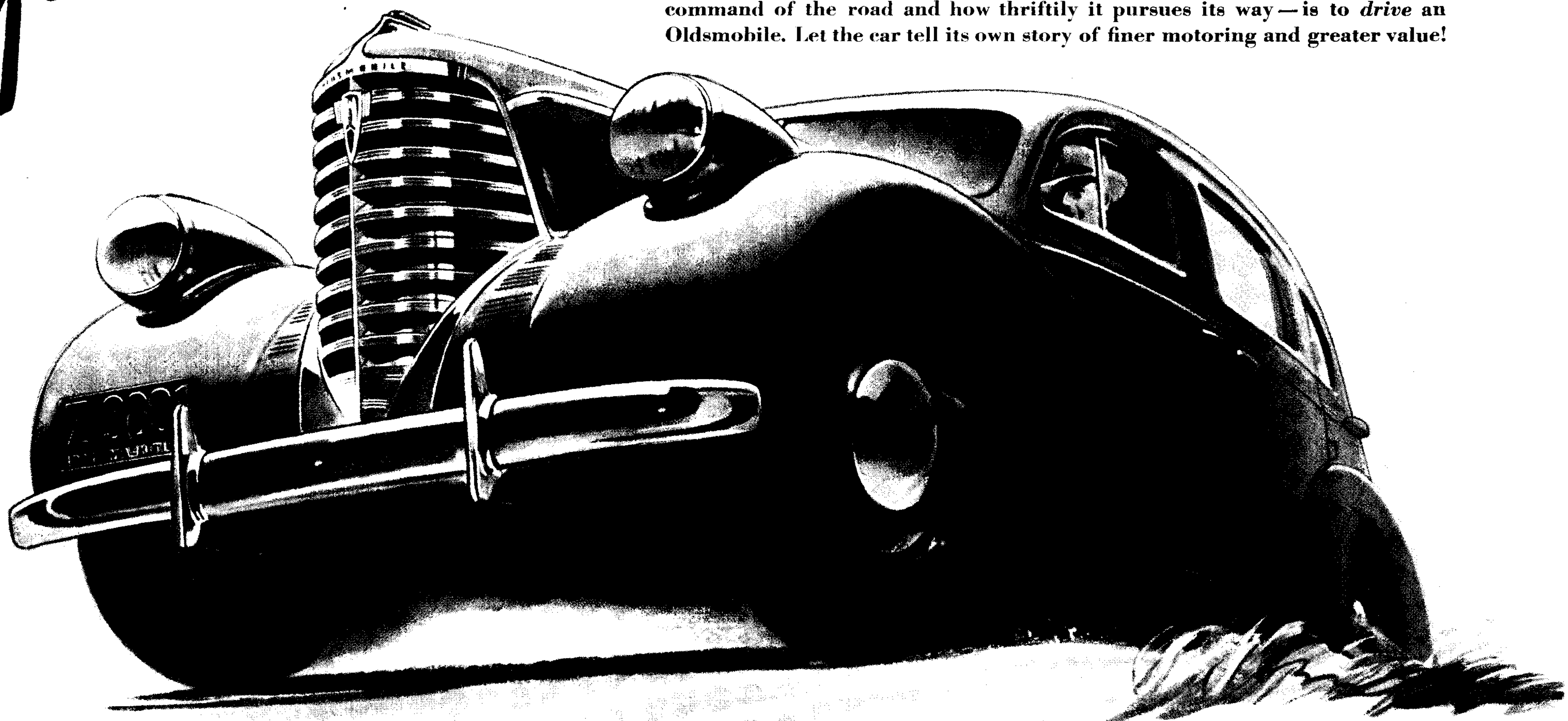

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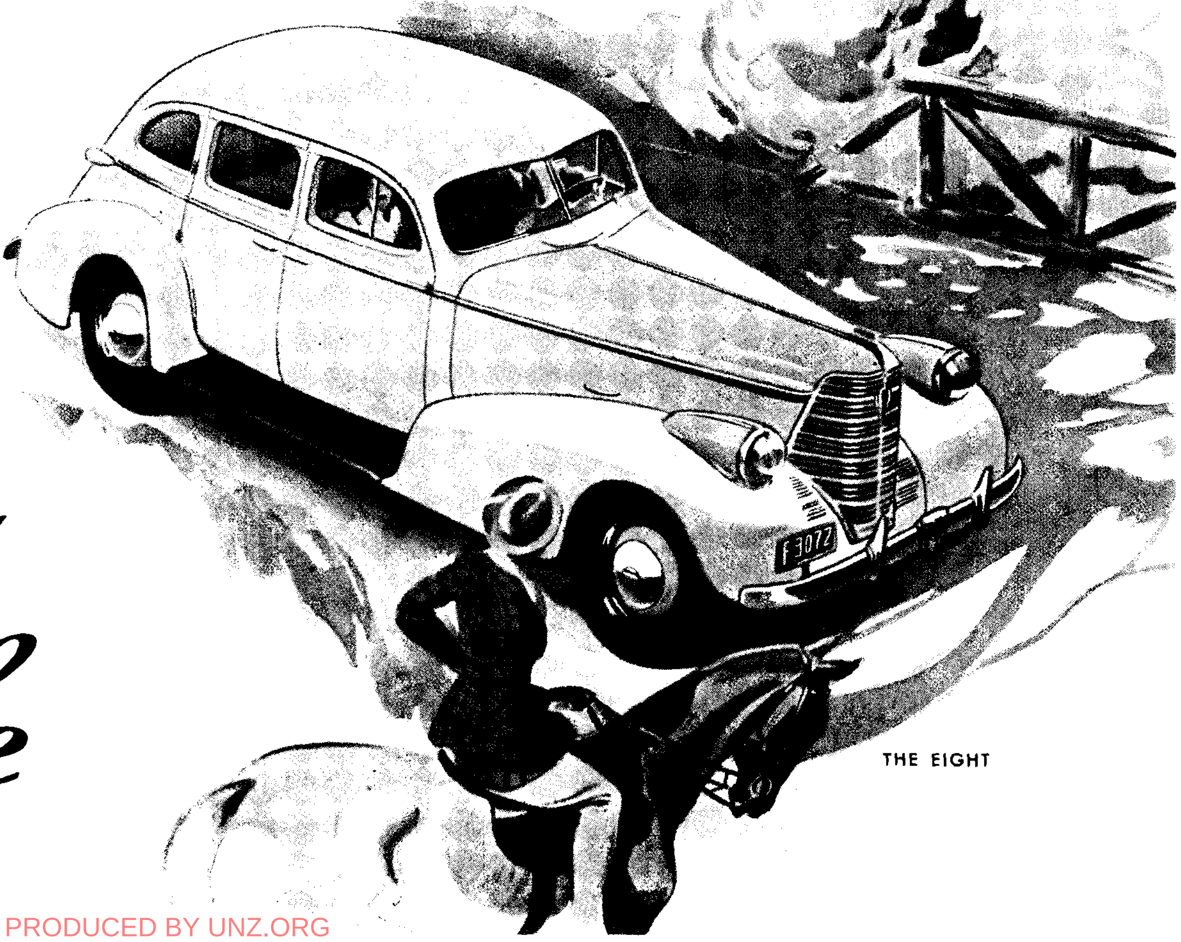

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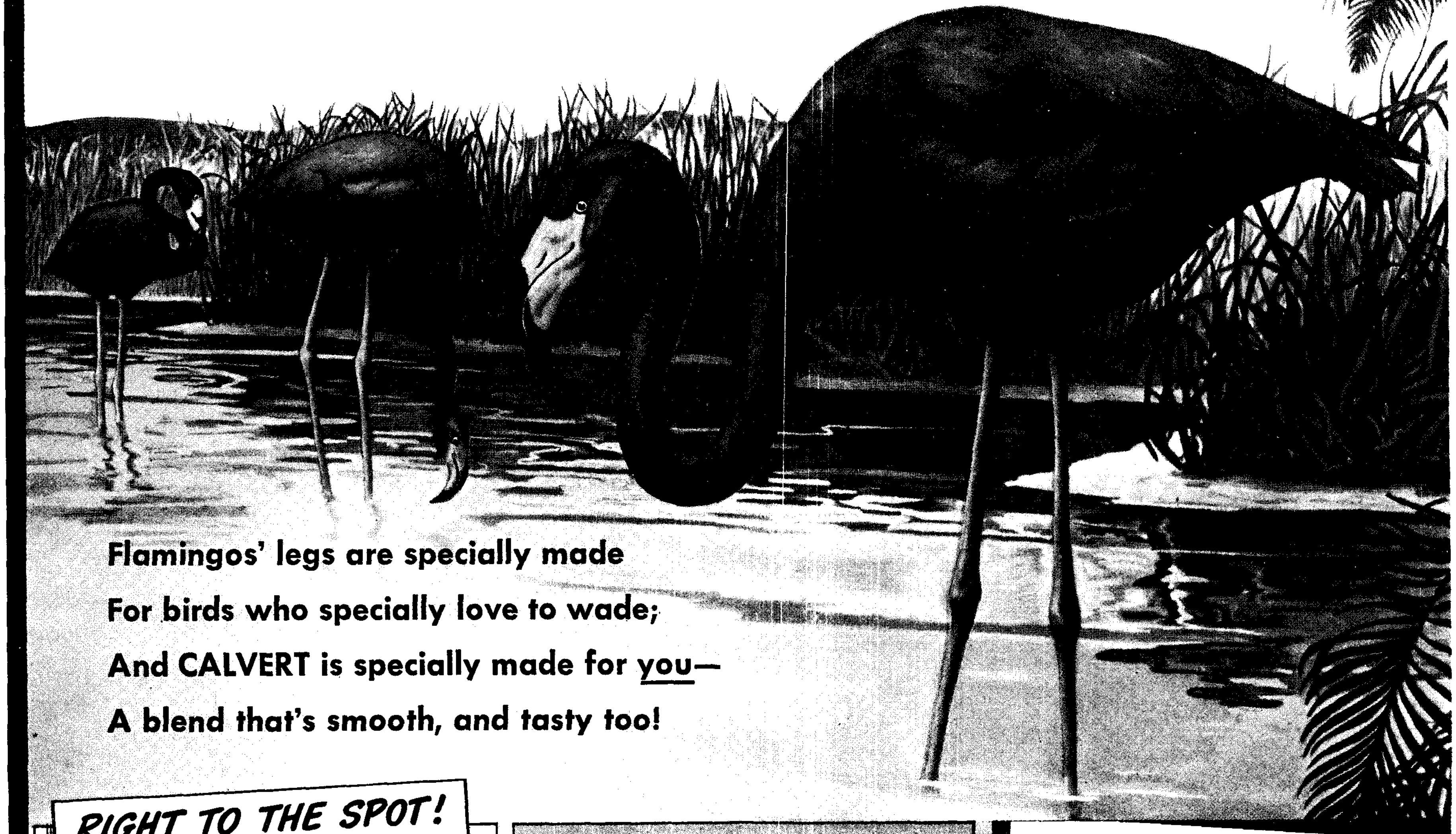
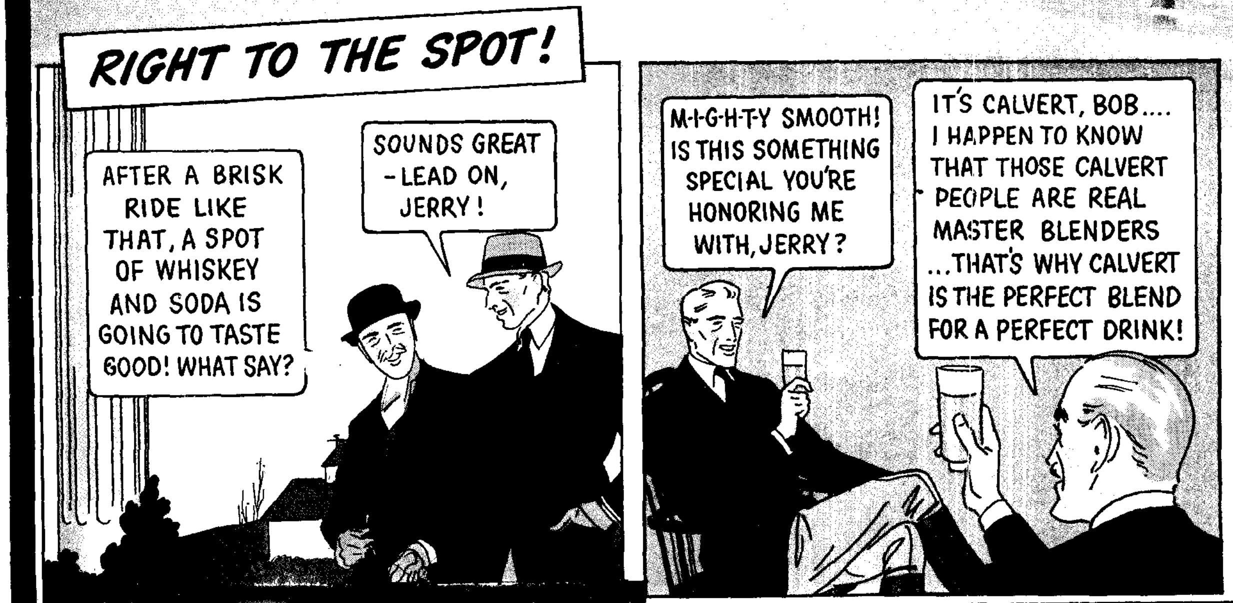


Flamingos' legs are specially made
For birds who specially love to wade;
And CALVERT is specially made for you—
A blend that's smooth, and tasty too!


RIGHT TO THE SPOT!
AFTER A BRISK RIDE LIKE THAT, A SPOT OF WHISKEY AND SODA IS GOING TO TASTE GOOD! WHAT SAY?
SOUNDS GREAT - LEAD ON, JERRY!
M-I-G-H-T-Y SMOOTH! IS THIS SOMETHING SPECIAL YOU'RE HONORING ME WITH, JERRY?
IT'S CALVERT, BOB.... I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT THOSE CALVERT PEOPLE ARE REAL MASTER BLENDERS ...THAT'S WHY CALVERT IS THE PERFECT BLEND FOR A PERFECT DRINK!

TODAY'S WHISKEY FACT:

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CALL FOR
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Getting Away with Murder

Continued from page 60

the six members of the Schnickelfritz band of Winona, Minnesota, collapse in a mélange of hairy legs, derby hats, washboard-autohorns and utter confusion.

WOWSIE!

This nonsense, in the stricter sense, all started at Lourdes, Iowa, where Freddie Fisher was born. The family moved almost at once to Garnavillo, Iowa, where Papa Fisher ran a buttery (Freddie always corrects you when you say the old man was a farmer; not a farmer but a butterer or buttermaker). There were five children, and Freddie from the start was less a musician than an electric nut, wanted to be monkeying around all the time with electricity. In some way he doesn't remember now, he got a job in a garage at Spillville, Iowa. After that he went to normal school for two months and got a diploma that would have allowed him to teach. Instead he went up to Watervliet, Michigan, to live for a while with Howard Horton, who played the trumpet. Freddie started on the saxophone under Howard's guidance and learned to play the St. Louis Blues and When My Baby Smiles at Me.

Freddie Learns

"Somebody offered me $35 a week," says Freddie, "just because I had that sax and a tuxedo. I couldn't play sweet, I couldn't fake, I couldn't read music. I only knew them two tunes, but I got $35."

After a while he went back home to Iowa and still people kept offering him $35 a week. But then he ran into Bobby Griggs, a kid on crutches who played the trumpet and ran an orchestra. Traveling around in cars to dances, Bobby talked about chords and harmony and Freddie began to learn.

He was in vaudeville for a few weeks with Boyd Senter, but that blew up, and then he was a year and a half at Appleton, Wis., with an outfit, and about that time the bottom fell out of the band business. He went back to Iowa, played in all sorts of bands, and made nothing.

Then came the great offer—$25 a week in Rapid City, N. D., only nine hundred miles away. Freddie started on a secondhand motorcycle (bought on credit) with his saxophone tied on his back. The record is as follows: (a) Sioux City, Ia., motorcycle skidded on a gravel road; sundry contusions, bent handle bars. (b) Murdo, S. D., another skid. Sax busted. Motorcycle busted. Freddie busted. (c) Walking, caught in storm, "damn' near washed away." (d) Rapid City by hitchhike.

At Rapid City, he determined to settle for life and do gold mining ("about a buck a day, washing for flakes; no nuggets"). But a letter came from Stanley Fritts about a job with one Hi Gandar, Hindu orchestra leader at Winona, Minn. Back comes Freddie and starts out with Hi, who abruptly disappears one night, leaving his car behind. The orchestra had a plan. They would take the car, deliver each man at his home and the last guy who had the car would simply park the old bus someplace and go off and forget it, it being a wreck anyhow. So ordered, so done.

Evil days followed for Freddie, ending with an engagement in the Chicken Tavern, an eating place, where he played with one Trester, pianist, from "nine till ever." It was then that Brother Arnold Fisher enters. Arnold was with the CCC at Des Moines and Freddie brought him on to drive the car and book the new band he had determined to launch. Freddie had it figured out: the big bands were beyond him but the old-time bands needed only five or six men. Hence the old-time band was known as the Schnickelfritz (a nickname he got around Garnavillo as a boy) and the hot stuff would be Freddie Fisher and his boys. In 1935 they went $780 in the hole (borrowed from Papa Fisher). On Christmas night, when they expected to clean up around $125, there was a blizzard and they nearly froze to death as well as going broke.

But Arnold finally pulled them through. He went out and booked engagements, he drove the car, he could cook. Then they got on the trail of the Sugar Loaf Tavern for a job. The price was too high, said the management. "We bought at least five barrels of beer in that place before we made that deal," says Freddie. They were to get two dollars a night per man.

Freddie sent at once for Stanley Fitts, the trombone player, but Stan said nothing doing. He was through with music and starvation and was at the moment taking lessons to be a barber. Stan was playing every night till four o'clock, was working at a lunch counter for his meals and in between was taking his shearing and scraping lessons. When he got through his course, he was going out and wrap the old trombone around a telephone pole and try to forget that he was ever a musician. Stan wanted to get married and Freddie finally landed him on the theory that the engagement at the Sugar Loaf would be permanent. It lasted two years and a half and the men at the end were getting the $19.50 a week previously mentioned.

The only sad part about the Sugar Loaf proposition was that it finished Arnold. There was no more booking to be done and no car driving, unless Freddie wanted him to operate the trailer, which he didn't. So Arnold has retired to Postville, Iowa, where he runs a filling station known as the Schnickelfritz.

At the Sugar Loaf, Freddie had rigged up a fine speaker system, microphones and all (using that old electrical urge of his) and found there was nobody to use it. He thereupon began to sing and has continued it to this day despite all protests. They were going along all right at the Sugar Loaf, making their money honestly and hurting nobody, when a gentleman named Elvin T. Christman entered the picture. He was a salesman for a record company and allowed as how the boys were good enough to have an audition. All they had to do was go down to Chicago on a certain day and he'd fix it for them. Having $90 saved up in a general fund, they started out in midwinter on their first search for fame. When they reached Chicago, they found either that somebody higher up had been kidding Mr. Christman or Mr. Christman had been kidding them. The man at the recording studio said coldly: "It's unusual to have a band come to record without us knowing about it."

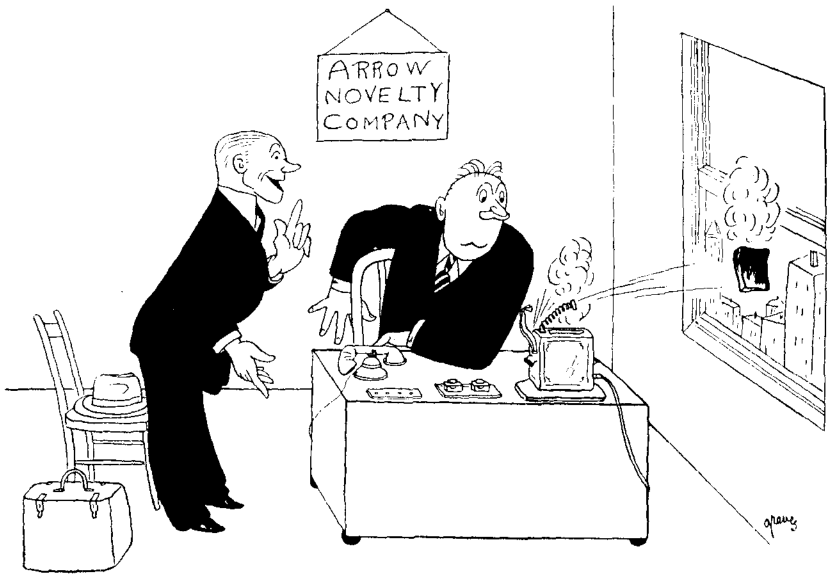
When he heard these words Mr. Fisher died within and could barely drag himself away to break the news to the others who were waiting outside in the parked car. They talked the matter over that night and decided to go back en masse next morning and insist on being heard. The big boss of the studio was there from New York when they arrived and he decided he might as well hear them. Maybe they could do some schottisches, polkas, waltzes, things like that. The old folks liked them and the Fisher boys might just as well pound them out.

They Gave 'Em Corn

Freddie and his folks did same, but with little enthusiasm. Then, upon request, they played When My Baby Smiles at Me. "It made me retch," says Freddie, still shuddering at the memory. Then they began playing Tiger Rag, good and slow and corny. With this, people began running to the studio from all over the building and Freddie knew he had something. The recording people also sat up and asked if he had anything else like that.

"Then we gave 'em corn till hell wouldn't have it," reports Mr. Fisher.

The records instantly became popular and the next step was an engagement at the Midway Gardens, an out-of-the-way place in St. Paul. By this time Christman, the record man who had led them astray at Chicago, was now their manager and he asked $350 a week for the band. The management swayed backward and was about to fall when Christman made it $200 a week but with forty per cent of all business they took in over $2,000. The best week the Midway had experienced previously was $1,800. The place seated 250 and in six days its gross went over the $2,000 mark. After that it soared because they started



"See? It throws the burned toast right out the window!"

H. TEMPEST GRAVES

No one ever kissed her
GOOD NIGHT

Bad breath is death to romance. And bad breath is frequently caused by constipation. Just as headaches, sleeplessness, weakness can be produced by it, or most skin blemishes aggravated by it!

Dr. F. M. Edwards, during his years of practice, treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted that relief sweetened the breath and improved well-being and vitality. For his treatment he used a vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet very effective because *it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system.*

Help guard against constipation. Use Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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SLEEP OR COUGH TONIGHT?

Take modern-formula Piso's - - with its local and internal action. . .
LOCALLY, Piso's clings to your throat, soothes and relaxes irritated membranes that bring on coughing.
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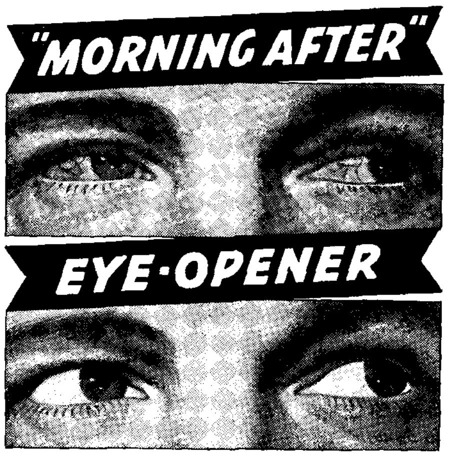

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Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A
This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

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MAKE MONEY
and **EARN PRIZES**
All Summer Long!

Mail Coupon Today

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BOYS, 12 to 15: How'd you like to flash down the street on a speedy new Silver King bicycle? Or how'd you like to own a 1938 portable typewriter, a baseball outfit, or a movie machine? You can begin NOW to earn these or any of 300 other big prizes. You can make MONEY, too.

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charging a cover charge of fifty cents, and the Fisher end out of that engagement worked up to around $1,500 a week.

What set the Fisher outfit nationally was the appearance of Rudy Vallee, who had been asked by bookers in New York to look into the matter of these hicks when he played Minneapolis. He heard them and then went up on the platform to make a speech. He said it was a great band and ought to be in Hollywood. He said further that he owed a debt to the man who had told him this band was playing in a little place outside of Minneapolis. Since the little place outside Minneapolis happened to be St. Paul, there was a shocked silence at this and then an ominous roar and Mr. Vallee was only saved from rending by the hasty interference of a gentleman from the restaurant who rushed to the microphone to say that Rudy was only fooling Ha! Ha! Ha! Good old Rudy!

Hollywood on the Wire

But the Vallee report set Hollywood off in the usual way. Mr. Harry Warner was on the phone. He had just heard a record of Tiger Rag and never heard such clarinet playing in his life. (At this Mr. Fisher holds his head in his hands and mutters, "Oh, my God! I used to practice eight hours a day to be a musician and then I play rotten on purpose and they say it's great!") Arthur Willys of RKO flew to Minneapolis from Hollywood. Sam Briskin, then of RKO, carried on phone conversations lasting hours ("Has he any idea what that costs?" asks Freddie, standing worriedly by the side of his manager, the aforesaid Christman). RKO offered $50,000 for three pictures. Freddie finally settled with Warner's for $25,000, an option on five other pictures with the final price of $50,000 a picture—and on the first contract $2,500 a week for all over five weeks.

When it was over, the paper all signed up, Freddie got sick. He is a skinny little guy and drank too much needled beer for years during prohibition and although a teetotaler now his tummy has never been the same. Also he thinks the business of fame is sorta nutsy.

"Just a lot of ole cow pokes, that's what we are," he keeps protesting. "I'm scared stiff. I'm always scared stiff when we start in. Them guys takin' our pitchers tonight. . . . *They* scared me stiff."

But things are pretty good for the little fellow with the wide-open face. He has paid back his father and all his bills, including nine months' back rent to the Winona landlady and in addition has married the landlady's daughter (no connection, those two things).

When last seen he was warning the folks at the Coconut Grove Nite Club that they had better do their drinking early because of the city ordinances in that fair city of Minneapolis. To show his artistry he had made up a little poem to make his point clear.

"I want you folks to all bewar
At twelve o'clock they close the bar."

After which the orchestra went into something with Freddie playing the ocarina, Nels Laakso doing miracles on a slide whistle and Stan Fritts getting music by blowing into the opening of a brown jug. It sounded awful and the people were crazy about it.

They Knew Each Other

Continued from page 18

these rubes and listens to fifty arguments going red hot at the same time, and it is a revelation to Danny. I mean, Danny has been used to dealing with sensible guys you could tell things to, see? Guys that would listen to their union leaders and toss in the yes or no ballots with some system, see? Guys that would say, "Well, ain't it just too bad about old Doc Dandy and Mr. Sam Enright but this is a strike." So what? So it gets poor Danny down and he mumbles: "I dunno. I dunno if they *ought* to be organized!"

"You don't mean that, pal," I said.

Julia blinked at Danny and got a little sore and said it was plain her daddy had blarneyed him around to his side and, by golly, she'd organize the union herself. So what? So she gets hold of Johnny Beck and some younger rubes and in no time at all she has two dozen signers to the union pledge.

"Now, remember," says Julia, "you boys are not to allow anyone to light the fires or run hogs, no matter what happens!"

Then she turns on Danny and says sarcastic: "I suppose, Mr. McCarthy, that you know how to go on from here?"

"I—I guess so," Danny said.

"You go away now, sister," I said, "and maybe Danny will feel better."

For a hick gal this Julia was plenty smart and she got my point all right and looked flustered and went off in a hurry.

"We'll call the meeting now and get our demands in shape," I said.

"It's no good," Danny said.

"Why ain't it?"

"All these folks *know* each other," Danny said.

"Too bad, too bad."

"No, this is good, Roy. This is the way it ought to be. They got something here."

"They got a strike and don't know what to do with it," I said. "Let love fly out the window, pal, and do what the chief sent us for!"

Danny shook his head.

"*She* only wants to use us to close this business and make it stick. We'd play hell telling the chief we've organized up here but ruined all the jobs."

So what the Judas Priest percentage was that? Our job was to organize these rubes, wasn't it? What happened to the plant setup after that was no skin off our nose, was it? Open or shut, it was a union plant, wasn't it? Let Doc Dandy worry about operation cost and profits. This strike thing was a crying disgrace—no picket line, no scabs or finks, no coppers to stiffen our backbones, no nothing. It was driving me nuts, see?

"You call this meeting and let's get some demands on paper, Danny," I said, "or I'll have to put in a long-distance squawk to the chief!"

SO WHAT? So Danny calls the meeting but right in the midst of it more hog trucks start pulling in. And this time it isn't just a Mr. Sam Enright needing dough to square his bank. It's Cousin Pete from down yonder and Uncle Al from up the creek and Aunt Josie from the Knob, see? All of them related to rubes that work in the packing plant, see? And each one with a hard-luck story that would bring tears to the chief's eyes himself.

And there's old Doc Dandy hopping around and smoking his pipe and shaking hands and writing out checks for hogs to all comers. "Unload 'em, boys," says old Doc Dandy. "This packing plant is a community necessity—yes, sir, a necessity!" The smart old coot. He'd sent out word by the hick grapevine that now was the time to sell your hogs, see?

By midafternoon all the pens were filled with hogs and Doc started running them into the main building.

"I reckon we'd better light the fires," says Johnny Beck; "them hogs is losin' weight by the hour. It'd plumb ruin old Doc if'n it was continued!"

Danny and I tried to make it look regular by saying that Doc Dandy ought to hire Uncle back before the strike was called off, that being the only grievance these dumb bunnies had.

Elmer and Lem put the finish to *that*.

"Don't reckon we got time to argue with Doc now, boys," Elmer said; "them hogs is makin' a turrible mess in here!"

"Yay, mess!" Lem said. "Reckon we'll jist have to run her all night to clear them hogs out'n here!"

So what? So that was the end of the sit-down strike at Elderville. All those rubes pitched in and started running hogs down the line full blast. And out comes Doc Dandy, grinning like a monkey, with his arm around this old guy, Uncle.

"You go on back to the smoke pit, Uncle," says Doc Dandy. "We've known each other too long to let a few spoiled hams come between us!"

"I'll aim to be a leetle more careful, Doc," says Uncle.

SO WHAT? So Doc Dandy turns to Danny and me and says: "This is where my company turns the corner, boys! I'll show a profit yet, a profit yet!"

"You deserve to, Doc," Danny said; "you sure deserve to."

"Tell my wife and daughter that, will you, son?" Doc said.

"Sure will," Danny said.

Hoofing it off the factory grounds, I unloaded on Danny.

"Some organizer, pal. *You* tell the chief. I'll wait outside!"

Is Danny thinking about the chief? What do you think?

"I've got to tell Miss Julia her dad is right," Danny said. "He's got something here. He knows everybody and everybody knows him. This is new, Roy; this is swell. This is the big idea. Get it?"

"Scab!" I said. "Fink!"

Then we walk right into it. A big car swerves up as we're crossing the road and there are four gorillas in it. The opposition, see? They put the guns on us and motion for us to get in.

"What is this?" Danny says.

"What do you think?" one of them says.

So what? So I know we are in for a bad beating and maybe worse. They will work us over down the road someplace and then come back to organize these rubes themselves, see?

"Get in!" they say.

But all of a sudden a sedan stops alongside of us and out hops Julia Dandy. We are almost in the car by this time and Julia comes right on over.

"You're not leaving, Mr. McCarthy?" she says.

"Yeah. Sure. So long," Danny says.

"He'll see you later," one of the gorillas says.

"But you haven't told anybody goodby!" says the Julia gal, and then she calls out and stops a car full of rubes from the plant. "These boys say they have to go back to the city!" Julia says.

With that, all these rubes pile out of their car and gather around us. They know us, see? And am I glad they do? What do you think? It's Lem and Elmer and Pete and Willie. Pretty soon, before the gorillas can make up their minds what to do, there are about fifty rubes gathered around the car, all waiting to shake hands with Danny and me and say goodby.

I looked at Danny and Danny just grinned. We got out of the car.

"Boys," says Danny to the gorillas, "we'll see you later. You go on back to the hotel and wait for us there. It wouldn't be polite for us to go off without saying goodby to everybody."

So what? So the opposition tough guys think maybe they'll put the blast on us, but there are too many witnesses and too many big rubes from the packing plant. They just drive off. . . .

The trouble with the chief is he's never been to a hick burg like Elderville.

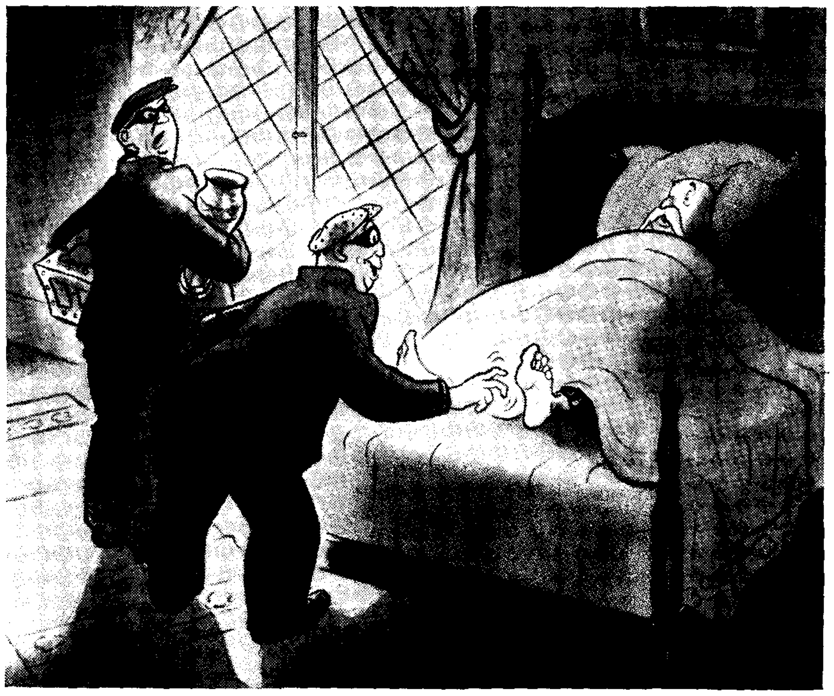
"So you didn't organize 'em, hey?" yells the chief. "So Danny stayed up there and isn't coming back to work, hey? What's the idea . . . why?"

"Chief," I said, "all I can tell you is that it's no good roping in the rubes. They all know each other, see?"

"Know each other—what does that mean?"

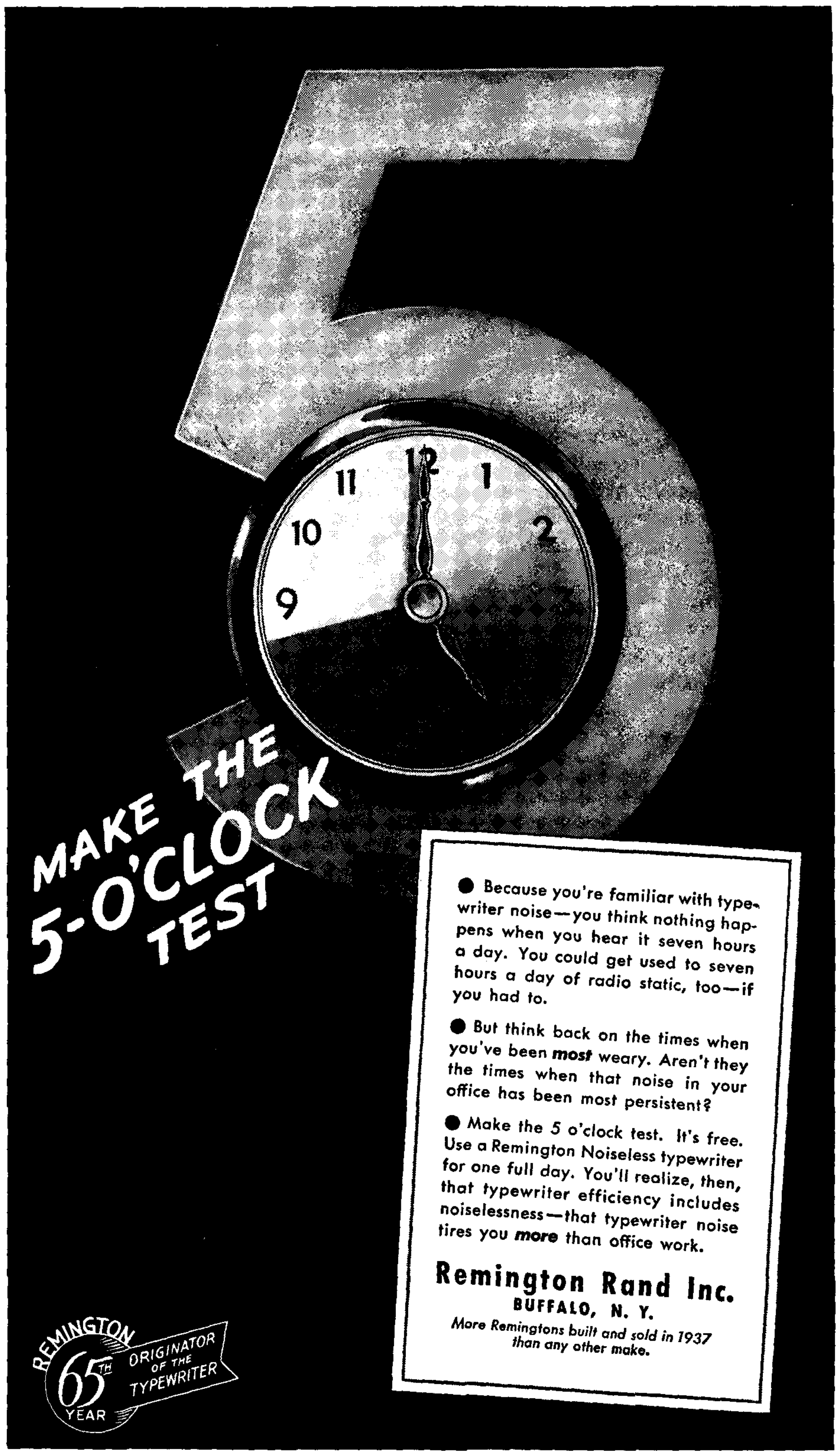
So what? "So how would I know how to tell you when you ain't been there, chief?" I said.

Poor old Danny. The guy is up against a lot tougher racket than running strikes, now. I heard the other day that he'd married Julia Dandy and that Doc Dandy gave him the packing plant as a wedding present. There is one smart coot, that Doc Dandy.



"You got a mean streak in you somewheres, Butch!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



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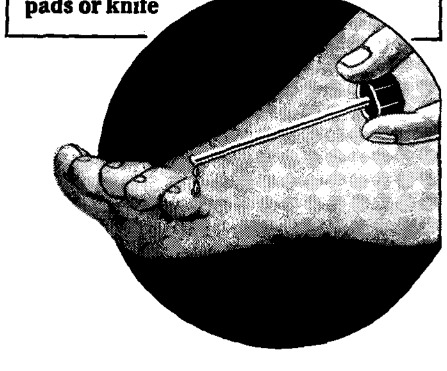

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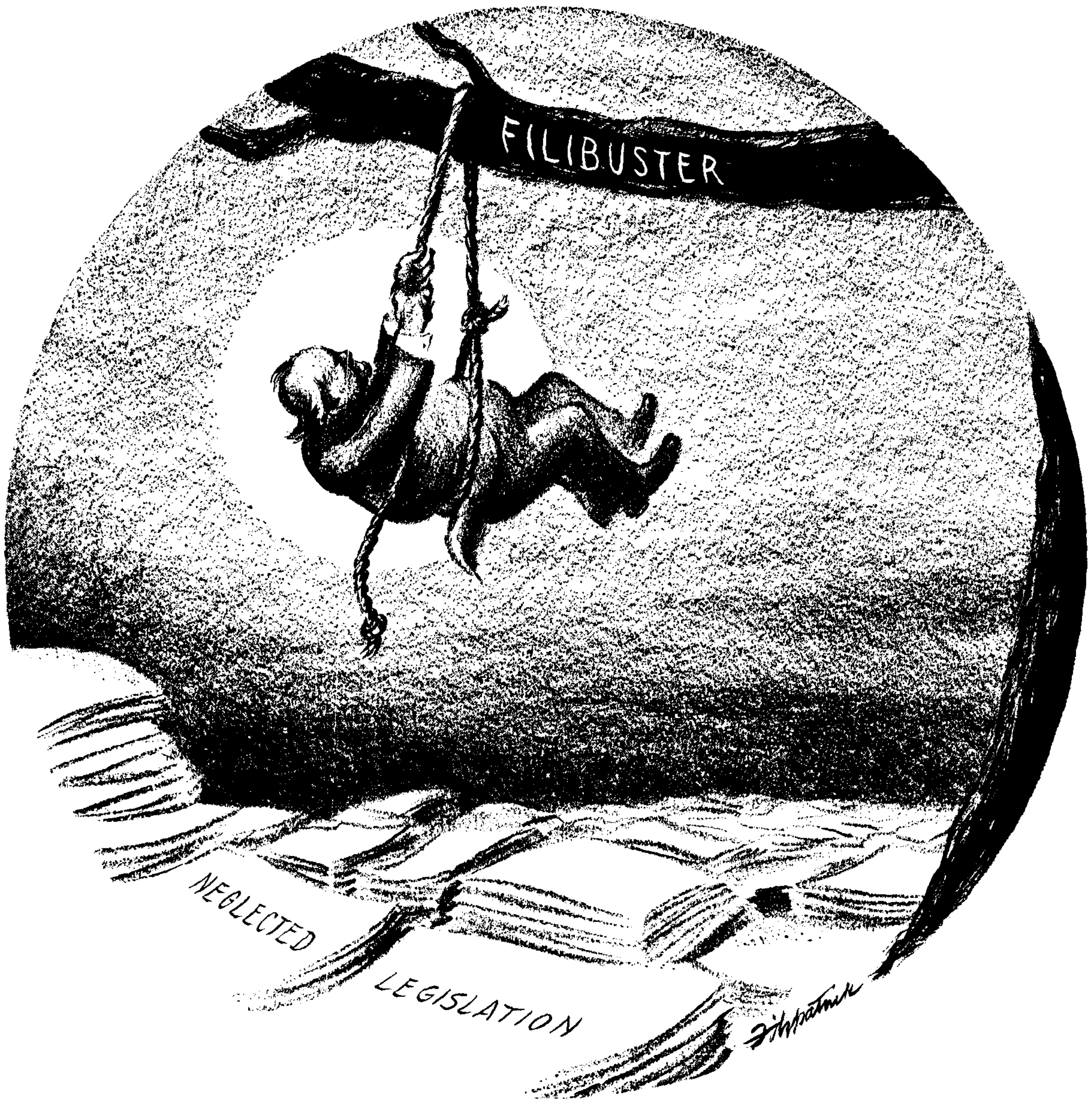

TEDIOUS talk about lynching has made it impossible for Congress to discuss other matters intrinsically more important.

Nobody would attribute devious motives to any of the statesmen in Washington but the simple fact is that the endless debate over lynching consumed many days. The time that Congress has left to use on other questions is much shorter than the calendar suggests. When the hot weather arrives deliberation is difficult if not impossible. The days that were squandered in January and February cannot be retrieved in summer.

So the merry sessions spent in a filibuster over lynching have already eliminated many subjects from congressional deliberation. Other legislation died during the filibuster.

Lynching is admittedly an abomination without respectable defenders. The number of lives lost by mob violence, however, is not large.

For 1936, Tuskegee Institute reported nine lynchings. Two occurred in Arkansas, one in Florida and six in Georgia. Among the offenses charged against the victims was activity in a sharecropper strike.

Officials of the law prevented forty-four lynchings that same year. Five times the police saved prisoners from mobs in Northern states and thirty-nine times Southern peace officers frustrated mobs. All told, seventy-nine people were saved from mob murder.

The political energy behind the drive for a federal antilynching measure came from the Northern states in which large colonies of Negroes have recently settled. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit all have Negro populations large enough to influence elections. The largest Negro cities in the world are sections of American municipalities. Negroes naturally approve federal intervention to prevent lynching.

The antilynching measure is curiously like the "force bills" that were passed by Congress in 1870, 1872 and 1873. The principal purpose of the "force bills" was to sustain Negro voters in the exercise of their political rights in the South. The United States Army was used to compel Southern acquiescence in the "force bills." These radical reconstruction acts lasted until Grover Cleveland's second term, when they were repealed.

The "force bills" did not protect the Southern Negroes. On the contrary, lynching, which has existed since the first mob ran amuck, greatly increased. Mob violence took the place of law in many regions, in spite of federal troops.

The use of the force of the national government is not now the best way to persuade the people of any state to respect their laws. The government at Washington is not equipped to police the entire nation or even those Southern states that have not stopped lynching.

Local public opinion is the only force competent to compel the police to prevent mob violence. Most Southern states have made great progress building up a public opinion that will not tolerate the shame of mob murders. This local control will be weakened, not fortified, by federal intervention.

The crude fact is that weeks of this session were wasted in an effort to put upon the statute books a measure that will not accomplish its avowed purpose. Northern voters will be conciliated but few lives will be saved. Negro voters are entitled to more consideration.

The net result of the long fight over a measure that in its very nature belongs to localities and to the state police authority is that Congress will either neglect or else act hastily and thoughtlessly upon many other matters of prime national importance.

If Congress were trying to avoid acting on bills that it would prefer to postpone, its behavior would be intelligible. Delay is better than foolish action.

But some things cannot be postponed and taxation is high on the list. Appropriations cannot be indefinitely postponed. On the kind of tax laws Congress writes and the appropriations it approves, our national welfare depends.

Everybody agrees that the taxes now in force are brakes upon our working energies. The kind of changes to be made in the tax laws provokes differences of opinion but as to the need for improving the tax laws there is general consent.

Week after week that might have been devoted to a consideration of amending the tax laws were actually spent in political talk about lynching.

Meantime some very important questions concerning the relationship of government to agriculture and other industry press for consideration. On the one side, the Department of Justice is prosecuting corporations accused of violating antitrust laws. On the other side, other departments of the government have encouraged trade associations on the model of the late NRA.

Somehow and sometime the government will have to reconcile conflicting policies. Congress ultimately will have to make up its collective mind and say what is to be the national policy.

Questions of this nature, which affect everyone who has a job or who wants a job, were left untouched while Congress listened to speeches whose only purpose was to influence a minority bloc of voters.

It will be just too bad for all of us if at the end of a session frittered away in filibusters Congress hastily writes new far-reaching laws. If we are to establish a new national program concerning corporations, Congress should fortify itself with thorough information.

Without thorough information and thoughtful debate Congress will be a frantic and impatient assembly as the end of the present session draws near. Important declarations of national policy will be voted into the statute books by weary men who have not paused even to read, much less to consider the proposals they write into law. This is poor behavior for representatives who once were called the greatest deliberative body in the world.

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